

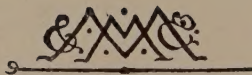
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LIFE OF WILLIAM BOOTH



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General William Booth
(1907)

LIFE OF WILLIAM BOOTH

THE FOUNDER OF
THE SALVATION ARMY

BY
HAROLD BEGBIE

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

Abridged Edition

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II

‘Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen.’—MILTON

MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED
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LEAVE this chanting and singing and telling of beads ! Whom dost thou worship in this lonely dark corner of a temple with doors all shut ? Open thine eyes and see thy God is not before thee !

He is there where the tiller is tilling the hard ground and where the pathmaker is breaking stones. He is with them in sun and in shower, and His garment is covered with dust. Put off thy holy mantle and even like Him come down on the dusty soil !

Deliverance ? Where is this deliverance to be found ? Our Master Himself has joyfully taken upon Him the bonds of creation ; He is bound with us all for ever.

Come out of thy meditations and leave aside thy flowers and incense ! What harm is there if thy clothes become tattered and stained ? Meet Him and stand by Him in toil and in sweat of thy brow.

TAGORE.

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CONTENTS

PART I

CHAPTER I

1882-83

Page

TWO CRITICAL YEARS 1

CHAPTER II

1883-85

NEGOTIATIONS WITH THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND 10

CHAPTER III

1884-85

THE PURITY CRUSADE 20

CHAPTER IV

1880-85

FAMILY LIFE IN THE EIGHTIES 29

CHAPTER V

1886-87

IN THE CHARACTER OF PILGRIM FATHER 38

CHAPTER VI

1888-89

THE BEGINNING OF A NEW ADVENTURE 44

PART II

CHAPTER VII

1889-90

'IN DARKEST ENGLAND AND THE WAY OUT' 53

CHAPTER VIII

1890

THE DEATH-BED OF CATHERINE BOOTH	57
--	----

CHAPTER IX

1890

THE CONFLICTING RECEPTION GIVEN TO THE DARKEST ENGLAND SCHEME	65
--	----

CHAPTER X

1891

TROUBLES OF AN OVERWORKED AND SUFFERING AUTOCRAT .	67
--	----

CHAPTER XI

1891-92

AT THE THRESHOLD OF A NEW PHASE	74
---	----

CHAPTER XII

1892-93

SOCIAL REFORMS AND FAMILY DIFFERENCES	83
---	----

CHAPTER XIII

1893

GOING BACK TO FIRST CAUSES	93
--------------------------------------	----

CHAPTER XIV

1894

THE LION IS INTERVIEWED BY THE LAMB	99
---	----

CHAPTER XV

1894-96

WHICH TELLS OF DISPATCHES, A STORM AT SEA, HOW WILLIAM BOOTH WAS BOARDED IN A BEDROOM AND BORED AT A TEA- MEETING, AND OF AN INTERVIEW WITH W. E. GLADSTONE	115
---	-----

CHAPTER XVI

1897-1900

THE BEGINNING OF THE FIGHT AGAINST OLD AGE	131
--	-----

CONTENTS

ix

CHAPTER XVII

1901

ON THE THRESHOLD OF THE PICTURESQUE PERIOD. . . 142

CHAPTER XVIII

1902

IN WHICH PERSONAL SORROWS CLASH WITH PUBLIC ESTEEM . 155

CHAPTER XIX

1903

THE DAWN OF A SECRET HOPE AND THE END OF A GREAT
CAMPAIGN 172

CHAPTER XX

1903

APPROACHING OLD AGE IN A SUBURBAN VILLA . . . 183

CHAPTER XXI

1903-04

WHICH TELLS HOW THE GENERAL LOST HIS 'LEFT HAND' . 192

CHAPTER XXII

1904

WHICH NARRATES, AMONG OTHER MATTERS, HOW WILLIAM BOOTH
WASHED HIS HANDS IN A WORKMAN'S PAUL BEFORE VISITING
KING EDWARD THE SEVENTH. 200

CHAPTER XXIII

1905

THE OLD CAMPAIGNER VISITS THE HOLY LAND, RECEIVES THE
FREEDOM OF THE CITY OF LONDON, IS HONOURED BY HIS
NATIVE TOWN, AND SWEARS BY THE SPADE . . . 211

CHAPTER XXIV

1906

IN WHICH THE MODERN MOSES, IN THE CHARACTER OF EMPIRE-
BUILDER, DREAMS OF A PROMISED LAND . . . 229

CHAPTER XXV

1907

FROM INTERVIEWS WITH ROYALTIES WILLIAM BOOTH PASSES TO
THE BANZAI OF JAPAN, ENTERS THE FIRST SHADOWS OF
BLINDNESS, AND RECEIVES THE HON. D.C.L. (OXON.) DEGREE 236

CHAPTER XXVI

1908

- THE GENERAL DOES A LITTLE LOBBYING, FALLS AMONG POLITICIANS, SHAKES HANDS WITH A BISHOP AND A POLICE-INSPECTOR, AND UNDERGOES HIS FIRST OPERATION . . . 251

CHAPTER XXVII

1909

- AFFORDING FURTHER EVIDENCE OF ROYAL FAVOUR AND CONCLUDING WITH ANOTHER STAGE ON THE ROAD TO BLINDNESS 271

CHAPTER XXVIII

1910

- WHEREIN THE GENERAL WEEPS OVER THE SUFFERINGS OF CHILDREN, TELLS MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL HE IS NOT CONVERTED, THANKS GOD FOR A YEAR OF UNINTERRUPTED MERCY, AND MAKES PLANS TO HELP PRISONERS . . . 292

CHAPTER XXIX

1911

- THE DARKNESS DEEPENS 301

CHAPTER XXX

1912

- HE DESIRES TO GO HOME 307

CHAPTER XXXI

- CONCLUSION 320

- INDEX 334

ILLUSTRATIONS

General William Booth (1907)	<i>Frontispiece</i>
Catherine Booth ('The Mother of The Salvation Army')(1889)	62
A Popular Portrait (1890)	74
On the Platform of Exeter Hall, London (1899). (From a Drawing by S. R. Hall)	137
Receiving the Freedom of the City of London (1905)	222
On a Motor Campaign (1906)	233
In his Study (1909)	285
In his Garden with 'Gyp' (1912)	311
Funeral Cortège passing the Mansion House, London (1912)	318

PART I

CHAPTER I

TWO CRITICAL YEARS

1882-83

BEFORE proceeding to describe the violent opposition which set itself to destroy The Salvation Army in the eighties, it is well to bear in mind that William Booth was not only supported at this period by wealthy enthusiasts like Mr. Samuel Morley and Mr. T. A. Denny, but that he was encouraged by public men so eminent as Ruskin and Bright.

In May of 1882 John Bright replied from the House of Commons to a letter addressed to him by Mrs. Booth in the following terms :

‘DEAR MADAM,—I gave your letter to Sir W. Harcourt. He had already given his opinion in the House of Commons, which will be to some extent satisfactory to you. I hope the language of Lord Coleridge and the Home Secretary will have some effect on the foolish and unjust magistrates to whom, in some districts, the administration of the law is unfortunately, committed.

‘I suspect that your good work will not suffer materially from the ill-treatment you are meeting with. The people who mob you would doubtless have mobbed the Apostles. Your faith and patience will prevail.—I am, with great respect and sympathy, yours sincerely,

‘JOHN BRIGHT.’

Archbishop Tait and Lord Coleridge championed The Salvation Army in the House of Lords ; Lord and Lady Cairns gave it their earnest support ; Mr. W. T. Stead,

who had come from editing the 'Northern Echo' in Darlington to assist Mr. John Morley on the staff of the 'Pall Mall Gazette,' seized every opportunity in his power to defend the crusade of The Army; Mrs. Josephine Butler was also a warm friend and a bold ally of the Salvationists—writing to Mrs. Booth, 'There is not a day, scarcely an hour, in which I do not think of you and your fellow-workers'; Dr. Lightfoot, Bishop of Durham, nobly declared: 'Whatever may be its faults, it has at least recalled us to this lost ideal of the work of the Church—the universal compulsion of the souls of men.'

At this time, then, the work of the Booths was beginning to be recognized by a few great and powerful people as a work that deserved well of the public. But the opinion of the country as a whole was apparently against The Army, and the opposition of the Churches, the publicans, and the mob only tended to increase with the rapid growth of the movement.

Perhaps the worst of the riots was that which occurred at Sheffield this year, when a Procession led by General and Mrs. Booth was attacked by a numerous and savage multitude armed with sticks and stones. The procession arrived at its destination with bruised and bleeding faces, with torn and mud-bespattered garments, cheering the General who had passed unscathed through the rabble. 'Now's the time,' he said, regarding his ragged, wounded, and excited followers, 'to get your photographs taken.'

Riots occurred at Bath, Guildford, Arbroath, Forfar, and many other places. In twelve months, it is recorded, 669 Salvationists, of whom 251 were women, were 'knocked down, kicked, or brutally assaulted.' Fifty-six buildings of The Army were stormed and partially wrecked. Eighty-six Salvationists, fifteen of them women, were thrown into prison. From one end of the kingdom to the other,

this effort to break up The Army was carried on in a most shameless fashion under the very eyes of the law, the mob attacking the Salvationists, the police arresting the Salvationists, the magistrates sentencing the Salvationists.

An event which marked an epoch in the history of The Salvation Army occurred in June of this year. There was a very notorious public-house in London called The Eagle, to which gardens and a theatre were attached, the tavern having its main entrance in the City Road, the gardens and the theatre facing a side-street known as Shepherdess Walk. This place was sufficiently notorious to inspire a comic song which became popular in the music-halls, the jaunty chorus of which was sung by many people wholly unaware of the true character of the tavern :

Up and down the City Road,
In and out the Eagle,
That's the way the money goes,
Pop goes the weasel.*

In truth the tavern was a sink of iniquity. Drunkenness was perhaps the least of its vices. The gardens at night, with their rustic arbours, were a scene of the most flagrant immorality, and thither flocked some of the very worst characters of the town.

William Booth, on learning in 1882 that the premises were for sale, made up his mind that this scandal should be put a stop to, and he determined to stop it in a very characteristic way. He planned to purchase an assignment of the underlease from its holder, and to convert it into a religious meeting-place. Thus he would not only destroy a work of the devil, but out of that destruction build a temple to God.

It was necessary, of course, to proceed with caution,

* It is perhaps necessary to explain that 'pop' is a colloquialism for *pawn*, and 'weasel' a slang word for *watch*.

and no hint was given in the negotiations that the purchaser was The Salvation Army. The purchase price was agreed upon at £16,750, and out of some £9,000 subscribed towards this sum no fewer than £3,000 were given by the poor Soldiers of The Salvation Army, who only a few weeks before had subscribed handsomely towards a new Training Home at Clapton.

The money was raised, the underlease of the tavern with its gardens, its music-hall, and its Grecian theatre, was purchased, and William Booth took possession of the property. But no sooner had the conversion been made than such a storm broke upon him as we in these days can scarcely imagine. 'Up with the Lark to capture the Eagle,' the Salvationists marched in force on the first day, singing hymns of triumph. But their progress was disputed, something like a riot occurred, and the police had to intervene in great numbers.

This contest was only the beginning of a stern fight. Howling mobs besieged the place by day and by night, the worst pimps and crimps of London stormed it, drunken and savage gangs armed with sticks and stones assailed it; for some months the place had to be guarded by police, on many occasions with drawn truncheons. William Booth was often in grave danger of his life. Once he would have surely been torn to pieces by the savage mob but for one of his staff and a friendly workman who enabled him to escape over a garden wall—the workman remarking that he was not religious, but he believed in the work William Booth was doing for the poor.

Close on the heels of this mobbing came legal actions. William Booth had inspired the enmity of a very powerful trade; and the whole machinery of the law was set in motion to crush him. The legal dispute turned on the question whether a man could hold licensed premises

without offering alcoholic drink for sale, and a great deal was made of the meaning of the words, 'inn,' 'tavern,' and 'public-house.' It was first decided in the Court of Chancery that William Booth had taken an assignment of an underlease of a public-house, and must be restrained from any breach of its covenants which would imperil its existence as licensed premises. One of the judges said that by his letters to the newspapers he had given rise to the supposition that he intended to use the Eagle Tavern in a way which would be a breach of the covenant, 'but his subsequent affidavit showed that this was not his intention.'* The action was decided therefore in favour of The Army. But the ground landlords, who were trustees of an East End parish, raised the question in another form by means of an action in the Court of Queen's Bench, and there the liquor interest won the day. For a time, in order to fight his case, the General had stood a pot of ale on the counter of The Eagle, but this was much against his will and was finally abandoned.

Later in the same year, General Booth's work attracting more and more attention, a committee was appointed by the Upper House of Convocation to consider the possibility of an alliance with The Salvation Army. This Committee consisted of Dr. Benson, then Bishop of Truro; Canon Westcott, Canon Wilkinson, and the Rev. Randall J. Davidson. A real desire was manifested on this occasion to bring The Army under the wing of the Anglican Church, but the difficulties of any such

* Mr. Justice Kay said of The Salvation Army in this judgment that 'whatever individuals might think of the manner in which it was carried on . . . [it] must command the respect and sympathy of every sensible man, because no doubt the main intention of [William Booth] was the extension of morality and religious feeling among those amidst whom at present they were least to be found.'

union, from The Salvation Army's point of view, were considered to be so great that the effort was eventually abandoned.

During this year, too, The Salvation Army had spread to Switzerland, Sweden, India, and Canada; it had already established itself in the United States of America, in Australasia, and in France. William Booth was now not merely the head of an unsectarian mission society in England, but the General of an Army which looked like spreading its influence to all parts of the world. He could not, it will readily be seen, attach this great and growing force to the national Church without in some measure paralysing its foreign legions. But his relations with Dr. Benson remained of a friendly character, and when the Bishop was appointed Archbishop of Canterbury he wrote to him a very friendly letter.

Unhappily, however, these friendly relations were not destined to continue without interruption. A few months after the writing of this letter a charge of a most serious character was brought against The Salvation Army by the Bishops of Oxford and Hereford.

Rumours had been spread for some time that The Salvation Army encouraged a form of hysteria which led in many instances to sexual immorality. It was commonly stated that Salvationists held a meeting called 'Creeping for Jesus,' in which the lights were turned down, and the men and women, getting upon their knees, proceeded to crawl upon the floor, groping with their hands in the darkness.

These and other rumours, with accounts of blasphemous handbills supposed to be circulated by Salvation Army Officers, tended to inflame respectable opinion. There was a strong feeling among some of

those who knew nothing of William Booth and nothing of the frightful condition existing in parts of the great cities, that The Salvation Army was a scandal and an outrage. People said that Salvationists deserved everything they received at the hands of the mob. Newspapers pronounced judgment against General Booth. Religious people and irreligious people uttered their disapproval of these noisy, irreverent, and now immoral Salvationists.

It was, on the whole, a good thing that these flying rumours should at last take shape in a more or less definite charge uttered by wholly responsible people. In the Upper House of the Convocation of the Province of Canterbury, on April 10, 1883, the Bishop of Oxford (Dr. Mackarness) proposed that inquiries should be made as to whether The Army was working with the contrary result to that which its leaders were desirous of obtaining, or whether it was doing a good work,

The Bishop of Hereford (Dr. Atlay) stated that two of his clergy had assured him that very disastrous consequences had followed the teaching of the Army.

General Booth wrote next day both to the Bishop of Oxford and to the Archbishop of Canterbury. In his letter to the Archbishop he said :

‘ I observe with great regret in this morning’s Journals a report of proceedings in Convocation yesterday, in the course of which a number of serious accusations against The Army appear to have been made. It seems to me very hard that the outrageous statements constantly made with regard to us should be credited without our having an opportunity to reply to them.

‘ There has been no change whatever in our Orders or methods during the last twelve months, and the only development I know of is in the increase, amounting to more than a doubling of the numbers of those who are doing the work and

enduring the sufferings to which attention was called in your Lordship's house twelve months ago.

'I am well aware that there have been of late a great many efforts made both in England and in Switzerland to misrepresent both our teachings and our plans ; but we have never yet met with a charge that can be maintained against us when fairly examined in daylight.

'I enclose a note to his Lordship, the Bishop of Oxford, and trust that some opportunity will at least be given to us to meet the very grave accusations he appears to have brought against us, and which we venture to say cannot be supported by one solitary fact. There can be no doubt that such an accusation made in such a quarter will be used in such a way in the Press as to greatly increase the ill-usage of our poor people in the streets.

'Our earnest desire to maintain friendly relationships with the authorities of the Church has not in the least degree changed. We might point with satisfaction to the enormous growth, not merely in the numbers of those connected with us, but of those belonging to all denominations, who in spite of the efforts of our enemies have been won to sympathize with us during the last six months. And we might in presence of these facts resign ourselves with indifference to any hostile expression of opinion.

'But what I regret and would fain avert, if not too late, is a growth of a conviction amongst all these, that the scandalous reports circulated against us find ready credence with the authorities of the Church, and that the multitudes of poor labourers whose zealous efforts to diffuse religion cannot at any rate be denied, are looked upon no longer with sympathy, but rather with contempt, by the clergy. I do not hesitate to say that the spread of such a conviction in these days when, as his Lordship the Bishop of Exeter has pointed out, the spiritual state of great masses of the population, especially in large towns, is so unsatisfactory, would be a national calamity.

'Is it impossible for us to have an opportunity of meeting and refuting the groundless accusations made against us, which alone can account for the changed attitude of your Lordship's house towards us ?—I am, my Lord, yours most respectfully,

(Signed) WILLIAM BOOTH.'

As a result of further correspondence the Bishop of Oxford, after an interview with Commissioner Railton and two other Salvationists, approved of the following statement, which was immediately made public :

‘ He assured us that he had never had any intention of making an accusation against The Army, still less of exciting public hostility to it, and that his words used in the midst of a discussion in Convocation must have been ill-chosen to have conveyed such an impression.

‘ All he had meant to convey was that he strongly disapproved of the gathering together of young people at late and exciting Meetings, inasmuch as there was great danger that, however excellent might be the intentions of those who held such Meetings, young men and women on leaving them without proper control might fall into immorality, as had doubtless been the case sometimes already.

‘ G. S. R.’

CHAPTER II

NEGOTIATIONS WITH THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND

1883-85

ONE of the penalties of his sudden rise into the public attention was the necessity forced upon William Booth of adopting, or attempting to adopt, the part of a diplomatist.

Here was a very simple and downright man, whose whole being, since the dawn of his understanding, had been consumed by the single purpose of saving wretched and unhappy people from the consequences of sin, who had gone of his own will and choice into the most obscure and abandoned places of the world to fulfil this passionate hunger and thirst of his spirit, and who was so simple and primitive that he could trust himself to the most brutal mobs of industrial England with the ancient thunders of Sinai and the least qualified and unpromising version of Christianity; here was this poor preacher, suddenly become a public character, suddenly in conflict with Churches and Governments, and suddenly called upon to deal with acute and vigilant intellects who regarded him, for the most part, either with an indignant hostility or a suspicious disapprobation.

William Booth kept to his own rough path, stubbornly pursuing his original goal, and never expecting assistance or sympathy from those in smoother places who had the power to help him; but he was hungry for unselfish

success, dreamed of evangelizing the Churches as well as the masses, and to this end was sometimes inclined to consider a working understanding with men in high places, who, reflection ought to have told him, could not possibly become his partners.

He was a man whose true nature did not always show itself in conversation except with those who entirely shared his opinions or were his intimate and affectionate friends. He endeavoured to adopt with those whom he felt to be inimical or critical the manner which he described as easy-going—a practical common-sense manner, not very attractive perhaps, and somewhat foreign to his loving, impulsive, and affectionate nature. His extraordinary tenderness, his almost feminine sympathy with the suffering and the lost, were completely hidden on these occasions; he appeared only as the organizer, the business-man of religion, who wanted to get things done. It was as if he feared to show his heart to one or two, and could only unbosom himself before a multitude or to those who loved him. I can imagine that men who saw him only on business, though they saw him a score of times, formed no true opinion of the real man.

The impression he made in the early eighties on Archbishop Benson and Dr. Randall Davidson, the present Archbishop of Canterbury, was the impression of a good and straightforward man who had no intention in the world of setting up a new sect and who was not antipathetic to the idea of some form of alliance with the Church of England. He told them that he had small patience with the quarrelling chapels, and that he felt himself nearer to the Church of England than to any other body in Christendom. He was emphatic in all the conversations he had with them that the very last thing he desired to do was to found a fresh body of

dissent. Again and again, Archbishop Davidson tells me, he laid emphasis on this assertion that he was founding an Army, not a Church.

Whether the General was more drawn to the Church of England than to any of the other Churches is a matter on which we should not care to express a definite opinion, but we think it is beyond all reasonable question that he was utterly unconscious of animosity towards any of the Churches, and that his procedure then and afterwards never veiled the least degree of real antagonism. It was not his business to quarrel with the Churches, and he had a natural detestation of controversy. He desired recognition for The Army to advance his Gospel of Salvation and to protect his followers from persecution ; his immediate aim was certainly limited to this desire for recognition, and anything in the nature of definite alliance had probably not presented itself to his mind as a practical idea. In order to obtain recognition he was willing to say generous and even flattering things to those in authority ; he wanted to smooth troubled waters, to remove suspicion and prejudice, to win the sympathy of those who could help him financially. But even while he was prepared to go a considerable distance to meet his critics in order that he might gain this authoritative recognition for his followers, there was always something to which he held openly and definitely, and this was his absolute headship of The Army. He was honest enough to make this fact absolutely and abundantly clear.

It must be remembered that in the negotiations with the Church of England, William Booth was approaching men the aim of whose diplomacy was naturally to gain control over the regular organization which he had brought into existence. This diplomacy was not dictated

by jealousy ; some of those who pursued it were earnest admirers of The Salvation Army, and almost disciples of Mrs. Booth. It was dictated purely by the genuine and laudable desire to save the work of William Booth from becoming a menace, not to the Church, but, as those who followed it genuinely believed, to Christianity itself. I have seen something of the correspondence which reached Lambeth Palace at that time, touching this question of the Church's countenance of The Army, and so earnest, so solemn, and so indignant are the wild, absurd charges brought against the followers of William Booth, that it is a wonder to me the Archbishop went even as far as he did in these difficult negotiations. And these letters are not the whisperings of jealous clergymen, but the bold and plain-spoken charges of laymen, many of them belonging to the working class. One man quotes from the ' World ' newspaper that ' Mr. Booth is accustomed to adapt sardonically a certain text of Scripture, and say, " The last enemy that shall be destroyed is the parson." ' Another writes, ' I cannot but think that a most awful responsibility is incurred by any who by their influence help on the propaganda of such sickening blasphemy. . . ' Another describes Salvation Army processions as ' a lot of screaming, raving youths and girls, dancing and indulging in most unseemly contortions. ' ' Their proceedings, ' we read in another letter, ' can do no possible good, and merely afford an incessant subject for the scoffs and blasphemies of the publicans and their allies. ' ' I hope, ' writes a working-man, ' you will not imitate your late predecessor, to have your name blazoned in " The War Cry, " for supporting and encouraging those I call The Salvation Army. ' ' Returning to England a week since, ' writes a correspondent from the suburbs, ' . . . I heard that you had publicly expressed your

approval of the proceedings of The Salvation Army. I trust my informant was mistaken in attributing such sentiments to your Grace, as I have no doubt that could you but hear the fearful blasphemies uttered publicly by that body you would never lend it countenance or support.'

Dr. Davidson knew that in spite of exaggeration and excitement The Salvation Army was witnessing the miracle of conversion all over the country ; he was honest enough not to shut his eyes to this important fact, even while he gave his ears to those who had nothing but abuse and condemnation for The Army ; he, therefore, desired to curb with the instant hand of authority those things in The Army which offended the susceptibilities of the Church party, rather than allow them to be outgrown in the evolution of this new force in the religious world, and to leave unchecked only the devotion and earnestness which gained The Army its lasting victories.

Dr. Randall Davidson, who was then chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury, gave considerable attention to this matter, taking, in fact, a leading part on the Church's side in the negotiations of which we are writing. He has expressed to me a very warm admiration for Catherine Booth, describing her as one of the most remarkable women he ever met, and telling me that his father, a singularly hard-headed and deep-thinking Scot, after hearing for the first time one of Catherine Booth's addresses at Exeter Hall, said to him, ' If ever I am charged with a crime, don't bother to engage any of the great lawyers to defend me ; get that woman.' But the feelings of Dr. Davidson towards William Booth are not so clear and not so unmixed. He is ready to say that in some respects he misjudged the man, for he held the opinion in the early eighties that the work of The Army would

not last, and that William Booth would outwear the patience of the world. He found William Booth, he says, on the whole, a simple and not very profound person, who was perfectly honest in his idea of religion, but not altogether unscrupulous in his methods for advancing that idea. 'He did not give me the impression,' he says, 'of anything like so original and interesting a personality as Catherine Booth; and even now I think he owed something of his popularity, not all of course, to his wonderful, his almost magnificent appearance. But I felt very strongly during those months of our negotiations that Booth was determined to keep control, and an autocratic control, of The Army. I was opposed to that. I could see his reasons for desiring this autocratic control. but I could not possibly bring myself to support so dangerous a policy. He certainly gave me to understand, and very emphatically, that he did not seek to establish a new sect, and I felt, whether he was sincere or not in this particular, that the tide would be too strong for him. We could not get anything in the nature of control over the organization, and so we had to let it go.'

In an article published in the 'Contemporary Review' for August, 1882, Dr. Davidson criticized The Army with singular ability, and not unfairly, but he paid a generous tribute at the same time to the sincerity and devotion of its Soldiers:

'Whatever be their errors in doctrine or in practice, I can only say that, after attending a large number of Meetings of different kinds in various parts of London, I thank God from my heart that He has raised up to proclaim His message of Salvation the men and the women who are now guiding The Army's work, and whose power of appealing to the hearts of their hearers is a gift from the Lord Himself. I am sorry for the Christian teacher, be he cleric or layman, who has listened to such addresses as those given by "General"

Booth, Mrs. Booth, and by some five or six at least of their "Staff Officers," who has not asked for help that he may speak his message with the like straightforward ability and earnest zeal.'

Both Dr. Randall Davidson and Cardinal Manning complained of some of the language and practices of The Army, and it is quite certain that in expressing his disapprobation of the more fantastic of these things Dr. Davidson was uttering the mind of his Church as a whole. One must not forget that some adherents of The Army at this period of its existence not only probably did commit grievous offences against modesty and good taste, but that The Army was unfortunate enough to have attributed to its officials wholesale blasphemies, obscenities, and immoralities of a most repellent kind. Nothing was too bad or too grotesque to be said of this excited and elated body of converted sinners, and, alas ! nothing too incredible to be believed by many good people.

What direction the diplomacy of William Booth would have taken but for the constant influence of Bramwell Booth and George Railton, it is impossible to say ; it is fair to assume, however, that without this strong and enthusiastic influence that diplomacy would have been at least more anxious for a better understanding with the Church, more patient and adaptable in these fumbled negotiations. He was a great hater of controversy ; he had few scruples where compromise might clear the field for action ; he held with all the fire and resolution of his vehement character that nothing was so important as 'getting men saved from their sins.' Catherine Booth too, although she permitted herself to utter on occasion certain caustic remarks concerning the opposition of the Churches, and although she was by nature and habit a controversialist, and from her youth up had been hotly

opposed to what is called Clericalism, nevertheless felt that some understanding with the recognized forces of religion would have been valuable to the cause of The Army; she, too, we think, might have been brought to consider a compromise. But the influence of the young men who shared the inner counsels of General and Mrs. Booth was all on the side of no compromise, all in the direction of their own Salvation Army offensive against sin, all in the direction of utmost liberty. They had no sympathy of any kind with the Sacramentalists, they had little veneration for ecclesiastical tradition, and their one feeling as regards antiquity was to break utterly free from its somnolent sobriety, its paralysing dignity, its soul-destroying precedents and formulae, to break free from all that; *not to attack and criticize the Church*, but to live with all the vitality and courage of a present only valuable as it shaped the future. Influenced by those younger men, themselves urged on by the tide of success everywhere lifting The Salvation Army into the estimation of men, William Booth decided not to prosecute his negotiations with the Church of England, and allowed the matter to end without communicating to the Archbishop any definite decision.

We find an expression of his views, however, in an article which he wrote a few years later, on the occasion of Archbishop Benson's sudden death at Hawarden, and which contains the following paragraph:

'The Ordinance of the Lord's Supper and our attitude towards it was talked over in a thoughtful, though summary manner. On my remarking that I did not hold the partaking of the Ordinance to be essential to Salvation, and that I believe no thoughtful Christian would shut us out of the Pale of Salvation here, or close the Gates of Heaven against us hereafter, because we had not been regular partakers of that Ordinance, his Lordship, while appearing to assent to

this statement, remarked that, apart from that bearing of the subject, he thought that the sincere Churchman derived a great blessing from joining in that particular service. To this I of course assented, but inquired whether this blessing was not consequent upon the exercise of faith in the sacrifice of the Cross which it set forth. "Yes!" the Archbishop answered, "but I think there is a blessing peculiar to this Ordinance; something above and beyond anything that is realized in any other religious service." To this I again inquired whether this peculiar blessing of which his Lordship spoke could not be traced to the fact that a peculiar measure of faith and devotion was called forth by that particular ceremonial.'

It may be said, we think, that the Church of England missed an almost priceless opportunity when she let those negotiations fall to the ground. For, impossible as those negotiations were from the point of view of absorption or amalgamation, impossible too, as they were, from the point of view of an immediate alliance, they did undoubtedly present to the Church an opportunity for establishing a cordial understanding with The Salvation Army which might have developed with the evolution of time into a real alliance. Unhappily, the Church stood upon doctrinal and ceremonial ground, and praising here, admiring there, but criticizing as a whole, made no movement of opening her arms to embrace and bless these simple apostles of the poor. Much good might have flowed from one annual Salvation Army Service in St. Paul's Cathedral, from constant consultation with William Booth in matters of evangelical concern, and from frank and generous recognition of The Salvation Army as an essential branch of the Christian Brotherhood, even if it were necessary to proclaim the fundamental difference in doctrine. But The Army at that time was giving grave offence, judicious observers thought that it would not

endure, and the Church herself was now sending out a rival army under ecclesiastical direction to attack the same field. In these circumstances, and as the General did not prosecute the negotiations, the Church allowed the matter to drop, and one more division was made in the suffering and dismembered body of Christendom.

CHAPTER III

THE PURITY CRUSADE

1884-85

ALTHOUGH Mrs. Booth had been greatly impressed in 1865, as the reader will remember, by the work of the Midnight Mission, she did not take any steps to make the rescue of fallen women a particular labour of The Salvation Army. Nor was there much enthusiasm on the part of William Booth when his son Bramwell, in 1884, almost forced The Salvation Army to take up this difficult work.

‘For many weeks,’ says Mr. Bramwell Booth, describing his first inquiries into what we now call the White Slave Traffic, ‘I was like one living in a dream of hell. The cries of outraged children and the smothered sobs of those imprisoned in living tombs, were continually in my ears. I could not sleep, I could not take my food. At times I could not pray.’

He had seen women on the streets as he came from the East End late at night ; touched by their forlorn position he had spoken to them ; in cases where there was an expression of genuine disgust for the life he had effected rescues ; but it was not until after a dramatic visit to his office from a poor girl who had escaped out of a brothel (she actually climbed down a rain-pipe from the room in which she was imprisoned) that he came to study the trade in women, the trade which swindles and tricks

young girls into a life of debauchery, the trade which destroys the souls and bodies of quite young children. This trade, which few people in those days believed to exist, was, and in some measure still is, a highly organized business, with its ramifications in every country, and its curse over every nation. To Bramwell Booth the discoveries he made were so appalling that he felt he could consecrate his life 'to stop these abominations.'

Catherine Booth was sympathetic to his proposal. William Booth was also sympathetic, but sceptical on the question of procedure. We must remember that thirty years ago people spoke with extreme disgust of the fallen woman. No religious society cared to associate itself with a definite work of rescue. Religious people felt, and many still feel, an aversion almost like nausea at any mention of this subject. The unfortunate is the most unfortunate in the universal disgust she inspires. Men of the world invent brutal and disdainful terms for her, religious people avert their faces as they pass her in the street, and shudder even to think of her. A fallen woman seems to carry with her into the pit of perdition all the horror of humanity for the desecration of the most sacred of its ideals.

It is owing, I think, largely to the quite heroic work of Mrs. Bramwell Booth that this attitude of the public has been modified. If this book were the life of Bramwell Booth, or a history of The Salvation Army, we should tell at length the moving and dramatic story of that work; but as our concern is the narrative of William Booth's history, we can but glance at the great Purity Campaign of 1884-85, and can tell only in brief the story of the famous prosecution which threatened at one time to end the crusade and to cripple The Salvation Army in a very serious manner.

Mr. Bramwell Booth had married, in 1882, Miss Florence Soper, the daughter of a physician practising in Wales. This lady had come under the influence of Catherine Booth, had joined The Army, and had been through some of the most stormful scenes in Paris which accompanied The Army's first efforts to establish itself on French soil. She was young, delicate, refined; her remarkable powers of grasp and administration had not been developed at this time; she was typical of the well-educated, rather shrinking and self-conscious girl of the English professional classes—perhaps the last person in the world to whom any one would have thought of committing so hazardous and dreadful a business as this rescuing of fallen women. But she was moved by her husband's appeal, and, in spite of some doubt on William Booth's part, was appointed to take charge of The Salvation Army's first Rescue Home.

The work was now launched—the work of rescuing repentant Magdalens and educating them in habits of industry and self-respect. But Bramwell Booth was not content. He had pity—because he suspected the devilries of the trade—for the unrepentant and the hardened woman who mocked at religion, who cursed God, and who went to her death drunken, scornful, and terribly diseased. It did not satisfy him to rescue a hundred weeping Magdalens; he set himself to attack the trade which annually ruins both in body and in soul thousands of quite innocent girls and children.

He chose for the man to help him in this work Mr. W. T. Stead, of the 'Pall Mall Gazette'—perhaps the most enthusiastic journalist of his time. William Booth, in my opinion, was never greatly attracted by Mr. Stead. He used him and was grateful for his assistance, but he never greatly warmed to him, never wholly

trusted his judgment, and was sometimes disposed to regard him as one who shilly-shallied with the great decision of Christian life. Mr. Stead was perhaps aware of this, for in 'The Maiden Tribute of Modern Babylon' he speaks of the help he received from The Salvation Army—'from the Chief of the Staff'—that is, Bramwell Booth—'down to the humblest private.' There is no mention of the General.

On the other hand, Bramwell Booth—at that time young and ardent—not only admired Mr. Stead as a journalist, but felt for him a generous affection. He thought first of all of Mr. Stead when the idea of publicly exposing the traffic in women occurred to his mind, and he never once questioned the wisdom of this inspiration.

Mr. Stead listened incredulously to the evidence presented to him. When he was persuaded of its truth he struck with his fist the table in Bramwell Booth's room and vowed himself to destroy this most damnable work of the Devil. A few weeks after that conversation the country was in a blaze. In the columns of the 'Pall Mall Gazette,' Stead exposed the hell of child-harlotry with a force and energy never before known in journalism.* The Nation was staggered. For weeks scarcely any other subject was discussed. These articles, full of heart-breaking narrations and disclosures which took away the breath of respectability, roused the whole country, but divided it into two very unequal camps. On one side were the few selfless people, like Mrs. Josephine Butler, who passionately longed to save women from the degradation of vice; on the other, a multitude who lived vicious lives, and a still greater multitude, composed of the religious and indifferent, who wanted society to exist without disturbance. But with Stead in the field, and

* The Maiden Tribute of Modern Babylon.'

Bramwell Booth using the organization of The Salvation Army to create a public opinion on this subject, apathy was broken, and the conscience of the world was profoundly stirred.

A monster petition, organized by The Salvation Army in seventeen days, and bearing no fewer than 393,000 signatures, was presented to the House of Commons on July 30, 1885, praying that the age of consent should be raised to sixteen. The General, always ready to do something, announced a scheme for Rescue Homes, costing £20,000. Meetings were held up and down the country. The Salvation Army, basing itself upon the revelations of Stead, sought to lead the nation in a campaign against flagrant iniquity.

Stead, foreseeing that the disclosures of the 'Pall Mall Gazette' would be regarded as merely sensational journalism, either grossly exaggerated or entirely untrue, conceived the idea of himself buying a young girl, ostensibly for the purposes of seduction. It was his business to prove that a young girl could be bought from her parents for a few pounds—a possibility which many absolutely refused to believe. He went to Bramwell Booth for assistance. After considerable thought a plan was arranged. A woman who had once been a procuress, and who was then living under the care of The Salvation Army and later with Mrs. Josephine Butler, was pressed into service; a lady in France connected with The Army was linked up with the mechanism of this strategy; and Bramwell Booth stood ready to do his part.

The girl, Eliza Armstrong, an illegitimate, was purchased by the ex-procuress, Rebecca Jarrett. She was taken to a brothel, she was drugged, and Stead entered the room. She was then taken to a railway station and sent under excellent protection to Madame Combe in

France. Thus Stead's contention was proved, and a child who might have been ruined was saved to society.

But in his eagerness to prove his contention, in order to convert public opinion to his view, Stead had broken the criminal law. The purchase of Eliza Armstrong was a crime. That is to say, the reformer in his zeal for truth had technically broken the law of abduction. To the astonishment of a great many people a Government prosecution was set on foot and, with Stead and Rebecca Jarrett, Bramwell Booth was placed in the dock.

It is interesting to find that while Catherine Booth was immediately filled with an angry indignation and was ready to fight for her son's honour to the very last, William Booth—thinking of The Salvation Army—was chiefly concerned because the action of Stead, in dragging Bramwell Booth into this business of a prosecution, had dragged The Salvation Army into a questionable position.

On the eve of the trial he convened an 'All Night of Prayer' at Clapton.

'When he spoke,' says one present at this gathering, 'it was evident that he was profoundly moved by the fact that his son was being put on his trial; and during the course of a long and moving speech he referred to the chief incidents in the Armstrong case and vindicated the Christlike part "his son Bramwell"—it was in these terms he referred to him again and again—had taken in the interests of womanhood. Then he referred to the forthcoming trial, which he regarded as a supreme attempt of the Arch Enemy of Souls, and the earthly enemies of The Army, to destroy our work and our fair name. Then with his whole frame quivering with holy passion he said—as well as I can remember, "If they imprison my son Bramwell, I will go round this country and stir up the people from one end to another." (I am not sure he did

not say, "I will move Heaven and Hell.") Then he added, and the phrase I have never forgotten, "*But—if we win, we win, and if we lose, we win!*" There was the most wonderful outburst of enthusiasm and cheering I ever witnessed at any Army Meeting when he uttered these, the last words of his fiery peroration.'

The case itself, the whole question of white slavery, did not so much concern him as the honour of The Army, which he felt might be impugned by this incident in its career. The enemies of Stead were not so much allies of the prostitutes as the foes of The Army—that is to say, foes of God and allies of Satan.*

It should be clearly borne in mind that he was not without sympathy for the harlot. He was not in the least self-righteous; he had no element of that detestation for the public woman which characterizes the attitude of so many very pure people to this whole question; but he did not feel that it was the business of The Salvation Army to lay an exceptional emphasis on this matter; he did not want The Army to be mixed up with a public scare; he held that the warning of The Salvation Army to repent must be addressed indiscriminately to the whole world.

To his Wife.

'MY DEAREST LOVE,—We have had an anxious day, altho' I should not be anxious myself, but that it is Bramwell who I fear may worry about things. Still I believe that if they are committed to-morrow, which we all expect, he will

* The Government was compelled by the agitation to pass the Criminal Law Amendment Act. It was greatly strengthened by W. T. Stead's and Bramwell Booth's influence. It concerned boys as well as girls, but its chief provision was the raising of the 'age of consent.' It provided for the first time in English law for accused persons to give evidence in their own behalf, and Stead and Bramwell Booth were actually the first prisoners in England to go into the witness-box and speak on oath for themselves.

feel much better. Rebecca [Jarrett] is all right they say, and has consented to some evidence coming out which blacks her.

‘The cross-examination on Saturday showed up Mrs. Broughton as a very low bad woman. But Ranger* and all think they are certain to commit whether the matter ever comes to a real trial or not, very doubtful in the estimation of Russell† and others. They think that the Government has felt so bespattered with these *Revelations* that they have felt compelled to discredit them before the world, consequently they have fallen upon this case. *Perhaps* they may never push the thing to the extremity of a trial; if they do, nothing very much can possibly come of a conviction if any Jury can be got together that will say “*Guilty*.”

‘I hardly see how you can be wrong in a few words bearing upon what has led up to the *Revelations*, and on the wisdom of the Government prosecuting those who for the national weal made them. You should not say anything that links Bramwell with STEAD in ANYTHING—*any day, some more unwise things may come out yet.*

‘Bramwell believed this girl had been parted with by her parents in such a manner as convinced him that they had no concern to have her back under their care, and as such made Stead her natural guardian; he took her and believed he was doing her, the child, and God service in trying to keep her from going back to misery and perdition.

‘You must be careful—there’s some sort of a threat to bring an action for libel and damages against all concerned for asserting that Mrs. Armstrong sold her child. Now there are a lot of scoundrels who would find money for anything to get at our throats, so we must be careful. I hate this litigation. The time it consumes is awful. I can’t make out why it should be so. But it goes to the heart direct.’

‘MY DARLING,—. . . You will have got our wire with reference to the trial this morning. So far as we are concerned now the trial is at an end. I understand that the

* Dr., now Sir Washington Ranger, head of the firm of Solicitors to The Salvation Army.

† Lord Russell of Killowen, then Mr. Charles Russell, Q.C., who defended Rebecca Jarrett.

Judge remarked this morning that Mr. Bramwell Booth was justified in believing that Mrs. Armstrong sold her child. Why didn't he say so on Saturday? Perhaps he has had some new light.

'The trial of Stead and Jarrett, . . . for the indecent assault is now going on. Bramwell is in court—of course wanting to be as near Stead as he can when the sentence is pronounced. But I don't believe that Stead will go to prison; and I don't think that very much will be done to Rebecca. If there is, I think we can get a remission of the sentence. We will try, but beyond that I don't see any way clear of fighting on those lines; I am sure our work has materially suffered by our attention being taken from it to give the other; we may have been paid back to a certain extent, and in the long run much good may be done, but I thoroughly believe in "Salvation" being a panacea for the world's sins and sorrows, and that while there are other medicines that look in the same direction, the largest amount of good can be accomplished, with the least expenditure of time and money, by simply getting the people's souls saved and keeping them saved. . . .

'Just got the sentences we have wired you:

Stead ..	..	3 months.
Jarrett..	..	6 months (not hard labour)
Jacques	..	1 month.
Mourey	..	6 months' hard labour.

'We must do something now. I am woke up again and in for fighting. Still I am sure it is not our business.'

'MY DEAREST LOVE,—I have your letter and Herbert has yours also. I am sorry the matter should so grieve you, although I expected you would be very much disappointed with Stead's article, as I was myself; but we can't expect people to go beyond themselves, although we are always doing it! After mature deliberation on the subject, I have come back to my impression formed before I heard the sentence, that we ought not to involve The Army in any great struggle on the subject.'

CHAPTER IV

FAMILY LIFE IN THE EIGHTIES

1880-85

MRS. BOOTH'S health, which had always been indifferent, grew slowly worse after 1884. She enjoyed long spells of energy and was often free from distress ; occasionally, too, enthusiasm for a new remedy or a fresh treatment deceived her as to the real character of her sufferings.

But, unknown to everybody, Catherine Booth was smitten with cancer—cancer, as it afterwards proved, of a most malignant and painful order ; all her prayers, and all the force and rigidity of her faith, though it helped her to an extraordinary degree in the bearing of her suffering, could neither arrest the deadly march of the disease nor abate one of its agonies.

It was inevitable that she should suffer, and sometimes for long periods, from a general inquietude of mind, an irritability of her nerves, the very suppression of which by her splendid will not only tried her strength but left her nerves inflamed to a degree of susceptibility sometimes almost as painful for others as it must always have been for herself. Noise became a torture to her. She struggled with all the force of her heroic nature and with all the energy of her unquestioning faith, to suppress her irritability ; and she did suppress it so far that it never once became irascibility ; but her condition as the years

advanced became more and more nervous, more and more trying.

A lady who remembers the family life of the Booths at this time, when I asked for a description of the home replied with a smile, 'It was like a railway station.' And she proceeded to tell me that one of the distresses of Catherine Booth in her later years was the sacrifice of her once orderly home to the insistent demands of The Salvation Army.

'Mrs. Booth,' she said to me, 'was an admirable manager, and while the family lived in Gore Road she controlled the household and kept things in wonderful order. But with the move from Clapton Common to Rookwood, another house in Clapton, in 1885, the character of the house gradually changed. Everything had to give way to The Army. Family life, I may say, vanished at one gulp into the mouth of The Army. At any rate, the games and fun which had enlivened the children's evenings vanished for ever. Occasionally a game of croquet was played in the garden, and the General, who never looked on at anything, would field the balls "to help things along." But there was very little play of any kind. The General, you see, was organizing from morning to night—with an immense correspondence; Mrs. Booth was preaching or giving addresses up and down the country; Bramwell, Ballington, and Catherine and Emma were all engaged in public work; the younger children were helping The Army at home and longing to be full-fledged Salvationists. To visit the Booths in those days was to find yourself in a vortex. But I really cannot liken the house to anything better than a railway station. There was a ceaseless coming and going. Something was always happening; something was always going to happen. On every side there was a rush, a bustle, and a

commotion. People called, telegrams arrived, messengers came and went. Meals were served when they could be served, and were bolted rather than eaten. Some one was starting on a journey; some one was arriving; and some one else was arriving only to start off immediately. You cannot imagine the agitation. And poor Mrs. Booth, to whom order and discipline had ever been essentials in life, looked on in despair at all this and grieved because to direct such a storm was now beyond her powers. There was little attention to meals; no mending of stockings; no care of furniture. It was bad for the rest of the family, and poor Mrs. Booth knew it, and grieved over it.'

William Booth was the central figure and the master of the household. He inspired one, a visitor to the home tells me, with awe. But if at one moment he was blazing away at some unfortunate follower for stupidity or disobedience in his half-testy and half-humorous way, at the next he was comforting one of his younger children, or tending his delicate wife, or encouraging in the privacy of his study a penitent backslider. Every report of that period shows him as the life and soul of the house—sometimes the stormful life and the tempestuous soul, sometimes the most tender and gentle soul—but always the visible head and authentic master. His departures put everything into agitation; his arrival home was like the coming of a whirlwind. In his bedroom, where he kept a desk, he held important conferences; at the breakfast-table he examined his private correspondence; in his study he gave interviews to newspaper reporters, composed hymns, wrote sermons, drafted regulations and manifestoes; edited proofs, and encouraged his disciples. The Army was spreading across the world, but it was attacked on every side. And while this

extraordinary man, suffering in body and mind, was directing the fortunes of his Army, answering its enemies, and composing its internal troubles, he was also comforting his stricken wife and fighting, very often amid great spiritual tempests, for the strength and consolation of a whole faith.

His sufferings were hidden from the world. No evangelist was ever so impersonal. If he had stories to tell in public, they were the stories of other people. If he encouraged other men to bare their bosoms to the world, his own inmost bosom was shrouded by something more painful than reticence or restraint. Few men who have lived so public a life ever had more soul-sides. He showed to the man of the world one aspect of his character, another to the diplomatist who would negotiate with him, another to the journalist who came to him for an interview, another to the vast congregations he addressed all over the world. But while he was tolerant and generous and accommodating with the man of the world, and while he was a thunderer armed with the bolts of Jehovah when he addressed a congregation, only to his wife, and occasionally to some of his children, did he reveal that side of his soul which more than any other revealed the tide of his spiritual existence.

It was in his home that he burst into tears over the sufferings of children, the sins of the world, and the destitution of the poor. It was in his home that he dreamed his great dream of evangelizing the whole world, and wrestled on his knees in spiritual darkness for the vital sense of God's existence. It was here, too, that he spent long hours at the bedside of his stricken wife, praying with her, consoling her, consulting with her, and wooing her with a lover's tenderness. Here it was that the man most truly and frankly uttered himself; and

it was here, far more than on public platforms or at the Headquarters in Queen Victoria Street, that he stamped upon his Army of Salvation the impress of his strong and stormful personality.

The family was now beyond the stage of childhood ; the older ones were already in what they called the firing-line. No sign in the early eighties was visible of those ruptures which were later on to tear the heart strings of this vehement but tender nature. He gave his orders, and they were obeyed ; he punished, and no murmur of mutiny was heard. With children remarkable and head-strong, full of his own turbulence and his own genius, he was nevertheless the unquestioned head and the supreme autocrat.

Bramwell Booth, who married in 1882, lived close at hand and spent more hours of his life at the side of his father than in his own home. Commissioner Railton also lived close at hand and was in constant attendance. Ballington Booth, tall, handsome, and fiery, was now an evangelist rejoicing in the popularity which everywhere manifested itself at his appearance. Catherine Booth was doing hard work in France, and suffering persecution of an odious kind in Switzerland ; Emma Booth, singularly able and attractive, was almost as passionate an evangelist as her mother ; Herbert Booth was just beginning work and composing Salvation hymns and Salvation music ; Eva and Lucy Booth, at present too young for the fray, divided their time between the dullness of a governess and the whirl of Salvationism.

There was now no game of ' Fox and Geese ' in that household ; no romp after supper ; no silkworms and rabbits in the garden. The bell was always ringing. Messengers were for ever coming and going. Work was incessant from morning to night. When the General was

at home for the whole day, there was silence in the house, during the early afternoon, for, whatever the business on hand might be, his nap after the mid-day meal was a rule of existence. But for the rest of the day you heard the younger children murmuring their lessons in one room, the piano sounding from another, the stormful voice of the General booming in a third, and the scratching of Mrs. Booth's unresting pen in a fourth. Some one was always standing on the doorstep, food was always being prepared in the kitchen, portmanteaux were always being packed, and cabs were always arriving and departing.

There were still pets in this household—a dog, a canary, and cats. Eva Booth tells me that she never remembers her home without a cat. The dog at this time belonged to Eva, a child very dear to her father. It was a retriever, and went by the name of Nelson. One unlucky day an old charwoman—one of the odd characters whom Mrs. Booth was for ever discovering and introducing into her household—ventured to strike Eva Booth for pulling at some washed blankets which she had hung but a moment before to dry on a line in the back garden. The dog, resenting this action, flew at the old creature and bit her in the arm. Orders were issued that Nelson should be shot.

The grief of Eva was wild and poignant. She tells me she felt that her heart was broken. In the midst of all his work the General found time to comfort the child. He sent for her early in the morning and had her to breakfast alone with himself; then she was told to put on her hat, and he carried her off with him to the City, telling her stories all the way about Welsh ponies. He kept her at his side throughout the day, and brought her back in his cab, still telling stories, late in the evening. And, in secret, he gave orders for Nelson to be converted into a

rug, and when the rug arrived he gave it to the child as a surprise, telling her that she should keep it for her own. But at the sight of Nelson in this pathetic condition Eva burst into tears. The General looked on for a moment with a lugubrious expression. Then he exclaimed, 'Never mind, never mind!' and looking about him, called out, 'Here, somebody; take it away!' and kicked the rug out of the child's offended sight.

In the midst of his work he would find time for brief confidences with his children. A phrase with him in those days was, 'Gossip to me a bit,' as if he refreshed himself after the strain of his labours in listening to the chatter of the young folks. He really did listen to their tales, and really did feel interest in their concernments.

When a dog belonging to the house had puppies, he took Eva on his knee, who was greatly excited by the proceeding, and said, 'Now, tell me all about it.' On one occasion a kitten was lost, and the General, hearing its mother crying for it at two o'clock in the morning, got up from his bed and searched till three o'clock, finding the lost kitten at last under a wash-tub.

And this oldish man, fighting his great battle with the whole world, hiding the terrible tragedy of his heart from mankind, and going doggedly, stubbornly forward on his own way, would now and then look at himself in the glass and smile grimly at his tattered state, his woeful poverty. 'I do hope the man will bring my trousers,' he wrote to Bramwell, 1883, from a hydropathic establishment in Bushy Park. 'I am *disgraceful*. Also post me a set of studs for shirt front, and a collar stud—a fair size. This is short and punishes my fingers. My coat is *disgraceful*, but I am not building a reputation on clothes—otherwise what a fall there would be.' Throughout his letters of this period we find constantly the phrases: 'I am well.

but *very tired* ' ; ' I am awfully *tired* ' ; ' this has been a heavy lift ' ; ' I must have a little rest somehow. *Where and how ?* '

In one of his letters (1884) he gives an amusing account of a provincial Meeting :

' For crowds and friendliness among the very poor and among the shopkeepers it was a long way ahead of the last one I had, which was certainly a superb affair. The roughs wanted to take the horses out when we started, to draw the carriage, which of course I refused to allow, thinking they might not draw us smoothly, and not quite certain where they would land us—chiefly because of the occasion it would give our pious friends for cavil ! Mamma did the ride well until the last, when, after the march past, which was the worst managed thing of the lot, as the carriage was trotting fast away a lot of fellows *would* cling to the carriage ; one fell and the wheels went over him, and Mamma saw him picked up and carried off. On inquiries at the Infirmary the doctors report he was too drunk to tell the extent of his injuries ! '

For the rest, his letters are almost entirely concerned with business. Wherever he went at this time telegrams, messengers, and communications from Headquarters pursued him.

His one exhilaration in his home-life was music. In his bedroom conferences with Bramwell he talked nothing but business ; at table, conversation usually turned on the lighter side of business, or else some discussion would take place about hydropathy or vegetarianism, or occasionally questions of international interest ; but sometimes the autocrat of this household would call for music, and his children, nearly all of whom could play by ear, would run with excitement to the piano. Then an hour passed with joy and pleasure. This music was always evangelical music, and when a new tune had been discovered or com-

posed by Herbert, the eagerness to hear it, the enthusiasm to learn it, and the freedom with which criticism was expressed gave vigour and vivacity to the party.

Music was still a great pleasure of William Booth. He might not now run whistling upstairs or sing as he dressed, but when he was able to throw off the burden of his work, and his wife was able to bear the sound, he would call his children about him at the piano, and they would sing till it was time for bed.

CHAPTER V

IN THE CHARACTER OF PILGRIM FATHER

1886-87

At the age of fifty-seven William Booth made his first visit to foreign countries.

Quite simply and naturally, by the emigration to the United States of a Salvationist family, in the year 1879, The Army had planted itself on American soil. Letters from the man arrived at Headquarters in London describing the conditions of his new environment and pleading for support. After some persuasion William Booth had agreed to send an experienced Officer to report upon the situation, and the report being favourable he had pushed the fortunes of The Army in America with energy and affection.

When, in 1886, he paid his first visit to the United States he found '238 Corps in the Union, under the leadership of 569 Officers, mostly Americans.' His letters home during this period are chiefly concerned with Army news—accounts of triumphal processions, large Meetings, public receptions, and extraordinary conversions. But every now and then the General gives way to the Man, and we find him writing to his wife with the old passionate love, telling her how deeply he longs for and how sadly he misses her, or uttering to Bramwell some characteristic complaint about his circumstances or his wardrobe. The main note of these letters, however, is one of almost

unbounded enthusiasm for the American continent. He writes to Bramwell from Columbus, Ohio :

‘ Good-bye ! I shall soon love this country. I am not sure that if there were to be a quarrel between your herdmen and my herdmen, as with Abraham and Lot, and you were to have the choice of countries and you chose the Old One—I am not sure—whether I should not *very thankfully* take this, but we must have them *both*, anyhow we must have *this* !

‘ What a magnificent Continent this Canada is. With territory capable of maintaining some, say, 500 millions of people, there are only about five millions in the whole land, and yet our poor people are starving at home. I intend to do something in the way of emigration yet worth naming.

‘ . . . Here is a nation being made. The people are beautiful ; so simple, so thorough, so intelligent, and so full of zeal. We have more uniform than in the Old Country, and every way I am much encouraged.

‘ . . . We must pay attention to this country. We shall get a lot of splendid Officers out of it. There is, I think, much more simplicity among the people than in the Old Country, and consequently more steady piety among the Officers.

‘ Oh, how I did tremble again yesterday on the point that haunts me day and night. “ How to be equal to the opportunity ? ”

‘ We must have some more Divisional Officers* here. Push it on, *Bramwell*. Look them up. Let them get here before I leave the States. You are the General of the Old Country for the time being. Push it on, Railton. Four *good* common-sense young fellows should come away at once.

‘ As Boston and New York come nearer, I must say I begin to have some few fears. I must nurse up my energies a little. My staff is unfortunately nowhere.

‘ I was mortified no little to get the 30th October “ Cry ” to find nothing in it but a piece of twaddle about Quebec and two silly pictures. What a ridiculous appearance to the

* Army overseers of areas containing a number of Corps or Societies, answering somewhat to the Bishops of the Anglican and Methodist Episcopal Churches.

world of a really national tour to which thousands of all classes flock.

‘If it had not been too late, and could I possibly have done it, I would have taken the reporting into my own hands. And then I asked Railton to read and select. And —— not being able to put a descriptive title under a “cut.” Altogether it shows the value set upon this work on which I am lavishing every item of strength I possess.

‘Never was a big undertaking supported by such a staff. Willing enough—but childish—and the arrangements—well, the less said the better about a good deal of it.

‘However, nothing alters my impression of the reality of the work and the possible future of it.’

He writes to Bramwell from Chicago :

‘My visit so far has been beyond my most sanguine expectations. It has really affected the religious mind of the City and much of other sorts of mind as well. I shall have had in the three days and a quarter nine Meetings, eight of them public—they say 10,000 men turned away the first Meeting.

‘Moody’s people *refused us their place*. We had the Rink and Music Hall.’

His letters to Mrs. Booth express the same enthusiasm for the people of the country, and at the same time furnish us with some idea of his activities :

‘In the afternoon it was awfully *stiff*. Seven ministers sitting in a row on the platform looking solemn as death, not helping to loosen either my feelings or those of the Meeting. Then there had been no topic advertised, and so I was driven to a general talk. Hard and cold as I was at the start, God helped me before I got far in, and I finished in a tornado. I took the three things God wanted to do with a man. 1. To pardon. 2. To cleanse and rectify. 3. To employ for the accomplishment of His purposes. Oh, those parsons did look solemn as I closed in with them and all present on the importance of being consistent with the mighty truths we profess to believe. I pushed home, as I have done several times the last few days, the taunts of the infidels that we

Christians do not believe our own doctrines, saying it was the weapon that pierced my soul the deepest, etc. To a man they shook hands with me at the close, introducing each other, and thanked me for my words—some of them in the *heartiest* way. It is a strange peculiarity of the American people, that they will sit and stare at you, looking as solemn as death, not letting you see by the movement of a muscle that they are affected in the slightest degree by what you are saying, altho' your own heart is in an agony and your words are burning and scathing or otherwise affecting them; and then, when you have done, they will gather round you and in the *politest, kindest, and most genial manner*, bid you welcome, and say how glad they are to see and hear you.'

There are repeated references to his son Ballington in a letter from Washington, dated November 30, 1886. He asks Catherine Booth to see Bramwell about Ballington's transference to America, saying that it is '*the thing*,' and that he has seen it for two years. At the same time he wishes that he himself could mention it to Ballington, adding: 'You know his danger; I don't want him to suppose that I am driven up to this.' Then he says: 'The temptation to linger will be awful . . . it must be an appointment for a time, say five years. . . .'

When he is in Canada he writes of Ballington's popularity when passing through:

'Ballington made a tremendous impression here; the press men speak of this when they interview me, and the people themselves mention his name with enthusiasm. He must come again next year, if spared, with *Maudie*. God bless them; tell them of my love for them when you write.

These references to Ballington Booth, and this conviction that he and Mrs. Ballington Booth should take command of The Salvation Army in the United States, are interesting in the light of what followed ten years later.

Such exclamations as the following occur throughout

his long letters to his wife, interrupting his account of Meetings, and descriptions of the people he meets :

‘ Love me as in the days of old. Why not ? I am sure my heart feels just the same as when I wrote you from Lincolnshire or came rushing up Brixton Road to hold you in my arms and embrace you with my young love.’

Or he asks for domestic gossip :

‘ Send me love-letters and particulars about yourself. Tell me how you are ; how you get up and go about, and what you do and what time you retire, and whether you read in bed when you feel sad. Tell me about yourself. To know what you wear and eat and how you go out, indeed, anything about *yourself*, your dear self, will be interesting to me.

‘ . . . You must go on thinking about me ; I reckon on this.’

He always finds encouraging news to send to his wife. ‘ Oh, what love these girls send to “ the Mother.” She is *beloved*. She would have a welcome here.’ And from Toronto :

‘ In every direction people speak in the highest terms of your books and ask most affectionately after you. Mr. G——, my host, said last night that he came back from England thinking forty times as much of The Army as when he left . . . and that among other things with which his visit had delighted him had been the delight and profit with which he had heard Mrs. Booth ; that you were the most eloquent speaker he had ever listened to ; that to see you “ shake your little fist,” and hear you speak at Exeter Hall was worth going 16,000 miles.

‘ A Wesleyan Minister, the Chairman of the Toronto District, has just been in to see me, and has been telling me how he has read your books with profit, that they are the primitive Methodism of John Wesley and John Fletcher.

‘ An old man from the interior of the City grasped my hand in the carriage yesterday and bade me tell you what a blessing your books had been to him and that he read them first himself and then lent them to his neighbours. Continually these testimonies are coming up.

... I had letters from Bramwell and a short note from Railton. Railton was kind, Bramwell was OFFICIAL, I suppose he had no time for more. But I have been away from you all for 15 days, and I certainly longed for a few *special* words.'

There are brief references to his spiritual condition, and he encourages his wife to fight against despair :

'I am feeling well in spiritual matters.

'Now, my dearest love, do be encouraged. Don't give way to any single gloomy thought or fear. Rise to the thought of all the good that is being done and remember that the Devil may well tempt you and *us* considering the inroads being made on his kingdom.

'About my own dear children I feel unutterable things. Oh, we have none of us the most remote idea of the extent to which we are blessing the race. The whole human family are being laid under obligation to us more and more day by day.'

In his last letter of the tour to Catherine Booth, he comforts her concerning the voyage home, and expresses his longing to be back :

'You must not be anxious about me on the water. *I have not a fear.* You cannot judge the weather at sea from what it will be on shore. So do not lie awake one hour on my account if you hear *the wind blow.* *God will take care of me.*

'I am just the same, your husband, lover, and friend, as in the earliest days. My heart can know no change.'

This visit of the General to America, although it cannot compare in enthusiasm with the later visits of 1894, 1903, and 1907, gave a valuable impulse to the work, and William Booth returned to England not only convinced of The Salvation Army's future, but with a new opinion concerning emigration which was to influence his mind two years later towards a fresh and adventurous channel.

CHAPTER VI

THE BEGINNING OF A NEW ADVENTURE

1888-89

LATE one night—it was in the early morning hours—in the year 1888 William Booth returned to London from a campaign in the south of England, and slept exceedingly ill when he arrived at his home.

Bramwell Booth, living near by, was early in attendance next morning, and scarcely had he entered the dressing-room, quick, alert, and cheerful, when his father, who was walking to and fro with hanging braces and stormy hair, burst out at him, ‘ Here, Bramwell! do you know that fellows are sleeping out at night on the bridges?—sleeping out all night on the stone? ’

Bramwell, thus checked in his greeting, exclaimed, ‘ Yes, General; why, didn’t you know that? ’

The General appeared to be thunderstruck. He had seen these tragic huddled forms benched on stone for the first time on the previous night, and his own sleep in a warm bed had been robbed in consequence. ‘ You knew that,’ he said, ‘ and you haven’t done anything! ’

To this attack the Chief of the Staff made answer—first, that The Salvation Army could not at present undertake to do everything that ought to be done in the world; and, second—he admits now that he spoke like a copy book—that one must be careful about the dangers of indiscriminate charity.

The General broke in angrily on this exordium. 'Oh, I don't care about all that stuff,' he said; 'I've heard it before. But go and *do something*. *Do something*, Bramwell, *do something*!' And he walked about the room, running his fingers through his long beard and speaking with a loving rage and pity of the homeless wretches forced to sleep in the recesses of the London bridges.

'Get a shed for them,' he ordered; 'anything will be better than nothing; a roof over their heads, walls round their bodies'; and then he added, with characteristic caution, 'you needn't coddle them.'

This was the beginning of the great social scheme which was announced to the world two years later by means of the book 'In Darkest England and the Way Out.' Twenty years before, William Booth had published his pamphlet 'How to Reach the Masses with the Gospel.' He now began to see, after this twenty years of ceaseless labour, that he must also take arms against the worst of social conditions before he could carry the saving health of religion, even with the great force he had raised up in the meantime, to these ultimate masses.

In 1889 the Booths moved from Clapton to a small villa at Hadley Wood. Mrs. Booth's health had not improved; and the appearance of a small tumour drove her to consult a specialist—Sir James Paget, father of two bishops—and from the lips of this eminent man she learned the true character of her disease. An operation was suggested after the examination, but Mrs. Booth decided to consider, though she ultimately rejected, the proposal. She asked how long she had to live, and was told reluctantly that perhaps the end would come in eighteen months or two years. After this interview she

drove back alone to her home. General Booth was setting off that night for Holland, and he was at home when the cab drove up to the door. He has left on record an account of that meeting with his wife :

‘ After hearing the verdict of the doctors, she drove home alone. That journey can better be imagined than described. She afterwards told me how, as she looked upon the various scenes through the cab window, it seemed that the sentence of death had been passed upon everything : how she knelt upon the cab floor and wrestled in prayer with God ; of the unutterable yearnings over me and the children that filled her heart ; how the realization of our grief swept over her, and the uncertainties of the near future, when she would be no longer with us.

‘ I shall never forget in this world, or the next, that meeting. I had been watching for the cab and had run out to meet her and help her up the steps. She tried to smile upon me through her tears ; but, drawing me into the room, she unfolded gradually to me the result of the interviews. I sat down speechless. She rose from her seat and came and knelt down beside me, saying, “ Do you know what was my first thought ? That I should not be there to nurse you in your last hour.”

‘ I was stunned. I felt as if the whole world were coming to a standstill. Opposite me on the wall was a picture of Christ on the cross. I thought I could understand it then as never before. She talked like a heroine, like an angel, to me ; she talked as she had never talked before. I could say little or nothing. It seemed as though a hand were laid upon my very heart-strings. I could only kneel with her and try to pray.

‘ I was due in Holland for some large Meetings. I had arranged to travel that very night. She would not hear of my remaining at home for her sake. Never shall I forget starting out that evening, with the mournful tidings weighing like lead upon my heart. Oh ! the conflict of that night journey ! I faced two large congregations [the next day] and did my best, although it seemed I spoke as one in a dream. Leaving the Meetings to be continued by others, I returned to London the following evening.

'Then followed conferences and controversies interminable as to the course of treatment which it might be wisest to pursue. Her objections to an operation finally triumphed.

'And then followed for me the most painful experience of my life. To go home was anguish. To be away was worse. Life became a burden almost too heavy to be borne, until God in a very definite manner visited me and in a measure comforted my heart.'

Mrs. Booth continued for a few months more to preach and to speak, and for a still longer period to dictate letters and addresses ; but she was doomed, and an atmosphere of death fell upon the Booth household. She tried a remedy called the Mattei treatment, and for some time her pain was alleviated ; but the progress of the disease was unmistakable. Then she was prevailed upon to submit to an electric operation. 'The return to consciousness from the anaesthetics used,' says Commissioner Booth-Tucker, 'was followed by a period of intense suffering.'

< It was decided in 1889 to move her to Clacton, so that she might be near the sea, for which she had expressed a desire. Thither the General transferred so much of home life as was left to him, and there, after prolonged suffering, she breathed her last on October 4, 1890. >

During the period, William Booth laboured with his idea for social reformation. It is quite impossible to exaggerate the torture endured by this profoundly loving and most sensitive man during those two years. He was a strong man, but of those strong men who most desperately cling to the love of their heart. He loved Bramwell as a son on whom he could lean and whose perfect loyalty and unquestioning affection he knew would never fail him in the work of his life ; he loved his daughter Emma with a depth of affection intensified by his admiration for her remarkable abilities and her very beautiful nature ; he loved Eva as a daughter quivering with emotion and

having something of his own courage and audacity, and bright with a quick intelligence and a smiling wit ; he loved all his other children for their sound qualities and because they were his children. Nevertheless, there was one infinitely nearer, so near that she was almost one with him ; and for two years he was doomed to watch the agonizing death of this other self, the agonizing death of one whom he had loved with the romantic passion of youth, with the deepening affection of manhood, and with the increasing tenderness of age ; one who waited for him in poverty, had shared poverty and contumely with him in married life, and had encouraged him in every fight he had ever waged against clerical narrowness, professional calumny, and the apathy of the world ; not only encouraged him, but actually fought at his side and in many contests with even greater power than his own.

Whatever may be urged against William Booth's methods of propaganda, and whatever defects may be pointed out in his character or his intellect, this at least is a fact beyond question and cavil, that his love story is one of the noblest documents in human history. The perfectly pure and the perfectly faithful love of this despotic man, with its infinite tenderness as its supreme beauty, and with its proudful delight in the object of its worship and devotion as its most charming characteristic, shines through his fierce, tempestuous, and plangent life of action, like an unflickering light upon a quiet altar. When we remember the pressing poverty of their early life, the indifferent health of the man, and the tremendous and exhausting labours which consumed him ; when we consider, too, that with the breaking of Catherine Booth's health the home lost much of its restfulness, everything sacrificed to the bitterly opposed and cruelly libelled Army, it is impossible not to pay homage to this exquisite

devotion which only gathered more beauty and tenderness as the years advanced.

To write a book, amidst all his other labours, during the two years of watching at his wife's death-bed was at once the burden and the blessing of William Booth. For some hours it distracted his thoughts from the fixed centre of their distress, and for some hours, reading his pages to his wife, and telling her about his manifold schemes, he was almost unconscious of the dark angel in the room. But there were days when to work out difficult schemes, to frame sentences, and to argue his thesis on paper, seemed to him in the presence of the dark angel so callous as to be almost a treason to the beloved. On these occasions he flung the work aside and refused even to think about it.

The papers became chaotic. In the meantime the Shelter and Food Depots which he had set up in 1888 were besieged by crowds of the homeless whom he could not house, and of the hungry whom he could not feed. During the 1889 experiments The Salvation Army sold, among other things, to these miserable human beings in London alone 192½ tons of bread and 140 tons of potatoes. The work was already on a great scale; it was solving at least a fraction of the vaster problem; and money was essential.

In these circumstances William Booth was prevailed upon to call in Mr. W. T. Stead, and that brilliant journalist, whose admiration for Mrs. Booth was one of the truest and steadiest facts of his life, after listening to the scheme and examining the manuscript, gave himself with enthusiasm to the task, taking away the disordered papers of William Booth, and converting them into a broad-margined manuscript which Booth himself could work upon with a feeling of comfort. To Mr. Stead, whose

anonymous services are acknowledged in the Preface,* the world owes, then, no small part of the debt for this epoch-making book—a book which has powerfully influenced legislative and religious activity ever since. At the same time it is permissible to say that the book as a piece of literature would have been surer of immortality had it been written from the first page to the last in the vigorous, direct, unpolished, but wonderfully dynamic vernacular of William Booth. It is quite possible to see where Booth breaks in upon the well ordered and elaborate sentences with a stroke of his own, and excellent as Mr. Stead's work may be, those strokes in the midst of it are like a door blowing suddenly open, or like a human voice shouting great news above the murmur of bees. It is as if a sermon by Bossuet contained every now and then an exclamation by Bunyan.

In these trying circumstances, then, and by this not very well-matched conjunction, the book came to be written. We shall now proceed to summarize its argument.

* 'I have also to acknowledge valuable literary help from a friend of the poor, who, though not in any way connected with The Salvation Army, has the deepest sympathy with its aims and is to a large extent in harmony with its principles. Without such assistance I should probably have found it—overwhelmed as I already am with the affairs of a world-wide enterprise—extremely difficult, if not impossible, to have presented these proposals, for which I am alone responsible, in so complete a form, at any rate at this time. I have no doubt that if any substantial part of my plan is successfully carried out he will consider himself more than repaid for the services so ably rendered.'

PART II

*They shall walk,
and not faint*

CHAPTER VII

‘ IN DARKEST ENGLAND AND THE WAY OUT ’

1889-90

‘ THE denizens in Darkest England for whom I appeal,’ wrote William Booth, ‘ are (1) those who, having no capital or income of their own, would in a month be dead from sheer starvation were they exclusively dependent upon the money earned by their own work ; and (2) those who by their utmost exertions are unable to obtain the regulation allowance of food which the law prescribes as indispensable even for the worst criminals in our jails.’

He sorrowfully admitted that it would be Utopian ‘ to dream of attaining for every honest Englishman a jail standard of all the necessities of life.’ ‘ Some day,’ perhaps, he adds sardonically, ‘ we may venture to hope that every honest worker on English soil will always be as warmly clad, as healthily housed, and as regularly fed as our criminal convicts—but that is not yet.’ The standard he sought to establish for these unhappy people was ‘ the standard of the London Cab-Horse ’:

‘ When in the streets of London a Cab-Horse, weary or careless or stupid, trips and falls and lies stretched out in the midst of the traffic, there is no question of debating how he came to stumble before we try to get him on his legs again. The Cab-Horse is a very real illustration of poor broken-down humanity ; he usually falls down because of overwork and underfeeding. . . . It may have been through overwork or

underfeeding, or it may have been all his own fault that he has broken his knees and smashed the shafts, but that does not matter. If not for his own sake, then merely in order to prevent an obstruction of the traffic, all attention is concentrated upon the question of how we are to get him on his legs again. . . . Every Cab-Horse in London has three things—a shelter for the night, food for its stomach, and work allotted to it by which it can earn its corn.

‘These are the two points of the Cab-Horse’s Charter. When he is down he is helped up, and while he lives he has food, shelter, and work.’

How many people in England, he asked, lived worse than the London Cab-Horse? <Mr. Joseph Chamberlain said that between four and five millions ‘remained constantly in a state of abject misery and destitution.’ William Booth declared, ‘I am content to take three millions as representing the total strength of the destitute army.’ Darkest England, then, he announced, had a population almost equal to that of Scotland.

He spoke of the Homeless, the Out-of-Works, of those on the Verge of the Abyss, of the Vicious, of the Criminals, and of the Children of the Lost.

The case stated, he proceeds to enumerate ‘the essentials to success’ in any plan which aims to save these three millions of destitution and despair :

‘The first essential . . . is that it must change the man when it is his character and conduct which constitute the reasons for his failure in the battle of life. No change in circumstances, no revolution in social conditions, can possibly transform the nature of man. . . .

‘Secondly : The remedy, to be effectual, must change the circumstances of the individual when they are the cause of his wretched condition, and lie beyond his control. . . .

‘Thirdly : Any remedy worthy of consideration must be on a scale commensurate with the evil with which it proposes to deal. It is no use trying to bail out the ocean with a pint pot. . . .

‘ Fourthly : *Not only must the Scheme be large enough, but it must be permanent.* . . .

‘ Fifthly : *But while it must be permanent, it must also be immediately practicable.* . . .

‘ Sixthly : *The indirect features of the Scheme must not be such as to produce injury to the persons whom we seek to benefit.* . . . It is no use conferring sixpennyworth of benefit on a man if, at the same time, we do him a shilling’s worth of harm. . . .

‘ Seventhly : *While assisting one class of the community, it must not seriously interfere with the interests of another.* In raising one section of the fallen, we must not thereby endanger the safety of those who with difficulty are keeping on their feet.’

These communities he calls, for want of a better word, Colonies, and styles them :

- (1) The City Colony.
- (2) The Farm Colony.
- (3) The Over-Sea Colony.

The City Colony was to stand ‘ in the very centre of the ocean of misery to act as Harbours of Refuge for all and any who have been shipwrecked in life, character, or circumstances. These Harbours will gather up the poor destitute creatures, supply their immediate pressing necessities, furnish temporary employment, inspire them with hope for the future, and commence at once a course of regeneration by moral and religious influences.’

The Farm Colony was to be an agricultural estate in the provinces, to which men improved by the City Colony were to be drafted ; and ‘ here the process of reformation of character would be carried forward by the same industrial, moral, and religious methods.’

The Over-Sea Colony was to be a tract of land in ‘ South Africa, Canada, Western Australia, and elsewhere,’ which The Salvation Army would prepare for settlement, ‘ establish in it authority, govern it by equitable laws,

assist it in times of necessity, settling it gradually with a prepared people, and so create a home for the destitute multitudes.'

Such was the scheme of William Booth, the first sensible notion contributed to blundering Parliaments, and remaining to this day the most efficient remedy for the social problem. It was a scheme, in its essence, of paternal emigration. To William Booth, looking into 'the sea of misery,' it was manifest enough that the first thing to do was to pull out the drowning man; having pulled out the drowning man, as manifestly the next thing to do was to restore him to life; and having restored him to life, as manifestly the next thing to do was to put him where he could use that life with no more fear of returning to the sea of misery.

But before the book was published, and before he found himself involved in another battle with scepticism and enmity, his long and agonizing vigil at the death-bed of Catherine Booth was brought to an end. For the first time, and in the greatest struggle of his career, he fought without her love to cheer him and her heroism to inspire him.

CHAPTER VIII

THE DEATH-BED OF CATHERINE BOOTH

1890

So tragic and so agonizing was the last year of Catherine Booth's life, that we should not make any further reference than has already been made to those sufferings did not the diary of William Booth at this period furnish us with exceptional material for a more intimate understanding of his character.

There are two things which the reader must keep constantly in his mind if he is not to be greatly shocked or entirely baffled by the history of this tragic episode. He must remember, first of all, that Catherine Booth was two years dying; that this was no swift and beatific approach of Death; that she suffered from time to time excruciating pain, and for the last year of her life was stretched on a veritable rack of agony. Next, he must remember that not only William Booth and his children, but the dying Catherine Booth herself, were by this time so absorbed into The Salvation Army that many of the ordinary reticences and restraints which govern conventional existence exercised little influence on their minds, but were voluntarily, and indeed of set purpose, set aside as they pressed forward, always thinking of eternity, to the conversion of the people.

'The sick bed proved for Mrs. Booth,' says her historian, 'a world-wide platform from which her very

sufferings enabled her to preach the most eloquent and heart-appealing sermon of her life.'

A few extracts from the diary of William Booth will put the reader into the position of realizing something of the ordeal which he was called upon to face in these difficult years. We purposely refrain from quoting the most terrible descriptions given in this diary of Mrs. Booth's sufferings, descriptions more harrowing than anything we have read in Tolstoy or Dostœvsky.

'A large part of the breast has fallen off, and Carr has cut it away and left the gaping wound which is simply one mass of cancer.

'She exclaimed again and again as she started with the stabbing pains, which like lightning flashes started in her poor bosom, "Oh, these fiery scorpions! these fiery scorpions!"

'Two nurses are required, seeing that she is so very helpless, and the breast has to be repeatedly dressed to keep the fiery flame that burns night and day anything like down.'

'My darling had a night of agony. When I went into her room at 2 a.m. she had not closed her eyes. The breast was in an awful condition. They were endeavouring to staunch a fresh hæmorrhage. Everything was saturated with the blood.'

He speaks frequently of the scorpions writhing and stinging in that ghastly 'gaping wound,' and of the agony she struggled to endure without crying out when what she called 'the fiery darts' rained in upon her burning flesh.

Again and again the family was hastily summoned to the bedside, nine and ten months before death actually came to end these sufferings. Days of great pain, heroically borne and in part employed by the dying saint for preaching faith and exhorting to service, culminated in unspeakable distress, and in unconsciousness so like to death that over and over again the watchers thought—they must have hoped—the end had come.

' After they had gone we settled down for a sleep. Then I got up and found that she had started from her slumber in great anguish. We did not know what was the matter. Her eyes at times were transfixed, and with violent spasms she struggled for breath. It was the heart. We did not comprehend it at the moment. Once or twice it was terrible to behold. The agony expressed [itself] in her countenance and especially in her eyes ; but amidst it all she managed to gasp out " Don't be alarmed, this is only physical. He has got me. He has got me." '

It was not to be wondered at that William Booth, being an honest man, cried out to Heaven for an explanation of this trial. His faith never once deserted him ; but again and again his theology seemed to break in his hands. God, who had the power, refused to act. God, who bids us pray, refused to answer. God, who promises joy to the believer, ' sent ' to this holy and beautiful saint agony as intolerable as it was hideous.

Mrs. Booth refused morphia, largely on religious grounds ; and William Booth, who implored her to relent, was therefore forced to witness her quite conscious struggles with this indescribable anguish. Again and again, Bramwell Booth tells me, his father broke down utterly when he came from his wife's room to take up the accumulating burden of his work. ' I don't understand it ! I don't understand it ! ' he would cry out, and covering his face with his hands, he would walk to and fro in an excess of grief, or throw himself upon his knees and implore the Almighty for help.

Even in his diary we find mention of these dark hours :

' I am 60 years old, and for the first time during all these long years, so far as memory serves me, has God, in infinite mercy, allowed me to have any sorrow that I could not cast on Him.'

He grows tired of the inscrutable mystery.

'It seems incredible that she should die. Like many good people, to this moment I have very strong feelings about it, and there are many good people at the present moment who are strongly believing that this sickness after all is not unto death. My mind grows bewildered when I think of the subject, so once more I dismiss it with perhaps the laziest feeling of, "The Lord must do what seemeth Him good in His sight."'

He feels that he is assailed by temptation :

'I was very weary. A great part of the night I had had a strong conflict myself with the enemy and great darkness and heaviness in my soul.'

At one moment he is at her bedside, holding her hand and singing with her :

On this my steadfast soul relies ;
Father, Thy mercy never dies ;

at the next he is on his knees in his study agonizing in spiritual darkness for strength to find, with hands groping through the gloom, the Hands of God's Fatherhood.

He interrupts his history of these appalling days to set down what he calls :

MY REFLECTIONS BY THE RIVER.

'I. The reality of the existence, personality, and power of the Devil.

'II. Of the utter insignificance of all other props and helps apart from God.

'III. That God's mercy displayed in Jesus Christ is the only ground on which a man can appear before God.

'IV. How the delusions and coverings, hiding-places and refuges of lies are torn away by the skeleton hand of Death.'

Yet there came to this tempted, half-doubting, bewildered, and heart-broken man hours of such wonderful beauty as cannot be depicted, cannot even be remembered :

' By this time she was completely worn out, and I sent them all out, resolving to have the remainder of the night alone with her. What passed that night can never be revealed. It will never be half remembered by myself until the day of Eternity dawns. It was a renewal, in all its tenderness and sweetness and a part of its very ecstasy, of our first love. It seemed, I believe to us both, in spite of all the painful circumstances of the hour, a repetition of some of those blissful hours we spent together in the days of our betrothal. Oh, the wonderful things ! . . .

' I wept, prayed, and believed and exulted. We were in Jordan as it were together. Evidently she could not bear to let me go from her bedside or loose my hand. She had come back, she said, to her first love. I saw how exhausted she was, and again and again entreated her to consider her poor body and try and get a little sleep ; and when I made as though I would leave her she upbraided me in the gentlest, most expressive, and most effectual manner, by saying, " can you not watch with me one night ? It will soon be over, and what matters a few hours shorter or longer now ? I have done with the body. I shall soon leave it for ever."

' And so we watched and counselled and prayed and believed together through that long night.'

In another entry we read :

' She took hold of my hand almost at the very beginning, and took the ring off her finger, and slipping it on to mine, said : " By this token we were united for time, and by it now we are united for eternity." I kissed her, and promised that I would be faithful to the vow and be hers and hers alone for ever and ever."

That ring became William Booth's most cherished possession. One may say that it was his only ' personal property.'

There are references in the diary to a young doctor, an agnostic, who attended the dying woman, and whose soul, even in her agonies, she endeavoured to influence. It is striking to think of the spirit of Catherine Booth, labouring

on her death-bed to save the soul of a man whose science was unable to save her body :

‘ She said to him when he came out that she really did not see what was the use of her staying here any longer as she could not do any good. “ Indeed you do,” he answered ; “ you are benefiting all about you.” She said she could not see it. He said, “ You have done me good ; you see your courage and anxiety for my welfare are so beautiful.”

‘ She spoke to him beautifully, saying that she would like to hear when she got on the other side that the Dr. who had attended her had been brought to Christ through her words. I had a few words with him further about spiritual matters downstairs, and he went away in a very subdued manner. In fact, again and again the tears came into his eyes. We must pray for him.

‘ Mrs. Booth had a nice talk with the Dr. and discovered that he had some patients in great poverty, whereupon she asked him if he would distribute a sovereign amongst them for her, to which he readily assented. And then she tacked on to it a commission to distribute a “ War Cry ” to each as well. To this he assented in a most ready manner. It was curious to see this young Scotch agnostic Doctor go off to his conveyance with a bundle of “ War Crys ” for personal distribution.’

In the midst of his vigil at the dying bed the machinery of The Army had to go on. William Booth was not only attempting to compose an epoch-making book, but was directing the international activities of his yearly expanding forces. We find in the diary of this period continual references to a new enterprise, a difficulty with Officers, lawsuits, purchase of properties, trouble with some subscriber who had believed the lies and calumnies of a wretched backslider, and the growing work of The Army in foreign countries :

‘ Had a great sorrow on top of all the other sorrows with one of the most devoted and, as we thought, and I think still, one of the most godly Officers we have, married to a lovely wife. It is too painful almost to write here. Through some marvellous



CATHERINE BOOTH (1889)
(‘ The Mother of The Salvation Army ’)

moral blindness he committed himself before his conversion and, as far as that goes, since his conversion. He has continued in the wrong, and now it has all come out and I see nothing for him but to go away into obscurity. It was pitiful to behold the fellow's anguish.

'Oh, these grumbling, dissatisfied, selfish, ambitious souls, who vow one day and break their vows the next without compunction. What a curse they are to The Army, what a hindrance they are to the Kingdom. There is a needs be that offences come, but woe be to them through whom they come. Woe! Woe!! Woe!!!

◁ 'It is very mysterious how all the way through life I have noticed that men who marry rich wives, for some reason or other, mostly from good reasons in their own estimation, drop out of the fight.' >

Some gifts arrive for the dying woman of fruit and flowers, and he says of the givers:

'These are ex-Officers . . . and not so very long ago they went out in a dreadful passion and said some very unkind things about us, and now they are at every turn expressing their sorrow that ever they left, and pleading that they may be taken back. Such is the course of things.'

Death came to her on October 4, 1890, after a night of thunder, lightning, and torrential rain. She called William Booth by an endearing name, drew him down for her last kiss, and passed away, as Commissioner Booth-Tucker records, to 'the singing of the larks and the dull murmur of the waves beating on the shore.'

So passed away from this earth one of the most remarkable women of the nineteenth century, whose beautiful spirit impressed itself alike upon the most exacting of her intellectual contemporaries and upon vast masses of the poor. The development of her personality in conjunction with that of her husband is a most interesting study in psychology, and the growth of her spiritual power seems to me like one of the miracles of

religious history. In her frail body the spirit of womanhood manifested its power and the spirit of God its beauty. It is a tribute to the age in which she lived that this power and beauty were acknowledged by the world during her lifetime. She exercised a spell over many nations.

Her body lay in state ; immense crowds flocked to pay their last tribute to The Army Mother, and in the procession through the City of London to the cemetery, which was a Salvation Army Pageant, William Booth, we are told, ' followed alone in an open carriage, standing and bowing his acknowledgments to the sympathetic greetings with which he was continually met.' *

William Booth, we may say without exaggeration, rose up from the death-bed of his beloved and noble wife to offer the very first hours of his widowerhood as a sacrifice to The Salvation Army. There was no touch of perverted Byronism in this spontaneous and emotional action ; it came from a temperament naturally impulsive, naturally dramatic, and naturally philanthropic ; and it flowed also from the reaction of a heart which, given long since to the public service of mankind, had borne for two intolerable years the burden, the desolation, of this inscrutable bereavement.

* In his diary, October 14, 1890, William Booth anticipates the natural criticism of this action as follows : ' I was weary myself. I had stood, balancing myself with the jerking of the carriage in its stops and starts, 4 hours. I couldn't see the people craning their necks trying to see me without endeavouring to gratify them. Some may find fault with me, and say I made an exhibition of myself. That is what I have been doing with myself for my Master's sake all my life, and what I shall continue to do as long as it lasts, and what I shall do through eternity for my Master's sake and the people's sake. And now I am restarted on the same path, the same work. A large part of my company has gone before, and I must travel the journey, in a sense that only those can understand who have been through it, alone.'

CHAPTER IX

THE CONFLICTING RECEPTION GIVEN TO THE DARKEST ENGLAND SCHEME

1890

WILLIAM BOOTH's offer to grapple with the social problem was greeted on the whole with generous enthusiasm, but some particularly bitter and significant criticism was not lacking.

It was Professor Huxley, the most formidable controversialist of the period, who led the fighting opposition against this Darkest England Scheme. Professor Huxley detested The Salvation Army. He seldom penetrated beneath the surface of anything religious, and of a certainty he never got behind what we may describe as the shop-window of Salvationism. The garish flag, the brass band, and the jingling tambourines; the laughing Hallelujah Lass, the strange hymns and the catch-penny phrases on bills and posters; these things drove him into a fury, and blinded him to things of more moment which, he might have surmised, lay obviously behind these distracting phenomena. He spoke with loathing and contempt of 'corybantic Christianity.' He regarded William Booth with horror and indignation. He believed the whole thing to be, if not a gross and palpable hypocrisy, then a very perilous and fanatical conspiracy. And he came to believe at the last, with the most stubborn

obstinacy and the most vehement tenacity, that the Booths were liars and rogues.

On the other hand, Archdeacon Farrar, Cardinal Manning, Sir Squire Bancroft (the actor), Sir Edward Clarke, the Bishop of Durham (Westcott), and the Bishop of Manchester (Moorhouse), among others, wrote approving of the scheme, whilst Queen Victoria expressed her cordial good wishes.

And in the midst of the storm which immediately broke upon his head, when not only Professors Huxley and Tyndall, but Mr. C. S. Loch† of the Charity Organization Society, and Dr. Plumptre, Dean of Wells, were warning the public against him, and when every conceivable rumour was afloat concerning his honesty, he kept his course with a proud silence, writing to a friend, 'God and time will fight for me ; I must wait, and my comrades must wait with me.'

† Later Mr. (afterwards Sir C. S. Loch) Loch became a warm friend.

CHAPTER X

TROUBLES OF AN OVERWORKED AND SUFFERING AUTOCRAT

1891

OBSSESSED by the idea of William Booth's autocracy, Mr. Huxley asked 'prudent men and good citizens' whether they ought 'to aid in the establishment of an organization which, under sundry, by no means improbable, contingencies, may easily become a worse and more dangerous nuisance than the mendicant friars of the Middle Ages.'

Respectable people were asked to pause before they gave money to William Booth for saving 3,000,000 miserable and suffering fellow-creatures, lest they should be endowing 'a new Ranter-Socialist sect.' Who could guarantee, he asked, the character of the Salvation Army in 1920, under the autocracy of a General who 'controls the action, say, of 100,000 Officers pledged to blind obedience, distributing through the whole length and breadth of the poorer classes, and each with his finger on the trigger of a mine charged with discontent and religious fanaticism'? No member of Parliament would be safe. He warns the people against 'the great social danger of the spread of Boothism,' and against 'despotic socialism in all its forms, and more particularly in its Boothian disguise.'

Now, this criticism, however exaggerated, had the merit of being intelligent and reasonable, and it certainly succeeded so far in its purpose as to prejudice considerable numbers of people against William Booth and The Salvation Army.

Two years before Mr. Huxley's attack, that is to say in March, 1888, William Booth had made a gift of £500 to The Army in the manner indicated by the following letter from a firm of chartered accountants :

‘DEAR SIR,—Referring to our conversation with you last Tuesday, in which you informed us of your desire to make a gift to the funds of The Army of the sum of £500—being about the amounts of the payments made in respect of your life policies by direction of your then Committee (1869 to 1880), we have pleasure in confirming what we then stated to you that the above-named sum will about cover the amounts paid.

‘We have also to acknowledge the receipt of your cheque for £500, which amount we have paid over to the Cashier at Headquarters as from, “A Friend, per J. Beddow & Son.”—Yours faithfully, (Signed) JOSIAH BEDDOW & SON.’

During the years of his extreme poverty, when he was struggling to bring up his family, the committee of the Christian Mission, a body of friends interested in its work, had taken the burden of his insurance premiums off his shoulders ; and one of his first acts, when his head was above water, and when he could count with fair confidence on a modest income, was to make over to The Salvation Army, quite privately, the whole sum which had been paid during those eleven years by his committee.

He lived for a number of years, as we have already seen, by the slender profits of his books ; and he had refused to possess himself, as he had a perfect right to do, of the very valuable copyright of ‘The War Cry.’ He received nothing from The Salvation Army at the time of Mr. Huxley's attack, and he never drew one farthing from

its funds or from the profits of his book 'In Darkest England' during the whole of his life, except for expenses. When he was in the United States, and warmer clothing than he possessed became necessary in winter, he refused to let The Army in America charge itself with this expenditure, 'although his work there was bringing us in thousands of dollars.' And at every one of his Meetings in whatever country he might be, he always contributed to the offertory out of his own purse. No man controlling enormous funds was ever more nice and scrupulous in his handling of public money. No man, we think, ever thought less of himself and more of the work for which he had sacrificed health and comfort.

We are bound at the same time to confess that the obvious dangers of autocracy were no doubt present in The Salvation Army organization from the first days of its existence. Our purpose here, since we are concerned only with the life of William Booth and not with the history of The Army, is only to express as accurately as possible his personal attitude towards this important matter.

He learned from experience, as we have already shown, that to get anything done well and swiftly, autocracy was essential. He could not suffer his work to be hindered by committees and councils. He could not stop on his road to discuss matters of casuistry or questions of finance. He was always inveighing, as we have seen, against 'government by talk.' He had upon his hands a work of gigantic magnitude, and after a long and grievous experience of committees, he determined in middle-age—encouraged by the most able and devoted of his followers—to make himself an autocrat. His autocracy, then, was not for personal aggrandisement, certainly not for villainy or despotic socialism, but was established solely and publicly for the sake of the righteous work to which he had set his hand.

Moreover, it was an autocracy which depended absolutely on the loyalty of his followers—an autocracy which guarded itself by rules laid down for its own limitation. He never concealed his faith in the principle of autocracy. At a crowded Meeting of business men in Edinburgh, after he had explained his scheme and his methods, a small, fussy, and somewhat aggressive member of the audience tackled him on the subject of his despotic control of The Army, talking till everybody was wearied, and demanding as he went along, ‘Don’t you think two heads are better than one?’ Before he could go on, the General rapped out, ‘It depends on the heads!’ At which the audience laughed with a good understanding. ‘I am determined,’ he wrote to a correspondent in 1877, ‘that Evangelists in this Mission *must hold my views and work on my lines.*’ This was his position from the beginning to the end.

There is no doubt that at times he was rough in manner, and on occasions could be rude and harsh; but a kindly and assuaging humour was never far behind the most vigorous of his upbraidings. Commissioner Kitching, on one occasion, at that time a newly appointed Major, made a mistake of some kind in the business of The Army, and went to report this matter to his General. ‘What fool made you a Major?’ demanded the old man. The answer was given with a smile, ‘Your son, General.’ And in a moment William Booth was laughing with a rich pleasure.

A letter, typical of many which came to me unsolicited during the writing of this biography, says:

‘The infidel rowdies of Bradlaugh’s town (Northampton) in 1887 vowed they would kill the General. A public welcome and a procession from the Railway Station had been arranged by our leaders.

‘ I was a Cadet (in training for Officership) and playing in the Band just behind the carriage. Outside the station we were set upon, our instruments smashed by sticks, belts, etc. Along the whole march we were assaulted with sticks, belts, fists, knives (shoemakers’ paring knives). They flung soot, flour, eggs (*ancient and modern*), the old General being the centre of these attacks.

‘ It was his undaunted *courage* that won my admiration. In the midst of that storm he would persist in standing up in the carriage, shouting out (as Salvationists got knocked down) “ Help that man up ” ; “ Get that woman into a shop,” etc. Had he sat down, few of the missiles would have touched him. There was no driving down a side street or putting up the hood. He was a *Leader*. I was delighted.

‘ I heard some of the Officers urge him to sit down. He would not.’

The following noble letter addressed in February, 1891, to the Editor of ‘ The Times ’ by Sir Squire Bancroft shows that there were those whose instinctive faith in William Booth’s honesty could not be shaken by criticism, however able, of Salvation Army methods :

‘ As it was by your leave that in November last—prompted by no other feeling but pity for the very poor, and quite on the spur of the moment—I made an offer to help “ General ” Booth’s scheme ; and as the sum of £100,000, which was required to start it, has either been promised or subscribed—although not in the way I ventured to suggest—I ask you to let me further say, that those who have communicated with me, and whom I have consulted upon the subject, have, with myself, withdrawn their condition as to 99 others giving the same amount, and have either sent, or now will send, the money they promised to the fund.

‘ Whether the scheme is Utopian, or whether it is destined to achieve part of its great object, I would I had skill enough to decide ; but I can at least meet those alike who most harshly judge it and those who look most hopefully towards it on what I trust must still be common ground, and wish it all success.—
Yours, etc.

‘ S. B. BANCROFT.’

William Booth had asked for £100,000. His book was published in October, 1890, and by February in the following year he had received £108,000. In spite of this, criticism continued, and the General was denounced either as a merciless autocrat or an autocrat none too nice in his conduct of public money.

But Mr. Huxley's mind, influenced temperamentally against the emotionalism and the noisiness of The Salvation Army in its early days, was prepared and fertile soil for any seeds of criticism or calumny which might be sown there by the deserter's hand. We do not mean that he was intentionally unjust, or that his wits went wool-gathering when the 'backslider' wrote him a letter or the deserter sent him a pamphlet; nor do we mean that some of the strictures which came to him in the course of his crusade were not without truth and justice; but we hold that his mind was decisively prejudiced, and that he gave to every fragment of secret tattle which reached him in this way a magnitude of importance which not one of them deserved, even the most sincere and just, and all of which, when weighing in truthful scales against the character and devotion of William Booth, and against the world-wide progress of The Salvation Army, become utterly unworthy of a moment's doubt or anxiety.

Mr. Huxley was typical of many Englishmen, and his vituperative attacks hardened the hearts of a considerable body of people, who not only withheld their support from the Darkest England Scheme, but went about spreading the very wicked and evil rumour which Mr. Huxley more than any other man had fostered, that the Booths were unscrupulous rogues and impudent impostors.

General Booth's autocracy, which was essential to his work, cost him dear. For the greater part of his life he was a suspected man, and even to this day there are people

who shake their heads over his management of The Salvation Army finances. 'Half a word, ladies and gents,' said a park orator, jumping on a wooden box to collect an audience from the dispersion of another orator's crowd, 'half a word about that ole 'umbug, General Booth.' And he got an audience. In his extreme old age William Booth enjoyed, but if the truth must be told with a rather ironical amusement, a world-wide popularity, never, we think, earned by any other man. But he passed, it may truthfully be said, the greater part of his life, a life of amazing labour and selfless devotion, in an atmosphere of mistrust. Hostility and malevolence always confronted him. Is it any wonder that out of the anguish of his heart he said of his wife, standing at her grave, 'she suffered more in her lifetime through her compassion for poor dumb animals than some doctors of divinity suffer for the wide, wide world of sinning, sorrowing mortals'?

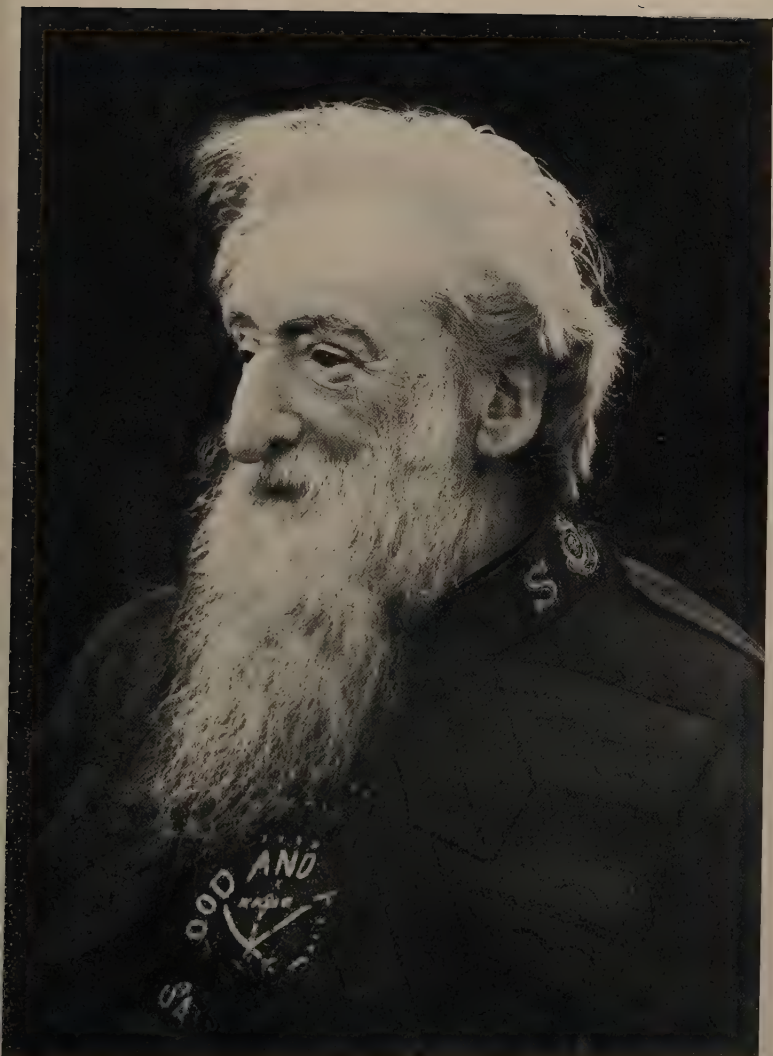
CHAPTER XI

AT THE THRESHOLD OF A NEW PHASE

1891-92

WITH the death of Catherine Booth and the publication of 'In Darkest England,' William Booth entered upon a new phase of his career. His autocracy was sensibly modified, and his interest in social reform as sensibly increased. Accustomed to lean upon Mrs. Booth, whose influence was exercised almost entirely in the spiritual sphere, William Booth had never deeply felt the need of counsellors and captains to share his burden of supremacy. But with the death of Mrs. Booth, and the sudden opening of a new door on the frontiers of social service, William Booth was inclined to call others to his side, and was disposed to consider an entirely new policy. He had arrived at 'four roads and no signpost.'

From 1890 to 1898, that is to say from his sixty-first to his sixty-ninth year, this astonishing man was at the height of his powers. Till 1890 he had been a fervent and passionate preacher of the changed heart, but a preacher harassed by poverty, opposed by enemies, and often involved in doubts and uncertainties. After 1907 or 1908 he was a beautiful and patriarchal figure, a genial, gracious, amiable, and endearing old man, although on occasion still the mighty captain of salvation, and the vigorous legislator in the modern struggle of social reform. We shall see that after 1898, before, that is, he had reached



A POPULAR PORTRAIT (1890)

the patriarchal stage, he began, if not to lose faith in the efficacy of mere social reforms, at least to question whether he had done wisely in throwing so much of his energy into this tremendous struggle. But from 1891 to 1898, although insisting from time to time upon the first importance of purely spiritual work, he was unquestionably heart and soul in The Salvation Army's magnificent effort to solve the social riddles of modern industrialism—that effort which is perhaps the most striking monument to his life. Mrs. Booth's death, after so long and trying an illness, released his energies from a sad restraint even while he was momentarily stunned by her loss. He threw himself into the agitation concerning 'In Darkest England,' threw himself still more energetically into the work of establishing his scheme, and in a few months had so overworked and exhausted himself that it was imperative to send him away from England on a long journey.

Thus began, early in 1891, those wider world-travels of William Booth, which were to make so picturesque an effect in almost every country under the sun, which were to endear him to so many nations, and which were to continue to the end of his life, in 1912. But these earlier travels were not by any means chiefly picturesque. William Booth set out on his travels with a compulsive desire in his mind to fire the enthusiasm of the world for his new adventure. He visited Germany, South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, and India. In the following year he visited Germany, Denmark, and Switzerland. With the one exception of 1905, he travelled every year of his life, visiting nearly every country in the world; and the immense enthusiasm, the extraordinary pageants which marked the later and more spectacular travels, were the fruit of the earlier journeys, particularly the journeys of 1891-98, when he was consumed with a burning sympathy

for the poor and suffering, and was on fire with enthusiasm for his social scheme.

We shall not attempt to follow him in any of his travels, but the reader will perhaps be able to form some idea of the toil and success of those many journeys from the following extracts taken either from his letters (chiefly addressed to Bramwell) or his diaries—extracts chosen, of course, not to furnish an account of his travels, but to show the mind and character of the traveller :

‘ We must have some more spiritual work up and down the country.

‘ We stayed at Hamburg at an Hotel—had precious little comfort—could not get enough to eat—yet they managed to make a good bill !

‘ It seems a long time not to have a sign or a sound from you. You might have raised a wire yesterday to say how you were. I cannot help feeling anxious about Eva’s teeth, and as to whether there have been any more earthquakes, or blizzards, or waterspouts, or typhoons, or cyclones from “ The Times ” or any other quarter. . . . I long after you continually and mourn that I am away from England just now. Surely God will take care of you all, and continue unto us the blessings we have so largely enjoyed up to now. . . . I would have liked *one* line from you. You need not say much but just a word or two of love. I have felt much and tenderly about you—and still feel as though I must come to you all right away.

‘ I am only *very down to-day*. I don’t improve ; and feel terribly under my work, altho’ when I get at it, I have remarkable freedom and power. But nothing seems to cheer me as in the past. . . . I feel as though I must come away home to-night, and yet if I was in London I don’t suppose I should feel any better. This accommodation is wretched. Think of a Training Home with only wood partitions. . . . They will make getting on for £100 out of me, and yet could not take me a couple of rooms where I could get a little quiet and sleep. Oh, dear !!!

‘ Do stop—sending out foolish instructions about my food. Here everybody has raisins and I know not what—I never

touch them. Why can't he ask me before he sends messages about my eating and drinking—as if I was so fanciful.

'I must feel very different in my spirits before I can write any more books. The intervals of my Meetings are often awful. I must get something for my nerves, if possible.

'The papers, so far, have been most friendly here (Copenhagen), none more so than the Socialist Organ. . . . To-night I am on "Darkest England" . . . every ticket has been sold already. This afternoon I am with Count Moltke to dine and drawing-room [Meeting]. My visit has made an enormous advance for our people in Norway and Sweden, but I think here the benefit will be far greater.

'Going to Australia in my present state of mind seems simply impossible. . . . I *want* to get home *now*. Why Brussels? or even Paris?

'If I succeed after the same fashion or anything approaching at Berlin, I shall certainly think I ought to do the other capitals of Europe, whether I am able or not.'

His successful Meetings in Berlin, where numbers were turned away every night from the doors, were interrupted by the bad news that his daughter Emma, Mrs. Booth-Tucker, was returning from India very seriously ill. He writes to Bramwell, on the eve of an all-night railway journey which must be made, 'with this dreadful sorrow tugging at my heart strings.' He insists that he must go to Emma at Cannes, and exclaims: 'Surely God will spare us the horror of losing her.' This letter concludes:

'I shall blame myself for trusting her to India. No rest—poor thing, after all that struggle and heart agony over Mamma. O God, help us!'

He comes home and is taken ill—an illness which developed into dysentery. He writes to Bramwell:

'Metcalf is here. He says I am very low—I must have great care—which they always do—mustn't do any mental work—which I shall. He orders me fish—can you bring a bit?—they say it is cheap. Eva might like a bit to-morrow.'

Cured of dysentery he is struck down a little later with influenza, caught, he says, by sleeping in damp beds and fireless rooms while campaigning. He insists that he *must* have proper rooms, and says that he will pay for them out of his own pocket, 'altho' there is not much in it.'

He makes a long journey to comfort his sick daughter in Cannes, and on one occasion writes in an excusably bad mood of foreign vexations :

' ——— brought us some chicken that stunk, so we had to throw it out of the window—some stale bread and butter I could not eat—some dry raisins two seasons old, and some rotten oranges.'

But his letters are chiefly full of schemes for the future, and when he goes back to his Meetings in Germany next month he sends Bramwell all manner of ideas ; such, for instance, as a method for the manufacture of cheap, non-phosphorous matches, and the possibility of establishing a tea plantation in Ceylon.

But ever and anon everything on earth sinks into insignificance before the urgent necessity of spiritual surrender :

' I have been telling the Officers that without the heart right and possessed of the Holy Spirit all is vain. It came with great power. It went to *my own heart*. The rest of my days, *many or few*, I will spend teaching and by His grace exemplifying the truth.'

But he has moments when he is overwhelmed by his solitude : ' I feel awfully alone.'

In a letter to Bramwell, written from South Africa, he sends this affectionate son and Chief of the Staff a child's kiss, marked by a cross. Always behind the fault-finding and truth-dealing public hero there is the heart of the old

man almost pathetic in its hunger for love and its thirst for sympathy.

We find an interesting reference in one of these South African letters to a psychological experience :

‘ I am trying to send something for “ All the World,”* and have outlined it, but cannot make it fit, and have not *darling Mamma* to help me round the corner, nor *you*, so I have stuck.

‘ . . . I think the Tour will do me good *nervously*. . . I had a *shadowy, strange* feeling for months gone—as tho’ I were not myself—as tho’ my real self had gone out of me. I cannot describe, but I think I am coming back again to my old self.

Many of the letters are full of social work. He announces that he is negotiating for land for immigrants into South Africa and Australia, and sends Bramwell suggestions for the manufacture of a certain kind of bricks, of coffee, and non-alcoholic beer. Mixed up with these schemes are references to Lucy, Emma, and Eva, who are ill. He sends very tender and anxious messages concerning Eva. Lucy, he says, is to go to South Africa to recuperate ; but his orders are not obeyed, and he threatens the Chief of the Staff, telling him that he must produce very good reasons when the General returns.

He speaks of his magnificent receptions, his enthusiastic Meetings, and the friendliness of the various Governments.

One of Bramwell Booth’s letters to his father, written on September 21, 1891, contains an interesting prophecy by William Stead concerning Mrs. Annie Besant :

‘ I had a nice talk with him (Stead) yesterday. He is deeply interested in the reports of your movements. He hopes you were able to make a good impression on Rhodes, about whom he is very anxious. The present attitude of Mrs. Besant towards Buddhism, etc., and towards what are called “ Spiritual Phenomena ” is interesting Stead very much.

* One of The Salvation Army’s magazines.

He thinks she will become a Christian. Anyway, she now says man has a soul, and unless you change it from bad to good you do nothing for him whatever else you do.'

Of his daughter, who is suffering from a bad abscess in the shoulder, threatened with 'something like Mamma's,' he writes :

'What a mystery this depression is that creeps over one whether or no. As a family we are all terrible sufferers in this direction. What a martyr dear Mamma was to it, and some of the children, perhaps all, suffer in the same direction, and I have thought I have done more so than any of them. John Wesley boasts, as well he may, of his equable disposition in this respect. What a boon it must have been to him. . . . We are indeed fearfully and wonderfully made. The greatest earthly mystery is the human heart. Mine is past finding out—that is, by me. I am glad there is *One* who knows its every thought and every feeling—and who loves it too. I must trust Him with it—with dear, darling Lucy too. O God, help me !

'However is it that I cannot shake the terrible lowness from my heart ? I think, nay, I am sure, I am feeling my loss, my loneliness, more to-day than 6 months ago, a great deal. Darling, darling Mamma, what would I give to have you with me to-night ; and yet I could not, would not, had I the power to do so, fetch you back from your blessed home to share my lot in this world of sorrow and strife. No ! my Lord, Thy will be done. My heart says so altho' it bleeds to say it.

'Dear Bramwell is very tender to me—so are all my precious children, but alas ! their tenderness and sympathy cannot comfort my poor solitary heart.'

After an extraordinary hard week he is conscious of elation and good health :

'I could only explain it on the theory of the terrible spiritual conflict and temptation and harassment with which nearly every great effort I make is preceded, and the nervous rebound which is the result of the consciousness that the work is done, and done fairly well.'

His journal for 1892 is still full of his great schemes, and only now and then do we find personal references or meditative asides which help us to understand his character or to obtain glimpses of his private life :

‘ Oh, how I hate this fashionable usage of Society, and, Oh, how weak and useless is the chatter that goes on generally. I cannot think why people come to meet me. In many cases they don’t appear to be desirous in the slightest degree to receive information, to say nothing about instruction, from me, neither do they seem to have any to impart—but they just sit and eat and chatter, and then, with a few empty compliments, depart.

‘ To-morrow commences Self-Denial week. It looks very much like a sad one to me—but indeed a large number of my weeks are sad ones indeed. If my heart is not depressed with disappointment in men and measures, if I am not cast down with the innumerable cares of these enterprises, I am perplexed as to which course should be taken on questions that appear to be of insuperable importance to the Kingdom of God and the well-being of mankind. However, I must struggle on.

‘ Worked, or tried to work, till very near morning. Brain stupid or weary or something. Perhaps it is on the principle that all work and no play, *et cetera*. I certainly do seem to be very nearly always doing or attempting it—and I am sure I am dull enough.

‘ . . . it is only too evident that there is some truth in the remark of a Critic in one of the reviews, that “ The Country is tired of Mr. Booth ” ; so I must let the Country rest, and go on as well as I can without it.

On Christmas Day, 1892, at the end of this the second year of his widowerhood, he writes :

‘ All* coming in to dine at 5 and spend the evening. Even this jars on my feelings ; I would rather be alone, but I think that *she* would like me to have them together. We have been wonderfully together as a family for many, many years—only one or two absent on Christmas Day, and now we are very much scattered. Darling Emma and Lucy in India, Katie in

* Mr. and Mrs. Bramwell Booth, and their children.

France, and Ballington in the States. I have no doubt they will be thinking very tenderly about me. Sympathy is very precious. But after all there are some sorrows that it cannot very well get at.'

During part of 1892-93, leaving the organization of the Darkest England Scheme very largely in the hands of his Chief of the Staff, William Booth visited India, Germany, Denmark, and Switzerland, and held a number of very important Meetings up and down the British Isles. He was now a world figure, and though a certain section of the public might be 'tired of Mr. Booth,' it is quite certain that throughout the world he was becoming recognized as a man who had discovered one of the great secrets of life. He was no longer the outcast revivalist of Whitechapel, but the head of an international organization which had set itself to handle some of the most painful and troublesome difficulties which beset the path of the legislator. In this way, we find him not only welcomed, and rapturously welcomed, by masses of people in every city he entered, but everywhere cordially and respectfully entertained by men seriously attentive to the social dangers which were threatening civilization.

CHAPTER XII

SOCIAL REFORMS AND FAMILY DIFFERENCES

1892-93

PROFESSOR HUXLEY'S attack upon William Booth, The Salvation Army, and the Darkest England Scheme made but a small impression upon the General, who had, it seems, less compassion and sympathy for an infidel than for any other creature. His pronunciation of this term was in itself a whole volume. 'Huxley's an infidel,' he would say; and then, lifting his eyebrows, 'how can he possibly understand us?' On opening 'The Times' during this period, he would ask, 'Well, what is there this morning? I'm a culprit! What have I done now? What's the latest crime and felony I've committed?' And at his ever-growing Meetings, for the interest in him and his work was now enormous, if any one suggested that he should reply to Huxley, his invariable response was—'Don't answer criticisms. Let's have a good Meeting.' It was a saying with him—'The *thing* you are doing is the great thing—not the commotion: never mind the commotion, go on with the work.'

'My father,' says Bramwell Booth, 'had by this time become almost callously indifferent to outside criticism, but he was, on the other hand, very sensitive to the criticism of those whom he took into his inner council. He welcomed that criticism. A constant phrase of his in asking my own opinion of his schemes and proposals was,

"Don't be partial." He used to say that The Salvation Army was not a mutual admiration society, but rather a school for self-criticism. He never heedlessly rushed anything forward, but always thought, and thought hard, before he acted. I don't say his cogitations always appeared to me to prove successful. For instance, as compared with his scheme for Colonies Overseas, I preferred paternal emigration on a large scale, and this has become a successful part of our work; but the General, while approving the emigration, stuck tenaciously to his idea, and never ceased to regret its disappearance from the Darkest England Scheme. To the end of his life he was worried by the loss of the projected Colonies Overseas.'

At the side of the General in the early years of his widowerhood were three of his children, Bramwell, Emma, and Herbert, and these three surrounding their father were ready to die for him. They faced the world with the utmost enthusiasm for The Salvation Army. They were part of the General's inner council; they were privy to all his schemes; they were in their own measure his critics and guardians, as well as his devoted children and his loyal followers. Ballington Booth was in the United States, Catherine with her husband on the Continent, Eva in Canada, and Lucy in India. These children were as dear to the General as the others, but they did not so intimately share the higher responsibilities of The Army.

Troubles developed in the year 1892. The first of these was in the sphere of doctrine. One of his children was caught by an extreme view of Faith Healing.* The General was by no means unsympathetic to this interesting question, as may be seen in 'Orders and Regulations,' but

* This departure from the teaching of The Army ultimately led the Booth-Clibborns to join a fanatical adventurer in Chicago, and though later on they left him, their separation from William Booth was complete.

he had neither time nor disposition for mystical speculations. Moreover, he was expending every ounce of his energy on a world-wide effort on behalf of the submerged. 'I can't bother with spasms,' he used to say; 'I want things that can be done again, that can be fitted in with what's going on already.' Thus there was trouble behind the scenes, serious difference of opinion, though the family presented one front to the world.

Later on these troubles widened, and were intensified by graver difficulties in the sphere of discipline. 'I can't have doctrinal differences interfering with the *work*,' said the General; 'go and keep the Regulations, and save the people; keep your difficulties to yourselves.' But when serious divergence from Orders supervened on these differences of opinion, the General was adamant. 'There are worse things than suffering,' he said; 'one must go on; at all costs one must go on.' In his journal for 1893 he writes of one of his daughters and her husband:

We parted very affectionately. They appear very sorry for the previous misunderstandings and promise very fairly for the future. I have made them understand that they must conform to Orders and Regulations as other Officers, that I am *General* first and Father afterwards.

But as the years went on, these promises were not realized; and between 1896 and 1901 three of his children left him and went their own way. He suffered acutely and hoped for reconciliation, but reconciliation never came. No doubt much might be said on both sides of this subject; but the main position of William Booth seems to me unassailable, since it was the position of one rooted in loyalty at every cost to what he conceived to be the highest duty of his life. His children had of their own free choice become Officers in The Army. He was now the 'General first and Father afterwards.'

In this sad and regrettable incident of his life, there is at least one aspect which helps the outsider to respect all parties. The children of William Booth who left The Salvation Army—not one of them, we may be sure, without pain and sorrow—remained, and still remain, workers in the cause of religion. Such was the training and influence of their father's life that they could not desert the person of Him whose service he and their mother had laid upon them in childhood ; and such were their dispositions that no difference of opinion, no rupture of affectionate relationship, could cast them out of the field of self-sacrifice and service for others. William Booth lost three of his children ; but in reality they were still his followers.

We do not propose to refer to this domestic difficulty again, and we have purposely only glanced at it in this place because we feel, first, that the matter did not prove to be of great importance ; and, second, because those chiefly concerned are still alive. But before leaving the subject we must say that, while we admire William Booth for his loyalty to his faith and to the discipline of The Salvation Army, we cannot fail to regret that he did not succeed in his efforts to discover a path to reconciliation.

On the other hand, a man between sixty and seventy years of age, engaged in a work of universal and eternal importance, may perhaps be pardoned if he did not turn aside from his labours to seek middle-aged children who had departed from his spirit, and in one way or another disputed his authority. And the more we consider the prodigious labours of this man, carrying as he was the sorrows and sufferings of an immense host of humanity, the more readily we shall be disposed, if not to forgive him for any apparent lack of tenderness, at least to understand his impatience with anything which appeared to him

likely to hinder the work of his life on the part of those for whom he had, as he conceived, and as they acknowledged, given so many proofs of a boundless confidence and affection.

A sufficient sum of money was subscribed to the Darkest England Scheme within four months of its promulgation.* Bramwell Booth and his Staff immediately set to work on the labour of materializing his father's schemes. Food Depots and Shelters, Rescue Homes and Labour Bureaux, were set up in the great industrial centres, a farm was purchased in Essex, and the entire Social Wing of The Army, with Shelters for Women and Prison-Gate Brigade, and a Slum Sisterhood, was re-organized. But a sum of £30,000 a year was necessary to sustain this immense activity, and the criticisms of Professor Huxley, the persistent attacks of 'The Times' newspaper, and the scurrilous pamphlets issued by 'backsliders' and others, checked the flow of *annual* subscriptions.

It was very generally believed, as The Salvation Army itself expressed the matter, that 'part of the money has been expended on his (William Booth's) personal aggrandizement or advantage, and that, in particular, money contributed for the Darkest England Fund has been used to defray the cost of demonstrations at home or in the Colonies.' Further, there was a doubt as to 'the accuracy and completeness of the published Accounts and Balance Sheets.' And finally, there was question 'as to whether the whole of the Darkest England Fund has been expended upon the objects of the scheme . . . as distinguished from the ordinary operations of The Salvation Army.'

* By September, 1892, £129,288 12s. 6d. was subscribed to the Fund. (Report of the Committee of Inquiry, p. 6.)

In order 'to satisfy all sincere persons, and in the hope of removing those doubts and of correcting misrepresentations, General Booth has invited an examination by a Committee of Inquiry on the points referred to.'

This Committee, of which Sir Henry James (afterwards Lord James of Hereford) was chairman, consisted of Lord Onslow, Mr. Sydney Buxton, M.P. (who resigned on account of a domestic bereavement), Mr. Walter Long (afterwards Lord Long), Mr. Edwin Waterhouse, President of the Institute of Chartered Accountants, and Mr. C. Hobhouse, M.P., who acted as Hon. Secretary of the Committee.

The matters investigated were summarized by the Committee in the following form :

' 1. Have the moneys collected by means of the Appeal made to the public in "In Darkest England and the Way Out" been devoted to the objects and expended in the methods set out in that Appeal, and to and in no other ?

' 2. Have the methods employed in the expenditure of such moneys been, and are they, of a business-like, economical, and prudent character, and have the accounts of such expenditure been kept in a proper and clear manner ?

' 3. Is the property, both real and personal, and are the moneys resulting from the above Appeal now so vested that they cannot be applied to any purposes other than those set out in "In Darkest England," and what safeguards exist to prevent the misapplication of such property and money, either now or after the death of Mr. Booth ? '

The Committee, after careful and prolonged investigation, found :

' 1. That, with the exception of the sums expended on the "Barracks" at Hadleigh (rented by the Spiritual Wing from the Social Wing of The Salvation Army), mentioned in the earlier part of the Report, the funds collected by means of the Appeal made to the public in "In Darkest England and the

Way Out," have been devoted only to the objects and expended in the methods set out in that appeal, and to and in no others.

' 2. That, subject to the qualifications expressed in the preceding portion of this Report, arising from the difficulty of forming an opinion at so early a stage in the existence of some of the institutions, it appears that the methods employed in the expenditure of such moneys have been and are of a business-like, economical, and prudent character.

' 3. That the accounts of such expenditure have been and are kept in a proper and clear manner.

' 4. That, whilst the invested property, real and personal, resulting from such Appeal is so vested and controlled by the Trust of the Deed of January 30, 1891, that any application of it to purposes other than those declared in the Deed by any "General" of The Salvation Army would amount to a breach of trust, and would subject him to the proceedings of a civil or criminal character, before mentioned in the Report, adequate legal safeguards do not at present exist to prevent the misapplication of such property.

The disgraceful insinuations concerning the personal integrity of William Booth which had crept into criticisms of the Darkest England Scheme, made even by such men as Professor Huxley, were met by the following statement in the Committee's Report :

' In examining the accounts, the Committee were careful to inquire whether any portion of the travelling expenses of the members of The Salvation Army had been borne by the Darkest England Fund, and whether Mr. Booth or any of his family have drawn any sums for their personal use therefrom. No such expenditure appears to have been incurred. There is no reason to think that Mr. Booth or any member of his family derive, or ever have derived, benefit of any kind from any of the properties or money raised for the Darkest England Scheme. Some members of Mr. Booth's family draw salaries from the Spiritual Wing of The Salvation Army and a list was put in from which it appears that Mr. Booth himself has received nothing from either side of The Salvation Army. He

has a small income partly settled on him by a personal friend and partly derived from the sale of his literary works, the amount and nature of which he explained to the Committee and which seemed to them commensurate with the maintenance of his personal establishment.'

In spite of this Report, minds of the baser order continued to nurse the slander that William Booth was a rogue and a charlatan. Charles Bradlaugh, it is said, at the very hour of his death continued to repeat the phrase 'General Booth's accounts, General Booth's accounts!' over the hope of an exposure. But, on the whole, it may be said that faith in the honesty of William Booth was now general throughout the country, established, we are disposed to think, more by the ardour with which The Salvation Army continued to throw itself into the work of moral and social reform than by the finding of the Committee of Inquiry.

It is important to know that at the time when William Booth set himself to solve the social problem the very poor of East London, far from being neglected, were in danger of being submerged by the wasteful excesses of sentimental charity. It was to systematize charity, and to make charity masculine, practical, and scientific, that William Booth threw himself into the work. He saw that in spite of free lodgings, free meals, gifts of clothing, and gifts of money, there was no *moral and religious progress*. He believed that religious progress tarried because sentimental charity tended to intervene between the chastisement of God and the repentance of the sinner. His scheme was not to give and not to relieve, but to rescue, revive, and rebuild. Indeed, he gave up, years before, an annual sum of £500, given to him for the provision of free breakfasts, because he was entirely convinced of the destructive, or at any rate the dangerous, nature of

such charity. His principle was to love the souls of men, to spare no sacrifice in the work of turning the hearts of the foolish, and certainly to lift up at all hazards the fallen cab-horses of humanity ; but as regarded the bodies and minds of men his principle was to test their worth, to prove their genuineness, not by religious catechism but in the workshop and the field. He hated all coddling. He abhorred grandmotherliness in all its manifestations. He was the enemy of every form of softness.

It was a charge against him, repeatedly and exultingly brought by his enemies, that he underpaid his Officers and condemned them to lives of inordinate hard labour. The fact was, that William Booth believed in poverty, and feared riches. Moreover, he knew of no better test for the sincerity of religious professions than the school of poverty and the field of absolute self-abnegation. So hot was he against humbug and cant and mere lip-service, that he made it one of his glories that those who followed him followed him in poverty, and often in distress. I have encountered in the slums of great cities many humble Soldiers of the working classes, those who toil for The Army and give their savings for its support, who consider that the secret of their General's success was this very demand for poverty and labour.

It may be imagined that immense difficulties confronted William Booth in reducing sentimental charity to a practical system of regeneration. So great were those difficulties and so absorbing the attention they demanded, that for three years he was almost obsessed by the machinery of his scheme. He became more and more a social reformer, and for the moment rather less of a religious revivalist. The stubbornness and obstinacy of his nature took control of his energies ; he determined that at all costs his much-vaunted and much-derided

scheme should be established and should succeed. His letters and diaries are much occupied by this great adventure. And we may see in the fact that practically every one of his proposals, with the exception of the Oversea Colony, is now an integral part of The Salvation Army's Social Work, evidence that he not only laboured industriously and with great faith and enthusiasm, but that his labour triumphed.

CHAPTER XIII

GOING BACK TO FIRST CAUSES

1893

DURING the three years in which he was largely absorbed by the Darkest England Scheme there were moments when he found himself haunted by the call of the world evangelist ; and after these three years of absorbing labour, of almost unbroken obsession, he left the business of social reform very largely in the hands of others and returned to his work as preacher of salvation.

Social reform seemed to him an important business ; he acknowledged it, indeed, as a wing of Salvation Army activity ; to the end of his life he was proud of the Darkest England Scheme and interested in its welfare ; but from 1893-94 onwards he himself turned more and more to the centre of his Army, and with as much ardour as in his earliest years, but with more breadth and profounder sympathy, preached the great gospel of the changed heart.

Extracts from his letters and diaries are now full of this central cause. We read but seldom of match manufactories, patent coffee, tea plantations, and colonies in Rhodesia. Instead we come across constant cries for more faith, more power to convert the world, more strength to drive his blundering forces straight at the main position of iniquity—indifference to God.

The following extracts from his correspondence for

1893 will give the reader a faithful and authentic impression of his turbulent, troubled, and yet deeply affectionate character :

‘ . . . he never had much *tenderness* or tact in getting at the hearts. *Heart Work* is what we seem to want everywhere. HEART WORK !

‘ . . . I love you and miss you very much. . . . It is foolish not to find a little more time for the practice and culture of affection—human affection—sanctified human affection. It must be of God. Anyway, I finished up as I began without any intention of doing so with the observation that what the S.A. needs is HEART WORK ! HEART WORK !

‘ I expect a good night. But—7 o’clock is too early for the town.—We don’t get the *working men* ! And we *must* !

‘ But I have *not* learnt how to preach yet. I am much down on my work to-day. It is not straight or simple enough, and I *lack the tenderness that breaks the heart*.

‘ But the stinking, unventilated hall I have been in is certainly enough to poison the devil !

‘ If the parsons came and helped us it would be something. It is a great query whether it would not be better to try and secure the co-operation of the churches if they are to reap so largely of the results. But I suppose they would only cripple us.

‘ We had a swell veterinary surgeon out in the morning—with great practice. Already wants to throw up and come in as an Officer. Also a parson who testified this afternoon to getting a clean heart.

‘ I cannot see through that Anti-Liquor League Meeting at Exeter Hall. I have no heart for it. I am much exercised about mixing up in any way with those who are not for my Lord.

‘ You cannot imagine the early Xtians going to Caesar to ask for help in rectifying the sins and miseries of the world. They said Jesus Christ was the Saviour. “None other Name.”

‘ I am going back to the faith of my early days. Not a philanthropist or a *parson* shook hands with me at Liverpool. *Not one* !

‘ I do want to learn how to *save souls*. I feel there is yet

much to learn—*some secret*. I know I am wanting in faith. I expect that is my weak spot.

'The *Holy Ghost* convicting people of sin, making them saints and soldiers—sacrificing, weeping, toiling to save men from sin and hell—there is our power in a nutshell.

'*I am awfully alone!* and I must own with some little shame that little things try me not a little. Still I am struggling to "keep believing."

Speaking about the Darkest England Scheme and his inability to answer critics about the results because of his ignorance of statistics, he writes to Bramwell:

'You see—I don't know enough! No one will be at the trouble to teach me! Or else I won't find time to be taught.

'I want some one with me who won't *fuss me* but fix me!

'This "gadding about" is not such a "pleasant Sunday afternoon" as you imagine.

'We must shake the world in some way. Oh, that I knew how!'

'I have read Mrs. Butler's letter. My dear boy, I cannot go in for any more "campaigns" against evils. My hands and heart are full enough. And, moreover, these . . . reformers of Society have no sympathy with the S.A. nor with Salvation from *worldliness and sin*. Our campaign is against *Sin!* And our great difficulties lie in the direction of a lot of professed followers of Jesus Christ who are all full of humanitarian pleasant Sunday afternoon Moodyism or the like. The Christ people who are not for a religion of deliverance from sinning are God's great enemies.

'All except two or three silly students very attentive. I snubbed these fellows, and they were quiet until the middle of the Prayer-Meeting, when one of them fired off a cracker, which made a terrible row in the gallery. Our "Salvation Roughs"—as they call them—collared him and frightened him out of his wits. It didn't affect the Prayer-Meeting. . . .

'The follies big and little of the S.A. make a perpetual marvel to me as to its survival.

'I get so *sad* when I go away sometimes. I cannot get my bit of food. I shall have to give up the diet. And I hate Hotels of any sort!

'Speak plainly to them. Tell them they must take their commands or say so ! I will tell —— as plainly to mind her own business when I see her.

' . . . I am not strong enough and am too nervous now for the *heavy* cattle I have to deal with.

'I quite agree with you about bringing expenditure and income to the same level. Thought we had done this ; if not, the sooner it is done the better. You know my views about begging from the rich.

'Why don't you look into things ? A *general* oversight is what is wanted and leave a lot of the details to other people. Excuse me, but that is the one great error of *your* management and *mine*, spending our energies on details and leaving greater things to take care of themselves.

'I see from a "Westminster" just arrived that you have had *rain*. I like to know *something* about secular affairs—that is very different to devouring 2 daily secular papers and 3 or 4 religious weeklies. . . .

'The "Victoria," another Ironclad, gone. They will continue building these "death-traps" whatever occurs. Poor fellows. I saw Tryon once. He was a fine, intelligent-looking fellow.'

Of Mrs. Bramwell Booth, whose work for the rescue of fallen women had developed in a most wonderful fashion since 1885, he writes to Bramwell, asking :

'Why does she not write a book on *How our girls are damned* ? . . . or, if she does not like swearing in her title, put it blasted, blighted, ruined, only it should be a good expletive !

And again, speaking of the bad arrangements for one campaign, posters wrong, Meetings on market days, etc. :

'No room for my comet in this concern simply because there is nobody to describe my orbit.

'Your letter to —— is excellent and must do good. . . . I have spent the day so far over mine to —— and a few other unimportant epistles.

'Oh, the time spent over these wretched misunderstandings.

The *Devil* knows. He understands how to waste time and stop progress.

'You can please feel perfectly safe in any intimations of affections you make to me. My objection is not to expressions of love and sympathy when they are real—perhaps few prize such terms more highly or regard them as more sacred—but I certainly do object to extravagant phrases which are not borne out by the evidences of everyday life. I know you care for me, and the knowledge of it is one of the chief human sustaining influences of my life. My love for you is more than I can tell.

' . . . I did not write to Mr. ——— when it came to it. I hardly knew how to do it. I cannot play the toady or appear to have feelings which I do not entertain, and I hardly know what to say. I won't ask him for money, and I hardly know how otherwise to approach him. He has not answered my last and has evidently made up his mind to cut us—and he will do so until God brings him round again, or takes him home.

'I am either so occupied or so weary, or sleeping or trying to sleep most of the time! Not that I am quite content that it should be so. I would welcome a little leisure—ever so little, but it seems to be denied to me. But I don't repine or complain. I go forward. I certainly would like a Comrade to travel with me . . . who *understood* me and my little fads—without my having to plead for every one—over and over again. John Wesley allowed himself this from the beginning, and I do think it might be allowed me.

'I wonder how you are? How little time we have for the *amenities of life*. I suppose we shall have time up yonder.

'Send me Tolstoi's article in "New Review," with no expectation that I shall answer. Once and for all let ——— and all else know that I don't write about Jesus Christ and Salvation or anything else simply to sell people's Reviews or newspapers or anything else. I don't hold my pen and my opinions so cheap *myself*, if other people do.

'I don't understand how it is I go so poorly at times, and no one seems to take any notice of me. They think it is Wolf! Wolf! But it is *not*. I wish I had a *doctor* whom I could talk to who would have patience with me. But what good are they? I am quite willing to endure all, only these *low* weak helpless fits hinder me so much.'

The aside which he had uttered in 1891, ' We must have some more spiritual work up and down the country,' had now become the ground-swell of his soul. ' We must shake the world in some way,' he cries in 1893, and adds, ' Oh, that I knew how ! ' But he knew at least the secret of Salvation Army power—' The Holy Ghost convicting people of sin, making them saints and soldiers—sacrificing weeping, toiling to save men from sin and hell.' And when he finds fault with bad arrangements or stupid excuses, when he says, ' I want some one with me who won't *fuss me* but fix me ! ' he is groping his way through the temporal and material exigencies of his tempestuous career only that he may clutch the inviolable shade, only that the unconquerable hope of his soul may achieve the Salvation of men.

CHAPTER XIV

THE LION IS INTERVIEWED BY THE LAMB

1894

NEVER before in its troublous history had The Salvation Army been so busy as during these years. It had now penetrated into the social field of human progress, spreading itself into many of the occupations of mankind, associating itself with the total effort of humanity, itself a part of civilization. But the soul of the old General was now concerned mainly with the one and ultimate activity which had fired his youth ; he was glad to hear of victories on this wing and that, was watchful and critical of the strategy all along The Army's extended battle front ; but his attention was directed always to the centre, his determination was now set with something of a new impulse upon the conquest of sin and the conversion of mankind.

Evidence of this concentration of his soul on its original line of march is seen in the report of an interview which he gave to one of his own journalists in the year 1894. This simple newspaper article, autobiographical in its character, is one of the most valuable documents of that period ; its total omission of any reference to social reform, its ardent insistence upon the centre of Salvation Army experience, its fiery promulgation of Salvation Army teaching, not only reveal the contemporary mind of William Booth with authentic force, but

help one to realize how complete at this time was his reaction from the obsessions of social reformation. It will be seen later on that the year 1894, besides being a very busy one, was a year of some anxiety for The Army's social organization, but the piece of journalism which we now present to the reader shows with unmistakable emphasis that his social adventure had now lost its obsessing power and that he was back again at the Penitent-Form, with powers undimmed, and his natural force unabated.

The interviewer, who we feel was of a somewhat lamb-like nature and certainly of an accommodating turn of mind, begins with an account of the General's room, which is unfortunately not so intimate or informing a record as we could desire.

'On mantel, shelf, and table,' he tells us, 'were dispatches, documents, papers and letters relating to up-to-date engagements in the great Salvation Army campaign. Here lay a pile of statistics of miseries and woes which the Social Scheme is devised to assuage; and yonder a synopsis of some book or pamphlet ready for the press. Whether at home or abroad, among princes or peasants, no one can fail to be impressed with the intense fixity of the General's purpose and the continuity of his plans and schemes to realize it. There is no swerving from the highway on which he is travelling towards his goal. There was not a vestige of a paper, a book, nor, I might add, an ornamentation which did not in some way or other point to activities present or prospective. The General lives, moves, and has his being in the smoke of this holy crusade.

'Standing for a moment near the fireplace with a programme of some Meetings in his hand, he observed:

' "The Salvation Army has been, is, and will be for some

time to come, at least to a very great extent, the expression of my own religious convictions, experiences, and practices ; it must be so of necessity.

“ I stand,” the General continued, “ in the relation of father to my people ; the children will resemble their parents. My position and my duty have made me their instructor ; my teaching has been, and still is, accepted, followed, and repeated until it reaches every Soldier in the most distant Corps ; I have walked before my people for the twenty-nine years the Organization has been in existence ; and, loving me as they have done, and as, I am thankful to be able to say, they still do, it is natural that they should have imitated me. Therefore, if, instead of willing that it should be so, I had willed the opposite, I could not have made it otherwise. The all but universal feeling that runs through the eleven thousand of its Officers, and of the tens of thousands of its Soldiers and Recruits, is ‘ What does the General believe, and what does the General do ? ’—that will we accept, if it be consistent with the great principles laid down in the Word of God ; and that will we do, if it be possible.”

“ That suggests what some of your critics say,” I interjected—“ that you are creating a new order of popes.”

“ Yes ; but the new is as different from the old as freedom from slavery. The loyalty of my Soldiers implies no mental servility, no soul-bondage. They believe in being influenced by the same Holy Spirit that influences their General, and in being led by the leader whom God shall raise up for them ; and believing that God has raised me up to be their leader, it is their joy to accept my direction. And more still, their own experience has given them confidence in my integrity, discrimination, and judgment. . . .

“ I do not claim, in saying this, any particular originality for all that there is of faith, organization, and activity in The Army. Far from it. My indebtedness to the glorious men and women who have gone before me is limitless, and to many of my compeers also. Others have impressed, instructed, and influenced me. The obligation under which I have been laid by my dear wife in this respect is well known. Although at the commencement of The Salvation Army, and during its early years, she was much occupied in her particular path of labour, she was my constant adviser, counsellor, and friend.

I thought and felt little about The Army, and did far less respecting it, concerning which I did not first confer with her.'

"I have learned much from my comrades, many of whom have been men and women of great ability, while others have had the advantage of more intimate and practical acquaintance with the class to which they belonged and still belong. . .

"The principle of adaptation on which I have acted has led me to acquire information from every possible source as to the character and customs of the people whom I have wished to impress, and the best means of doing so. This must be so, from the composition of my own mind."

"In what particular, General?"

"My natural yearning for success is, perhaps, almost a weakness, and, together with my impatience as to the feeble progress that the Kingdom of Heaven makes in its extension in the world, notwithstanding the efforts put forth, compels me to be not only willing but delighted to discover an improved plan for accelerating the pace. I readily recognize the Mosaic character of these influences. While teaching others, others have taught me."

"But while this applies principally to your methods and the growth of the organization—does it also apply to your principles?"

"Certainly not; while we know of no finality as to method, our principles are unchangeable. And here again The Army to-day is largely an exhibition of those principles implanted in my own soul almost from the very beginning, and which have grown and strengthened up to the present hour."

"Will you kindly name some of these principles?"

"Generally they may be described as few in number, simple in character, and are more or less entertained and cherished by every Soldier in The Army. Wherever that Soldier may be found, or to whatever tribe or nationality he may belong, the Salvationist is substantially the same sort of person all over the world. There are, in the Salvation framework, as it were, all those leading truths which are the common property of all orthodox Christian Communities."

"What are the main features on which you insist?"

“ Man must believe in the great God—the great common Father—and Jesus Christ, His Son, who died on the cross to save all men ; in the Holy Ghost, who opens people’s eyes to see themselves sinners, and shows them how to believe, helps them to master their selfishness in general and fight the Devil and sin. Then to these elementary truths I must add three others, on which great and constant stress is laid in almost every public Meeting, namely, the Day of Judgment, a Real Place of Punishment, and a glorious Heaven where all faithful and victorious Soldiers will enjoy unspeakable happiness in companionship with saints, angels, and God.”

“ But what beliefs, after these main doctrines, do you consider have had the most powerful place in your mind, and consequently had the most direct influence on The Army ? ”

“ I may enumerate several which strike me as having had much to do with fashioning the form and inspiring the spirit of The Army of to-day ; and I will begin with one which lies at the root of almost all our aggressive measures, namely, the division of all men into two distinct classes in their relations to God and eternity—the righteous and the wicked. I saw, or I thought I saw, this clearly enough, and that these characters answered to the two destinies of Heaven and Hell which awaited men in the next world. Nay, that the characters of men, while having much variety about them—that is, degrees of goodness or badness—were in the main as distinct here as their destinies would be there, and that one would determine the other — that is, if they would not let God save them and make them holy and good here, they must be lost hereafter ; and if, on the other hand, they accepted the Salvation of God and were washed in the precious Blood of Jesus Christ, and were renewed and kept by the power of the Holy Ghost, they would be blessed for ever.

“ Meanwhile, there they were, the distinctions of earth being more or less lost sight of in view of what they appeared to be in their standing before the great God Himself, and my business was clearly to persuade those who were on the wrong side to come over to God.

“ I got this truth out of my own experience. I knew what I was before conversion and what I was after, and I knew also how different the one character was from the other.

“ I got this truth out of my Bible. I saw it clearly stated

there, and repeated over and over again, from the beginning to the end. Two classes are only recognized in the old Book—the friends and the enemies of God.

“ I got this truth from observation. In relation to God I found two distinct classes or people everywhere I turned. One set did not understand me. After my conversion they could not make me out ; thought me a fool. I talked a foreign language in their ears. They did not sympathize with me. Their tastes were different. My Bible, and my Meetings, and my Saviour, and my Songs had no charm for them. They hated what I loved ; they loved what I hated. Men and women have appeared to me in this two-fold aspect ever since. They do to-day.

“ Another truth which took strong hold of my young heart, expresses itself in this wise—a change of character requires a change of nature. I saw that goodness was desirable, that it was necessary to please God, was the condition of happiness, and that without it Heaven was impossible at last. But I saw that men left to themselves could not be good. Nothing to me was plainer than this. No resolutions or religious ceremonies or pious feelings alone could make them good. They were in bondage to their lusts and appetites, to the fashions of the world and the influences of men, and no matter how they withstood them, they could not, by their own strivings, master or get away from them. I saw that like could only produce like, that the effect could not be better than the cause, that if you wanted to improve the nature of the effect you must change the character of the cause. To have sweet waters you must have the fountain sweet ; in other words, that there was no hope for amendment in the man without the change of heart.

“ My Bible insisted on this. I heard my Saviour say, ‘ Marvel not, ye must be born again ’ ; and again, ‘ Except a man be converted, he cannot enter the Kingdom of Heaven.’ My own experience confirmed the same. I knew that the great change which had come over me had all come at once and had been produced by a power outside me.

“ I saw it in the experience of my Converts. I was satisfied that there could be no real religious life or feeling without this internal revolution, and I have taught the same ever since.

“ I saw that God was the Author of this change, and that consequently, it was possible in the case of the very worst characters. While I knew from my own experience and observation that no human resolutions or ceremonials could effect this change, I was conscious that it was a perfectly easy task for God. Hence, I knew that all things were possible with Him. I felt no difficulty when a boy, and I have felt no difficulty since I became a man, in assuring the greatest of sinners that they can be saved from the power of their sinful habits and the condemnation of their past evil doings, and that this can be realized wherever and whatever they may be, seeing that it is God who saves.”

“ This accounts, perhaps, General, for your Soldiers and Officers having such confidence in offering Salvation to everybody—without knowing anything at all about their circumstances ? ”

“ It does. Nothing is more vividly realized than this truth, and more emphatically taught by the humblest Soldier in our ranks. People wonder when they hear our ignorant Soldiers say to the vilest and worst of transgressors, ‘ Only come down to this penitent-form and you can have Salvation here and now.’ This confidence is inspired, not by any virtue existing in the penitent-form, but by the belief in the almightiness of their Saviour, and the greater the sinner the more glory they think will be brought to His name. They know they are weak and ignorant and helpless, but their confidence rests in no wise upon any ability, goodness, experience, or knowledge they may possess. Their faith is in an Omnipotent God.

“ Then the responsibility for every man for his own Salvation was in the beginning powerfully borne in upon my own mind. . . . While I saw, as I have said, the helplessness of men to save themselves, I saw at the same time that God had placed within their reach all the grace and power they needed to enable them to live a holy, useful, and happy life, and that the condemnation of those who remained unsaved, now and hereafter, would be having refused to accept that Salvation. For years I have seen the right way myself, and felt that, by God’s grace, it was possible for me to walk in it, but I had refused, and was condemned for so doing. I had tried to excuse myself on the ground of my natural inclinations,

peculiar circumstances, and that kind of thing, but had never succeeded in quieting my troubled conscience. When but a child I felt that I was wicked and deserved to be sent to Hell, not because I was wicked, but because I would not seek God ; and, directly I did seek Him, there came upon me this wonderful power which enabled me to please Him."

"Was your experience, then, the sole ground of your belief in the responsibility of man for his own Salvation?"

"No ; after my conversion I soon learned that other boys, and then men and women as well, felt the same sense of responsibility and the same condemnation for not acting upon it. My reading of the Bible, the sermons I heard, and the books I read confirmed me in this truth, and my experience of the years since then has gone to show me that I was right."

"In your early days, General, did you come into any doctrinal controversy on this subject?"

"I did, alas ! I was thrown, almost at the onset of my religious career, over head and ears as it were, into the Calvinistic Controversy ; but I was strengthened, perhaps, in my views of Human responsibility as the outcome. Oh, the agony I went through in those times, over the pros and cons of the worn-out theme—worn out so far as this country is concerned anyway—of Election and Reprobation ! Was God or man responsible for the sinner's damnation ?—that was for a long period of my early life an absorbing question."

"But you found a way out ?" was an interjection that naturally arose there.

"Yes, I got early on into the half-way house," replied the General, "maintaining that the sinner's Salvation was of God, and his damnation of himself. And then . . . I landed safe and sound in the simple truth, that a man must have power to accept or reject mercy. If he accepted it he would be saved, though all the Devils in Hell and all the men on earth opposed ; while if he rejected it, he would perish, whoever should strive to prevent it ; and whether saved or lost, his destiny will be made to work out the glory of God and the good of the universe. I rested there. I was satisfied."

"And you have made this a cardinal plan of your public utterances since ?"

"Most certainly—I have preached it to my people in all lands and they have received it. They believe it, and it has

gone out into the heart and life of every true Salvationist, serving as a sharp stimulus to his warfare, making him feel that not only is every man responsible for his own Salvation, but that, somehow or other, he, the Salvationist, is very nearly responsible for the Salvation of every man that comes within the range of his influence, and if not actually responsible for it, he has something to do with it."

"Is there not, in The Army, a remarkable and definite notion, everywhere prevalent, that Salvation comes directly and immediately from God?"

"Yes; it is a truth which has had a powerful influence upon moulding The Army. Reconciliation with God is a definite transaction, occurring at a given time between the soul and God, on the simple conditions of repentance and faith. That is how I looked at it in my own first experience of divine things. I felt that I was a sinner, deserving only the displeasure of my Lord. I went to Him and asked Him to forgive me. He made me understand clearly that I must heartily repent, renounce my sinful ways, and make restitution wherein I had wronged others; and that on my doing this He would accept me.

"I fought against these terms for a time; tried to make a compromise; failed, and grew more miserable every day. I then gave in, went down flat before Him, and did what He insisted upon. He forgave me, and filled my heart with joy. I went to God—not to the Church, nor to the Bible, nor to my feelings, but to Himself—and I have ever since been sending people who have desired mercy to the same Source. . . .

"The whole plan is scriptural. The Bible is full of it. It is rational; we have sinned against Him, and what is more likely than that we should ask forgiveness at His hands? It is feasible, possible to any poor sinner, however ignorant, if it is rightly apprehended. The children can understand it, it is the children's way, and all who walk in it go into the Kingdom of Heaven.

"Here you have one of the many justifications for the penitent-form. When a Salvationist says, 'Come this way, kneel at the mercy-seat,' he means, 'Get down before your offended Father, and ask Him to forgive you. We will go with you. We will advise, encourage, and counsel you. But it is God that must save you if ever you are saved; so, come to God.

“ Nearly akin to the last-named principle I saw also that there was sufficient divine grace flowing, through the sacrifices of Jesus Christ, to enable every man who seeks it to find Salvation. In other words, there is Salvation for every man. This was from the beginning, and has been to the present moment, one of the most precious features of redeeming love in my eyes.

“ Then there came another truth which had much to do with the experience of those early days. The willingness and ability of the Holy Ghost to make men entirely holy in thought, feeling, and actions in this life. This truth laid hold of the very vitals of my new religious existence. It interested me, it stirred me up. It was a fascinating attraction, ever drawing me forwards. I saw that entire Holiness was insisted upon in my Bible ; while my Hymn Book, composed chiefly of the precious hymns of Charles Wesley, was all aflame with the beauty and value of it. Soon after my conversion, I was thrown into the midst of a red-hot revival that was thoroughly permeated with this truth. The spiritual interests of my new-born soul yearned after it, giving me no rest until I believed for it. I saw thousands seek and testify to having found it. It appeared to me in those days—and has appeared to me ever since—as a condition of happiness, a qualification for usefulness, and a preparation for Heaven.

“ How could I doubt,” went on the General, with his soul evidently stirred, “ that God was willing and able to sanctify any and every man, body, soul, and spirit, who trusted Him to do so ? Through life the theme has been a favourite one. Some of the most beautiful souls I have known during my fifty years’ Salvation service on the earth have walked in light and joy of the experience, glorifying in the fact that Jesus Christ was manifested in suffering and shame, in power and in sacrifice, to utterly destroy out of the hearts of His people the works of the Devil.”

“ I have heard you again and again hoist an even higher standard ? ”

“ You have. It is the duty of every child of God, I maintain, to serve Him as his King and Father, consecrating all he has of ability, influence, and possession to this task. Perhaps nothing that loomed up within the bounds of my religious horizon, within a very short period of my conversion, was more

distinctly realized than that truth. This yearning to be a true and devoted servant of Jesus Christ was born in me. I entered the spiritual world with a Soldier's nature. I remember well how puzzled I used to be in my early Christian days, and I have been perplexed more than a little all my life through, with the apparent heartlessness of so many who profess to be the sons and daughters of God and are quite sure of Heaven, as to the interests of Jesus Christ and His Kingdom on the earth. These do not seem either to know or care about the Salvation of souls, or to do any mourning on account of the bedraggled, wrecked condition of His interests in the world. All that appears to concern them is that they may have a good time in this life and a better time still in the life that is to come. They have neither opportunity nor heart for these things. They are Christian Gallios."

"How do you explain this?"

"I do not believe that the ministers who preached to me (when I could find time to hear them, which was seldom, for I was generally at the same business myself in some back court or alley), or that the leading men who directed the affairs of the Church, carried the burden of souls or a concern for its interests more heavily on their hearts than I, a boy of sixteen, did on mine.

"I have heard a great deal about the 'call to the ministry' since those days, but my call to follow my Saviour and save as many sinners from the pains of Hell as I possibly could, came to me at the beginning of my career. It came as loud and as distinct as it has ever done since. While it might seem possible to be a servant without being a son, it appeared to me utterly impossible to be a son without being a servant. I never needed either my Bible or my minister, or any special movement of the Holy Spirit on my heart to press this truth home upon me. It appeared to me then, and has ever since, and will I think for evermore, self-evident that the religion of Jesus Christ could not be possessed without the Christlike hunger for the Salvation of men."

"I should like a more particular exposition of this Doctrine of Consecration. Do you mean that, as followers of Christ we are called upon to make a literal dedication of ourselves to Him as did the Apostles and Martyrs?"

"What else does Consecration mean? It involves to my

mind the duty of every Christian man to place himself and all he possesses, life included, fully and freely, without reserve, at the service of God—literally—here and now. That has always been the meaning of Consecration to me. It has seemed to me a mere sham and pretence on any other interpretation. Is not this what Paul means when he says, ‘I beseech you, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service’? To Paul it meant that and nothing else, he illustrated his meaning by his own life, and was followed closely in this track by his fellow-Apostles, and multitudes more have been following on in the same lines from that day to this.”

“But there are differences of opinion, General, on the subject?”

“Yes, but I make answer: There cannot be two standards—one for Paul and the Apostles and the Martyrs and the Missionaries of bygone days, and another for those who are their true successors to-day; or one for those who lead The Army, and another for those who follow; one for that class of saints who go to the wars, and another for those who abide in the callings of everyday life at home. . . .

“If it does not signify that a man, on becoming a Christian, becomes voluntary under obligation to serve his King with all the capacity, goods, influence, time, and anything else he may possess which is likely to advance the interest of his Master, I don’t know what it does mean, neither do I understand the passages scattered so freely through both Old and New Testaments insisting on the same thing under the peril of all sorts of losses—too many for me even to allude to.

“There, there, I saw, was the standard; and there before my eyes were illustrations of it in the lives and deaths of Paul, his fellow-apostles, and the multitude of brave warriors that have followed him, in the true Apostolic Succession, right down to the present day.

“I saw with my youthful, uncorrupted Salvation eyes, that there could not be two standards for life and service—one for Paul, and the Martyrs and Missionaries, and the other for leaders of God’s Army, past and present. Therefore, here was the standard for every soul of us, whether leaders or followers, whether marching at the head of God’s Armies or

abiding in the trade and callings of everyday life. I saw it. I liked it. I embraced it in my inmost soul. It did not come to me in mournful, melancholy aspect. The consecrated life, with toils and tears and troubles and what else, matched my consecrated spirit. Was I not a soldier of the Cross, and ought I not to welcome a soldier's career ? ”

“ . . . Is it not probable that, as a result, springing from the natural enthusiasm of your nature, you raised this high standard of Christian Consecration to harmonize with the public career you had marked out for yourself ? ”

“ No ! Impossible. Because, please remember that I had no prospect of a ministerial life in those days. I had a laborious and anxious calling which took all my strength and attention many hours per day. My earthly lot was full of bitterness, disappointments, losses, and mortification. Indeed, it appeared at times as though I had nothing outside my family circle that I valued but God and a handful, a small handful, of comrades like-minded with myself, and a soldier's life. To become a minister, and have no other concern but how best to promote the glory of my God and the Salvation of men, I remember to this hour, appeared altogether beyond my reach. But if I could not become a minister, I could fight on in such a sphere as I occupied and with such means as I could scrape together. This was plainly my God-appointed task. I would do it. And I asked nothing higher and better than this. Let me fight for my God and the Salvation of men. That will give me joy—that will be heaven for me. Fighting was what I wanted. Only let me have plenty of it.

“ It was under such circumstances and with such feelings that I became a Salvation Soldier without the name ; and thenceforth, down to this very day, it has seemed to me one of my first duties to make other eyes see as my eyes saw, and other hearts feel as my heart felt, in those days.”

“ What then, in your opinion, does this consecration involve ? ”

“ Well, the seeking first the glory of God. He must not be left out. God must be the central Figure, and His glory the end of any service. He must be first and last. No help for the poor world without Him. Vain the attempt to mend it without direct reference to the Maker. To seek to do good

to the bodies as well as the souls of men. To love and labour for the afflicted, and to help those who have none to care for them. To tend the sick and the dying."

"But have I not heard you say that getting people saved became at once the joy of your heart?"

"Yes; it was my meat and drink to seek before all else the Salvation of the souls of men. Indeed, it was here that my heart's love was captured and enthralled. I became a lover of souls. To save a man—that is, to win him over for Christ—appeared to me like finding a Pearl of Great Price. In those days I used to say I would rather be a successful soul-winner than fill the highest stations of earth, and were I only sure of ultimate Salvation, than the highest Archangel in Heaven. Call it boyish enthusiasm or what you like—there was this hunger for souls burning in the centre of my heart by night and by day."

"We see this reproduced in the Salvationists of all ranks to-day?"

"Yes; and it was of the great mercy of God and by the fostering care of His Holy Spirit that much has grown out of this soul-love. Much began to grow at once, and grew at a great pace. My love-treasure set me to think and to work, and in working and thinking and planning I soon found myself, although only some sixteen years old, one of the principal leaders of a miniature Salvation Army."

"... After all these years of warfare and experience, what do you consider as the most remarkable feature of resemblance in The Salvation Army of to-day that this early love-treasure contained?"

"After some thought, the General replied: "There are seven—First, our sphere of operation was amongst the poorest and most needy; then, our aim was the immediate Salvation of the people; there were similar forms of leadership; for although connected with a Church, we practically managed our own work; there was to some extent rigid and similar discipline, there were aggressive attacks on the unsaved in the streets, lanes, and homes of the people. There were similar demonstrations of rejoicing: such as miniature Crystal Palace Anniversary in a large Public Tea-Garden, a great Field Day of Salvation, attended by thousands of people, with Penitent Meetings on the grass. We had Army funerals, with service

around the coffin outside the house, a procession to the cemetery, and a service at the grave-side ; there were adaptation and organization and house-to-house visitation, and many other methods which on review look now, at this distance, as though they had been the seed-corn—nay, verily, the small beginnings of the wonderful things that have followed in these latter times.” ’

In this splendid and whole-hearted fashion did the lion roar before the lamb, and we are verily assured that all the honesty of his character, all the vehemence of his nature, and all the impetuous enthusiasm of his soul was in every roar. Not once did he boast of the work done for the bodies of men, not once did he refer to the universal attention aroused by his Darkest England Scheme, now in a flourishing condition. He goes back to his boyhood and draws a straight line from that distant past to this burning present—the spiritual line that unless a man be born again he cannot enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.

This reaction, as I have termed it, is experienced by every statesman who, less concerned for the success of his party, earnestly desires a better world. For a moment it seems as if some new Act of Parliament will revolutionize evil conditions and bring the millennium within sight ; and men fling themselves into the battle of passing the Act with the self-sacrifice and enthusiasm of crusaders. But when the Act is passed, and little comes of it, and when, looking back on the record of Parliamentary Government we see how much has been achieved and how little changed, we begin to wonder, as the just and upright statesman wonders, whether the first of all conditions to be changed is not after all, as Christ said it was, the heart of man.

William Booth was a man of great compassion. He yearned over the sorrows and sufferings of humanity. His

Darkest England Scheme was a statesman's Act of Parliament, aimed to change social conditions and reduce the sum of human misery. But while it did immediately change, and is still changing, for a great number, social conditions that were evil and unjust; and while it did immediately reduce the sum of human misery; <for all of which he was profoundly grateful, he saw that the total transformation of humanity could only be wrought by a subdual of men's will to the will of God.>

If he did not see quite as clearly as others about him did see, that this excellent social work of The Salvation Army was an expression of the religious conscience and quite definitely *religious* work, at least he saw, as perhaps no other man of his generation saw so visibly, that religious work is the greatest of all *social* works. <' You cannot make a man clean by washing his shirt.' >

CHAPTER XV

WHICH TELLS OF DISPATCHES, A STORM AT SEA,
HOW WILLIAM BOOTH WAS BOARDED IN A BED-
ROOM AND BORED AT A TEA-MEETING, AND OF AN
INTERVIEW WITH W. E. GLADSTONE

1894-96

IN the year 1894 The Salvation Army had extended in the eastern hemisphere to so remote a suburb of civilization as Java, and with this fresh manifestation of the world-wide application of its principles to hearten it still more, The Army held an International Congress in London. One feature of this Congress was the celebration with ebullient enthusiasm of the jubilee of the General's conversion.

These International Congresses, let us pause to say, are of considerable interest, since they demonstrate with unmistakable force the universality of the great central Christian principle of conversion. The thousands of delegates who flock into London on these occasions are drawn from almost every country under the sun, and it is a curious fact worthy of reflection that the same enthusiasm which we know so well in our English Salvationists characterizes the delegates of all these other countries. Few sights are more impressive than a march-past of these Salvationists from Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, every face shining with a like happiness, every voice singing

with a like enthusiasm. < I know of no other religion except the Christian which has this catholic effect, and no other form of the Christian religion except The Salvation Army which has this catholic expression of gladness and confidence. >

William Booth visited America and several countries in South Europe during this year, receiving, as always when absent, long and important 'dispatches' from his Chief of Staff in London.

The 'dispatches' of Bramwell Booth—exceedingly long and business-like letters, beginning 'My dear General,' and concluding 'Yours affectionately'—kept the General informed of every new move and every fresh development in the operations which every good Salvationist describes as 'the War.' One may be tempted from a careful reading of these documents, in which important changes are occasionally announced and apologized for on the score of time pressure, to conclude that Bramwell Booth was not always in mourning for his father's absence; that he seized, perhaps, on the opportunity of his situation to carry out reforms or initiate new undertakings which, had William Booth not been preaching on the other side of the globe, might have tarried long or might perhaps have taken different forms.

Here and there the General disapproves and comes angrily down on his Chief of the Staff; but, on the whole, it is clear that in spite of a few grumbles and hesitations he acquiesced in the decisions of his son and affectionately acknowledged his work. Bramwell was a man who did not 'fuss' the General but 'fixed' him. He knew his father's character with such confident intimacy that he could advance boldly and far where another Officer would have feared to move an inch. And the love of father and

son was so profound and beautiful, so essential to the happiness of both of them, so necessary to the welfare of The Army, that Bramwell could act with the perfectly certain knowledge that nothing he attempted, be it successful or unsuccessful, be it growingly praised or angrily censured, would be judged by the General as a step towards self-aggrandizement or a devotion towards any assumption to his father's authority.

While the General preached, and The Army held its International Congress, Bramwell Booth, who had to overlook the arrangements of both these important matters, was deep in the work of the Darkest England Scheme. We cannot pause, unfortunately, to tell the story of that benevolent enterprise, but it is part of William Booth's story to know that his intense love for his son, and his complete confidence in Bramwell's judgment, were deepened and intensified by the work of those years—work so very difficult and so entirely new to the ordinary routine of The Salvation Army that its triumph must always remain something of a mystery. It is enough to say, perhaps, that The Army with all its other work, home and foreign, set up in Essex, with a thousand agricultural perplexities in its way, one of the most successful land colonies in this or any other country—and a farm colony manned by labourers who but for Salvation Army succour would almost certainly have sunk to the depths of destitution in London slums.

Most of the difficulties of this undertaking were solved by 1894, and in 1895 the Farm Colony, which was to amaze Mr. Cecil Rhodes, received a visit from the President of the Board of Agriculture—that charmingly picturesque Victorian, that most unlikely Salvationist, Mr. Henry Chaplin, now Viscount Chaplin. In one of the dispatches sent to the General an account is given of this important

visit, which deserves to be noticed, perhaps, by Lord Chaplin's biographer :

' Mr. Chaplin was accompanied by Sir Hugh Owen, who is the permanent Secretary to the Local Government Board . . . apparently a very able man, and Mr. Little, who is a member of the Board of Agriculture and a regular Judge in prize competitions at all sorts of Agricultural Shows and Government valuations . . . a very able man. There were also a couple of Private Secretaries in attendance. Without going into a lot of detail, I am glad to be able to say that all passed off most satisfactorily ; they were all charmed beyond measure at the place, and astounded not only at what they saw we were doing with the land, but at the whole organization of the undertaking. The Fruit, the Market Gardens, the Grass Land (!) on the Marshes, the buildings, all came in for unstinted admiration. The appearance of the men whom they saw at work and the plan upon which the Colony is organized impressed them enormously. Mr. Chaplin said he had never seen anything like it, nor had any idea that we had got anything of the kind. Little, the Agriculturist, said that if we had anything like ordinary " luck " the place could not help but be a great financial success ; advised the extension of Fruit . . . especially the Bush Fruit. He thinks that Strawberries are more dangerous for us.'

' Now then comes the great question which always arises in such circumstances as these. Chaplin said to Lamb two or three times in the day : " How can I help you ? " Lamb also heard him say to Owen : " This thing ought to be helped ; what the devil can we do ? " Their whole attitude was one of sympathy with us. Mr. Chaplin said to Lamb : " Of course it is a matter for the Treasury. We have no money at the Local Government Board. Show me how I can help you and I am willing to try."

' I have been so ill that really I have not been able to think or do anything else this week, but I think I can see my way to getting a scheme by which the parishes can send people to us before they have become workhoused, and of course Mr. Chaplin of all men can help.'

At this time of his life William Booth formed the habit

of writing what he called a Family Letter—that is to say, a letter addressed to ‘My dear Children,’ which, having been read by Bramwell and his wife, was then passed round the entire family circle. These letters are a very extraordinary mixture of Salvation Army business and personal adventures. Many of them were written on board ship. A few examples will give the reader a taste of this new correspondence, and place him, we hope, in still closer intimacy with the character of William Booth :

‘I have just been discussing with P. on the deck the possibility of our preparing a set of Regulations applicable to Australia, U.S., Canada, and elsewhere. . . . How ever the Territories outside Great Britain have done as well as they have with the little attention given them—that is, little compared with what has been given to Britain—is a constant puzzle to me as I go along. . . . Australia and nearly every other Territory left to-day to imitate Great Britain and adopt its Orders and Regulations at its own sweet will ! This should not, must not, shall not be. Take a further illustration. In the U.S. the internal arrangement has grown up according to the judgment and choice of Commissioners. This must all be reduced to system. We have given our strength to Great Britain. We must work for the world over.

‘The *Unity* of The Army is an unceasing wonder to me. I repeat with unspeakable satisfaction what I said, I think, in my last letter, that I have felt in Africa that the Officers and Soldiers of Johannesburg, Durban, and Cape Town, and every other Corps visited, are as much one with International Headquarters as are the Officers and Soldiers of Bristol, Glasgow, or Newcastle-on-Tyne—or more so. On looking on any English-speaking country I have come to think the same sentiment will equally apply, and very nearly the same may be said of any other Territory. Anyway the Officers and Soldiers anywhere only want to know International Headquarters a little better to make it so.’

‘I am determined to be more faithful—more personal than I have been. To this end I must have more of the power and wisdom of the Holy Spirit. It is God the world wants, for

which the *Church* languishes and is without grip of the thoughtful portion of it—indeed any portion of it.

‘The S.A. will only be a blessing as it carries God to the hearts of men. That is our business. To baptize with “*Fire*.”’

‘The rolling of the ship has really been beyond either rhyme or reason and my poor head has ached and ached and ached again. . . . To add to the discomfort it is fearfully cold. . . . I am gradually getting cold to the bone. And as one cannot walk the deck or take exercise with any sort of comfort there is nothing for it but to go to bed. It is true they have taken the Saloon, but it is so stuffy and there is generally such a clatter of tongues or music or children that work is all but an impossibility.

‘Children . . . yes, children, for there are some of the worst behaved little things opposite my cabin whose din attends me all the time, that I ever met with. There is a little boy about five years old whom for beauty—specially when the most splendid head of hair that I ever saw is taken into consideration—and for self-willed disagreeableness for his age and weight I will back against the world. Oh, they are a “*lovely*” set!’

‘We make little headway with any spiritual work amongst the passengers . . . the Saloon lot appear to be very obtuse and earthly. I wonder what you are doing? Various things I suppose. Do you wonder—do you find time to wonder about me?’

‘I am thinking much about darling Mamma . . . Oh, how many times I wonder, does she know what we are about down here! . . . Oh, the mystery of existence, and Oh, the mystery of passing out of it! Yesterday at eight in the morning they buried a man in the deep, deep waters who had died the day before. He was a Saloon passenger, came on board at . . . where he left his wife and two children. He was a German, quite a young man, going to New Zealand for some purpose or other and coming back to Africa. Instead of which he has gone into eternity.

‘I never saw a funeral at sea before, and I must say it impressed me very much. The passing of the man simply

sewn up in canvas and with the outward form of a man seemed to realize to one so much more vividly than the confined dead, that it is a man who is being passed away. We cast our dead into the sea, and then there came to our minds the time when "The sea gave up her dead."

'Our steward has been telling us that just about this point a man jumped overboard on the last voyage of the same steamer. So that on sea as well as on land the words I heard read by the Captain from the prayer-book yesterday morning are being fulfilled: "In the midst of life we are in death."

'To sit with my cabin chair tied from the four corners of the little square room, swinging to and fro with the ship, trying to write and think while freezing with cold, dinned by those screaming children, is not altogether favourable to health of body or of brain—to say nothing of the stuff that is produced!

'The American said he was ashamed of living in such a one-horsed planet—for my part the size is all very well, quite passable; anyhow, will do for the present; it is the quality of its inhabitants that is a grief and a shame to me.'

'Oh, what a strange jumble we have here, and the garb of a sort of religion is carefully thrown over us all by the Captain in the Church Service every Sunday. He reads the prayers, absolves everybody from their sins, and then reads a sermon which is very good indeed so far as it goes . . . the sin and ruin of it all being that it helps to make these utterly Christless people think that somehow or other there is nothing particularly wrong about any of them. Peace, Peace, and yet there is not an atom of real foundation for Peace. Good-night, my darlings.

'I have dreamed so much about Mamma on this ship and yet not a bit of comfort in any of them. Oh, how I wish—but it's of no use wishing.'

Arrived safely at his journey's end on the other side of the world, the General at once gets to work.

'When Colonel —— went to the Minister of Public Buildings to take the Exhibition Building, he said in answer to the question, what would the rent be—"Well, if you don't have

any of these —— parsons on the platform it will be £2 per day, but if you have them in a row, looking through their fingers to see who else is there, it will be £12 12s. per day.”

‘At five I went on with —— to Government House. His Excellency received me kindly, as kindness goes with that class, and I had a few words with Lady ——, but I was disappointed as to any heart intercourse. I could not understand why they* had pressed me to go there for the night, and I was sorry, almost as soon as I got there, and I had exchanged the intelligent, intellectual, genial atmosphere of the Chief Justice’s residence for the cold, stony clime of Government House. We went to the Meeting. My throat and chest seemed to make talking to the great crowd impossible for any length of time. However, I was in for doing what could be done.

‘There was a beautiful audience, the Chief Justice was all urbanity and heartiness, and at it we went—the Governor was in the chair and made a neat little speech—rather cold. A letter was read from the Bishop regretting a previous engagement, but praising our social work in the city, before the Governor’s speech. My turn came and I went at it. From the first sentence I found we could be heard, and I gave what I considered a temperate but flashing and interesting talk.’

‘I turned round once or twice to look at the Governor, having a feeling that he was not right, and sure enough he looked the picture of mortification. He has a yellowish complexion, but he was absolutely saffron colour. I went on, however, and looked again and again, but not once the whole night did he relax or smile, the whole hour and a half I was on my feet.

‘Meanwhile the Judge, who had seated himself before me with the ladies, was laughing and shaking and clapping all through.

‘A vote of thanks was moved by the Judge, and seconded by the Mayor, who told us that he had only come in for a few minutes, having another engagement, but that he had been so taken up with the speech that he had forgotten his appointment, and begged to support the vote of thanks with all his heart.

* ‘They’ here evidently refers to The Salvation Army authorities in the city.

' The proceedings terminated in the most friendly manner. The Governor walked home. I rode with Lady ——. Over the supper we talked in a friendly way, but on retiring to my room the Governor accompanied me, and to my surprise instead of handing me a cheque for the work, which I thought quite possible, turned on me by saying that he regretted having taken his sons and daughters (girls he called them—young women they are) to the Meeting in view of what I had said about "Lost women, etc." He then went on to say that I had intimated that everybody who was not doing S.A. work were living frivolous lives, and went on with a rigmarole about what was being done in the East of London. How his daughters were doing work amongst the poor, etc., etc., helping George Holland and the like. This, together with some more talk of the same kind, I must say, cut me up a little. Because I had been very careful to guard myself by starting with the remark that I came there in no spirit of *depreciation* of other work, etc., and as to offending good taste or saying what young girls and boys could not hear without being in any way damaged, I did not understand how that could be, as all over the world I have talked on these themes and never had a breath of objection in this direction.

' The next morning he tried to be a little friendly, but I assure you I was glad to get away from Government House, notwithstanding the apparent kindness of Lady — and "the girls."

' Was it not strange that a Brewer, who has an interest in the pubs of Ratcliffe Highway, should lecture me after this fashion? "*What about other people's daughters?*"

' Stayed with Judge ——. Comfortable home and cared for by the longest, rapidest-tongued lady it was ever my lot to run up against. Her like I could only hope that it may never be my lot to listen to again.

' At 6 a banquet had been arranged at a Ladies' College. Fine pile of buildings, belonging to the Methodist Church and partially supported by public subscription. I supposed I was simply going to meet the leading men and women of the place and to have a word and introduction and friendly talk with them. To my surprise we were marshalled into a large apartment, and after about 100 nabobs, male and female, had marched in and seated themselves at tables beautifully

ornamented and heavily laden with turkeys, etc., the young College Lady Students, dressed in the highest and, I think, the loudest costumes, came along. There must have been 70 or more—frizzed and curled and adorned in the most approved worldly style.

‘The loud talk of these girls rose above the conversation of the elder and more sober portion of the gathering, until even the Principal was dismayed. Perhaps it was my face disturbed his equanimity a little. However, at the end of an hour he proposed that I should speak as long as I could find time and strength for. But I said I could not speak with the clatter of cups and plates going forward. He suggested that the company would finish in quietness if I started. But you don’t catch old birds with chaff, and I simply said, and that pretty bluntly, that I should not get on to my feet till the eating and drinking entirely ended. Whereupon he called them to order ; which meant, cease eating and drinking. Which they did or nearly so, and entirely so before I had spoken a dozen words.

‘It was no easy matter to meet the expectations of that gathering and deliver my soul of its burden at the moment. However, I did the latter. I said a few words on the S.A. and then put my University question to the young people prefixed by the remark : “ There, that is what I have done with my life. What are you going to do with yours ? ” I drove that in with all my might—an awe as of death and judgment settled on the trifling young creatures, and we adjourned to the Opera House for a Social Meeting. We were crowded there and had an enthusiastic night.’

On December 21, 1896, William Booth went to Hawarden Castle to see Mr. Gladstone.

Mr. Herbert Gladstone met him at the entrance, and in the drawing-room Mrs. Gladstone and Mrs. Drew received him kindly and brought an old-fashioned easy chair (whose manufacture he mourned as a lost art) to an open fire, and bade him warm himself. Presently Gladstone came, welcomed him in the most kind and friendly manner and bore him off to the library.

William Booth had often wished to hear Gladstone

speak, but his work had kept him away from 'the big nights at the House.' Describing the effect made upon him by Gladstone, the General said afterwards that he would not have recognized him from his photograph if they had been face to face in a railway carriage. 'The features in the public prints are, as a rule, larger, and, to my fancy, seem to have a hard and masterful look about them, a look which certainly failed to show itself to me for a single moment in the original that afternoon.' He thought the statesman's face 'intelligent, expressive, quick, and commanding in a high degree, and equally sympathetic and kindly.'

Gladstone having flung a fresh log on the great fire, the two leaders sat down opposite each other.

Gladstone started the conversation by saying, 'I suppose in addressing you as General I use the title to which you are accustomed, and which harmonizes with your own feelings?'

William Booth said that that name defined his position properly. He spoke of the usefulness of The Salvation Army's military titles, because the most undisciplined and ignorant man knew that when he joined a Corps, the 'Captain' stood for authority, and was some one to be obeyed.

Gladstone asked how the Central Authority of The Army could be maintained, extending all over the world, while allowing that free and energetic local action so necessary to vigorous growth?

The General described the various commands from Territories to Corps, but Gladstone asked again how they maintained the Central Authority?

The General replied that he chose the Territorial Commissioners, and could extend or diminish their five years' term of office.

Gladstone asked if Officers in positions of authority in other lands were chiefly sent from England? The General replied that it was so at present, but that it was a first principle with The Salvation Army that each people must work out its own spiritual regeneration, 'that Americans must conduct the war in America, that Frenchmen must evangelize France, that Indians must mission India, and the like.'

Gladstone inquired into the finances of The Army, and when he was told its probable annual revenue, and that the great bulk of the sum was made up by the voluntary contributions of the poor, he exclaimed several times that it was very remarkable.

The conversation turned to the general question of the state and prospects of spiritual religion, and Gladstone asked William Booth which country stood most favourably in this respect? William Booth wrote:

'I felt it a difficult question to answer, and I said so. So far as Protestant Churches are concerned, I thought there was a good work in progress in some parts of Holland; otherwise I was afraid that Protestantism, as a rule, was very broad, very cold and inactive, and so far as practical godliness could be estimated, one country did not appear to me to have much preference over another.

"Is not Romanism making progress in Holland?" "Yes," I said; "there are, I believe, some advances in that direction." "Had we experienced any considerable measure of opposition from the Church in what might be termed Catholic countries?" I replied that while many priests watched our movements, and set a careful guard on those of their people who might be influenced by us, some of the more philanthropic among the clergy had manifested much interest in my Social Work, and in some cases have expressed their warm sympathy with me in other ways. And I could hardly say, either on the Continent or elsewhere, that we had suffered more actual opposition from the Catholic than we had done from the Protestant Clergy.

Gladstone asked if The Salvation Army had any measure of success among Catholic populations, and being told that it had, asked: 'But what becomes of those Catholics who come to the penitent-form?'

'I replied that while some became Soldiers in our ranks, it was quite a common thing for others, while regularly coming to our services, to continue, at the same time, their attendance at their own Church, and to assure us, with evident sincerity, that they were striving to live better and nobler lives.

'“They come to your penitent-form and then go to confession?” I replied, “Yes.”

'“But how do they regard you?” I remarked that it was not unusual for the more thoughtful and devout amongst them to tell us that we ought to be Catholics. They considered us, I thought, to have much in common with Francis of Assisi, or perhaps with Madame Guyon and the mystic class of religionists.'

The General spoke of the importance of the experimental aspect of religion, and how they looked on every man as right or wrong with God, and, if he were not saved, said in their hearts, 'Now is the accepted time, behold now is the day of Salvation.' The Army, he said, was more successful in dealing with the poor and ignorant than the comfortable and better educated. Gladstone replied that the illiterate and unprejudiced condition of the poor was mentally favourable to that simple obedience to the truth necessary to Salvation. He spoke of the wealth and habits and tastes of the age being enemies of religion, and said with evident feeling, looking away into the distance, 'There is nothing, I fear, easier of acquisition than the aspirations and the language of devotion while living a life the opposite of all they imply.'

'I do not know,' General Booth says, 'whether it was the mention of religious books that led to it, but Mr. Gladstone remarked, with some emphasis, that there was

nothing that surprised him more than the objection he found running through many religious works to what was described as "Self-righteousness."

'While I cannot understand,' said he, 'how any man with any true knowledge of his heart, or of his life, or of the Holy God whom he worships, can possibly conceive that anything he can think, or feel, or say, or do, can be deemed worthy of presentation before Him, as constituting any meritorious ground on which to claim His favour, I do think that instead of condemning righteousness, in any form, its cultivation should be encouraged, and its all-important need insisted upon.'

Gladstone asked 'with a serious and somewhat apologetic air' what the arrangements for the successorship were?

William Booth explained how each General was to nominate his successor, giving the sealed envelope containing his name to The Army Solicitors: there was a Deed to legalize this.

Gladstone was deeply interested. 'It was a peculiar position, he said, that we had taken up. Even the Pope, he suggested, was elected by a Conclave of Cardinals, and he thought we must go back to the sixteenth century to find an example of a system of personal nomination by the person occupying the post of authority similar to the one I have chosen.'

The General mentioned a scheme for providing against the danger that would 'be caused by a General passing away who had neglected the appointment of his successor, or who, for some calamitous reason, had become incapable for, or unworthy of, his position, and for selecting a new General, in an assembly of all the Commissioners throughout the world.' The General named one or two of the possibilities that might occur, and Gladstone added, 'Yes,

and the possibility of heresy would come under that category.'

The General spoke of Cardinal Manning.

'Mr. Gladstone was not surprised that the Cardinal should make the observation as to the Holy Spirit's influence on my work to which I had referred, nor at the spiritual tenor of his conversation at the interview, as, from his own observations, he believed that Cardinal Manning had attached very much more importance to the work of the Holy Spirit during the last few years of his life than during his former career.'

They parted with great friendliness. William Booth was very much impressed by Gladstone's geniality, by his perfect command of words, and by his earnestness. 'He put his heart into my business, and that right away, going straight to the very vitals of the subject as phase after phase of it passed before him. . . .' He brought away the impression that 'among the many things carefully considered and experimentally known to W. E. Gladstone were the governing influences of the Holy Spirit and the saving grace of God.'

A few days later the General received the following letter from Mr. Gladstone :

DEAR GENERAL BOOTH,—I thank you for the promise contained in your kind note that you are sending me, beside the books you refer to, a note you have made of the conversation between us.

'You are quite right in saying that it was not part of my purpose to express definite opinions upon the very remarkable and interesting circumstances which you were good enough to lay before me. Apart from the formation of such opinions, I had useful lessons to learn from the reception of such a communication. It helps me to look out upon the wide world and reflect with reverence upon the singular diversity of the instruments which are in operation for recovering mankind, according to the sense of those who use them, from their condition of

sin and misery ; and encourages hearty goodwill towards all that, under whatever name, is done with a genuine purpose to promote the work of God in the world. The harvest truly is plenteous ; may He send further labourers into His harvest.'

· · · · ·
'Believe me to remain, with all good wishes, faithfully
yours,

'W. E. GLADSTONE.'

CHAPTER XVI

THE BEGINNING OF THE FIGHT AGAINST OLD AGE

1897-1900

THE reader will see from the writings of William Booth which compose the present chapter that he was still eagerly pursuing the ideal of his earliest youth, and pursuing that ideal in the spirit of dissatisfaction with himself which was one of his most salient characteristics.

< Dostoevsky has said that self-satisfaction is the mark of a quite peculiar stupidity ; > certainly William Booth, whatever else he may have been, was not stupid. His honesty, his thirst for reality, his hatred for all shams and pretensions, made it impossible for him in his quest both of God and man, ever to be long at rest, ever for a moment to be really satisfied with his own efforts. If he constantly accused the world of indifference, and some of his Officers of lukewarmness, quite as constantly he upbraided himself for lack of faith and want of understanding. ' You can only keep company with God,' he once wrote, ' by running at full speed,' forgetting that breathlessness is not consonant with peace of mind, and that exhaustion is not the prize for which the soul of humanity strives. The Byronic hero, we are told, went to clasp repose in a frenzy :

All crimson and aflame with passion, he groaned for evening stillness.

Of the religious enthusiast it may also be said that he pursues the peace which passes understanding as if he was

running to catch a train. And it must be so ; for, unlike the mystic, he seeks that peace for others, and those others are in number like the sands on the shore.

By temperament, of course, William Booth was the last man in the world to value equanimity or to be satisfied with patience, but his violent quest of God—quest of a God who interfered, who provided, who relieved, who rewarded—added whirlwind to the natural storm of his character and a poignant bitterness to the natural unrest of his heart.

He writes to Bramwell Booth after an illness :

‘ . . . I have been seized with a spirit of determination this morning more than ever to go forward regardless of the opposition of men or devils, traitors or cowards or renegades or the whole lot. If any considerable number of Officers and Soldiers can rise up to this spirit of self-abnegation and reckless go-forwardism, baptized with the Holy Ghost, we shall yet awake a blaze that will light up not only this world but the universe. You will guess that I am feeling a little better ! ’

These moods of tremendous aggression and of almost undefeatable optimism were by no means transitory, nor were they, as the success of The Salvation Army very practically proves, fruitless. But as he advanced in age, reaction from these sudden accessions of tempestuous energy was at times sharp and swift. His diaries, his letters, even his public utterances, bear witness to the darkness which clouded his vision and the burden of sorrow which weighed down his soul during such periods.

In his letters to Bramwell Booth we read :

‘ I suffer about many things that I do not tell you about, nor anybody else. There are two or three very heavy burdens upon me just now. God is very good to me, and although I have very little time for privately dealing with Him, and have to do my closest work largely lying on my bed, He does come to me and comfort me. And I suppose I ought to feel, as I think

I do to some extent, that it is a great joy to be allowed, not only to believe on Him but to suffer something for His sake. I think I know better now than ever what Paul meant when he talked about "the care of the Churches" being the biggest trial he had to endure.

'I am very tired—but must on—on—on—I cannot stand still. I have worked to-day and lain down when I could sit no longer, and then got up and gone on again. A "fire" is in my bones, and though at times I feel as though I should *die* of a broken heart, I revive and go on again. But I feel often as if I was approaching an *end—here!*'

Very characteristic is a reference to one of his other sons :

'Why doesn't he settle down and get some rest? What a worrying thing "Booth blood" is.'

That this Booth blood was active and restless enough in his own veins, we find plenty of evidence in his letters to the Chief of the Staff throughout the present period. He manifests the keenest interest in all the concerns of The Army, even troubling his mind about such matters as the journalistic style of his Officers.

'I hope you will translate this Canadian cable into decent Christian English. I do hate this "Cock-a-hoop" style. Where is the humility and lowliness of religion gone to?'

Of the Colony at Hadleigh he writes :

'God's plan in farming, in my opinion, was "five acres and a cow," and whenever you depart from that you have to pay the piper.'

But another letter, describing a successful Meeting, shows his desire to keep social betterment in a second place :

'We were packed last night at the Social Lecture and had a pretty good time, although I must say I am heartily tired of Social Schemes in places where I can get a crowd and get souls saved.'

Sometimes an account of his crowded and enthusiastic Meetings is made the opportunity for a dig at his Officers :

‘ We had a fearful struggle last night owing to the heat, but we got thirteen out, which on the top of a Salvation Army and Social address was not so bad ; if we could have had people there who could have worked the thing, and had room, we should have got forty. It is the Officers. I felt last night that if I was the Lord I would send them all to Hell for a *little bit*. I was so vexed with the cold-blooded way in which they dealt with the opportunity.’

When he hears a good story that might be useful for campaigning, he finds time to send it to his Chief of Staff in London.

‘ I heard two good stories yesterday. One was suggested by an illustration I had been giving in the Council, on the folly of using high-falutin language in prayers.

‘ A young minister, full of big empty phrases and anxious to show himself off to the simple people in a Yorkshire town, commenced on a certain occasion his prayer something as follows : “ O Thou Great Omnipotent Being,” and then stuck fast. He started again, “ O Thou Great Omniscient God,” and again had to pause. He made another effort, “ O Thou Great Eternal Spirit,” and hesitated, starting off once more, “ O Thou Great—what shall we call Thee ? ”

‘ An old woman in the audience could stand it no longer and jumping up, she called out to the bewildered preacher, “ Call Him Fayther, lad—call Him Fayther.” ’

During one of his visits to Scotland he stayed at the house of a wealthy merchant whose son, a singularly able man, later became Lord Provost of Glasgow. The General was very anxious to enlist this son in The Army, and made repeated efforts to get him to join. At last he said, with a humorous twinkle in his eye, digging the obdurate Scot in the ribs : ‘ Look here, you join us and I’ll make you a Colonel ! ’

It was on this same occasion that he lost his wife's wedding ring, which he always wore on a finger of his left hand. A daughter of the house eventually found this precious ring and restored it to him. 'The General,' she said, 'rushed at me, covered my hand with kisses, and with tears in his eyes told me that he had rather lose anything else in the world than this ring of his dear wife's.'

From Scotland the party journeyed to Ireland, and the Secretary, after telling of the arrival at Belfast on the previous day, when the General gave 'an address to 800 Soldiers at seven o'clock, when 76 came out to the mercy-seat,' proceeds as follows :

'The Ulster Hall to-night presented a picture. It was crammed in every part, and hundreds were hammering at the doors long after the commencement of the Meeting in vexation at being shut out. Inside, the air was stuffy and close, and more than once the General stopped, out of consideration for those whom he could see from the platform were suffering from faintness, and ordered a window here or a door there to be opened to let in a little fresh air.

'His topic for the evening was "And the Flood came and took them all away." Like his foregoing topics it told on the people, and the smash that followed convinced every one of the mighty Holy Ghost power with which it went into the hearts of the people who were present. 59 cases came out to the penitent-form, and some of them very remarkable ones.'

During this campaign he cries out in his diary : 'Souls ! Souls ! Souls ! My heart hungers for souls !'—and to the people of Dundee he hammers in the object of his mission, the object of his life's calling, the conversion of everybody, Christian and Pagan, to the practical work of benevolence :

'There is no need for me to teach you anything. How can I, when a Scotchman knows everything?—everything that ever happened, or is going to happen ! No, you are cradled in theology, and fed on religion. But I'll tell you what I *can*

do : I can urge you to make *practical* use of what is in your heads and your hearts. Real, practical religion ! to get you into the ways of the Saviour, who went about doing good—that is why I am here.’

In this same year (1897) he paid a visit to the Continent. His journal contains incidents of the following character :

‘ Over no one did our people rejoice more than a tall, powerful, battered-looking man who was praying for mercy among the penitents, like a little child. He had been for years a notorious drunkard, quarrelsome in his cups, and being a powerful fellow, he was not very easy to deal with when he got into a row. Consequently he gave the police no end of trouble.

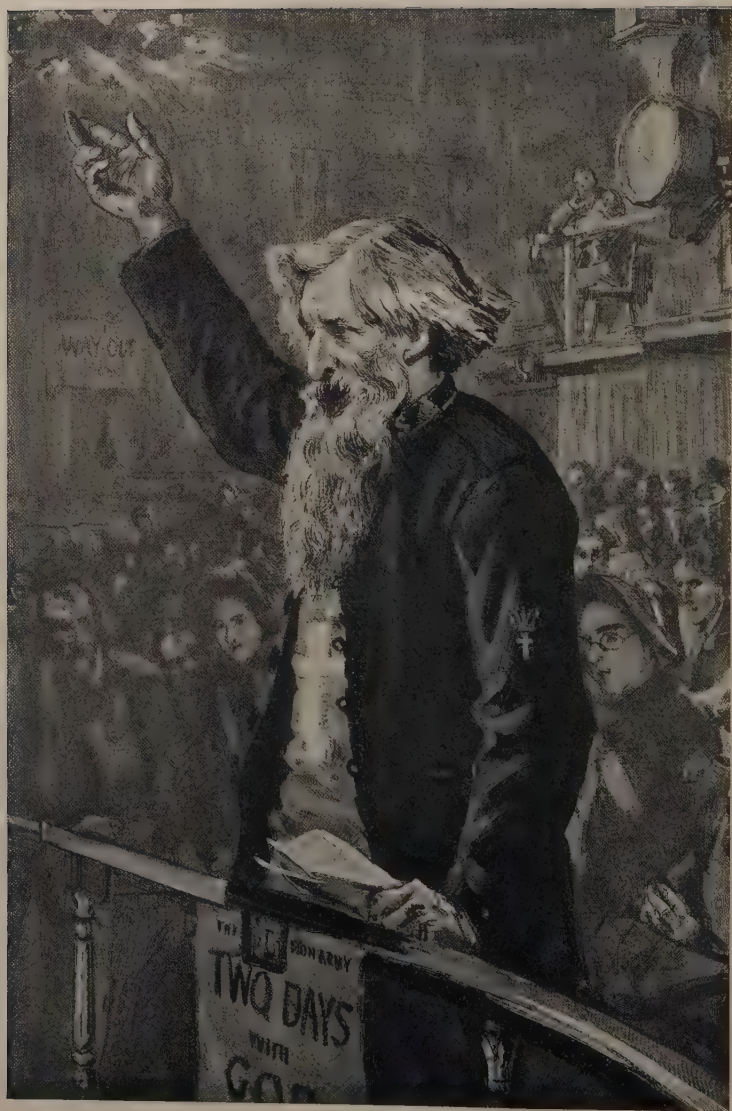
‘ In talking over my coming visit, the Inspector said to one of our Sergeants, “ Now, if you can get that fellow saved, you will do the town a good turn, and we will stand fifty kroner for the job.” “ Done,” said, or thought, the Sergeant. The man promised to come to the Meetings, kept his word, came sober, and professed Salvation. I hope the fifty kroner will be honourably paid. It has been well earned, and the work is cheap at the money ! ’

And to ‘ The War Cry ’ he sends the following story :

‘ I left Berlin with reluctance. But there was no alternative. I was expected at Copenhagen, and go to Copenhagen I must. Almost the last thing I looked upon in my Quarters on that Saturday morning was a really beautiful basket of flowers sent in the night before, bearing the inscription :

‘ “ The Baroness Stephanie von — presents her compliments to General Booth, with the love of her aged mother—eighty-four—who was converted last Monday night, and trusts that he will continue to have good health and win many souls for Christ’s Kingdom, and speedily return ”

‘ Although not without a natural love for flowers, I have no time to regale myself with their beauties in this world : I shall probably have that leisure in the next. But those flowers, I must confess, charmed me, because telling me of this dear, aged soul entering into the rest of faith when so very near eternity. May God keep her faithful to the last ! ’



ON THE PLATFORM OF EXETER HALL, LONDON (1899)
(From a drawing by S. R. Hall)

During the autumn of this same year he sat for his portrait to Professor Herkomer, making up for the enforced idleness of this unusual situation by his usual attempt to get at the souls of every one who crossed his path :

‘ I have been three times to Professor Herkomer ; he is an interesting man so far as his talking goes, however his painting may turn out. I hope to get at him some way or other. God must help me. He is full of worldly ambition, and yet I should think with a beautiful nature. Oh, what might he not do for God and mankind if his magnificent genius was sanctified. God will help me to say something that will be of service.’

Later the Secretary writes :

‘ The General went this morning at 11.30 to Herkomer’s, and sat to that gentleman for the last time. He finished up very friendly, but as dissatisfied as ever with his performance. Herkomer seems to think the portrait is a very good one, and that either the General is a bad judge or else the picture will prove a great disappointment. . . .’

Early in the following year William Booth took Cecil Rhodes and Lord Loch to see the Farm Colony at Hadleigh. This was in May, 1898. It seems that William Booth was deeply perturbed by the political situation in South Africa, and regarded Cecil Rhodes as a man who might either plunge the country into war or make an end of a very dangerous tension by reasonable and conciliatory diplomacy. On the way to the Farm Colony they talked of social redemption and land reclamation, and during the inspection of The Army’s work Cecil Rhodes was absorbed in practical agricultural affairs.

The Secretary says of these notable visitors : ‘ Both were deeply interested, immensely impressed, and no little surprised by what they saw, Mr. Rhodes especially.’ But General Booth was thinking of other things, and on his way back to London in the railway carriage, he put his

hand upon the arm of Cecil Rhodes, and said to him : ' I want to speak to you about yourself. You're a man with much depending on you just now. Tell me, how is it with your soul ? ' Lord Loch looked surprised, but Cecil Rhodes immediately made answer, ' Well, General, it's not quite so well with my soul as I could wish.' ' Do you pray ? ' inquired the old man. ' Sometimes ; not quite so often as I should.' ' Will you let me pray with you—now ? ' ' Yes.' Lord Loch turned his face away, and looked out of the window. William Booth and Cecil Rhodes kneeled down together in the railway carriage, and the Salvationist prayed that God would guide, direct, and save the soul of the South African Colossus. When they rose from their knees, Rhodes took the hand of William Booth, and said to him, ' I hope you will continue to pray for me.'

Later in the same year William Booth writes from Amsterdam to his Chief of the Staff :

' I don't think we ought to *fret* ourselves about *evil doers*—or about Officers and *others* who don't do quite as well as we think they ought to do.

' I wish I was stronger ! I don't think any of you have any idea of the amount of weakness and weariness, if not positive sickness, through which I *have to fight my way* ! You see me under the stimulus of the *hour* or on the spur of the excitement caused by your intercourse—and are apt to infer wrongly as to my general condition. My life is *now a hard fight*.'

The habit of making mere jottings in his diary grew upon him at this time, as will be seen in the following examples from his journal for 1899 :

' . . . The monsoon continued.

' The disappointment in my sea-going qualities. All but helpless.

' When you can't, you can't. . . . How much better to say so and lie off.

‘ Paul says they lay-to and waited for the day! We waited for the monsoon to blow over.

‘ . . . *Aden*. The mail. *The night*.

‘ Strife of tongues—how these Easterns do talk. Com. T. says it is because they don’t read. What splendid orators they would make.

‘ The night.

‘ The passengers who lay on the deck and in the coal dust.

‘ . . . Now for the Red Sea.

‘ Passed *Hell Gates* in safety.

‘ Saw the spot passed in the outward voyage in the night where the *China** went on the Rocks, when the Dancing was in full swing.

‘ What I hear of the cost of the restoration of the *China*.

‘ The cost of the restoration of the ship-wrecked Officers and Soldiers.

‘ Never mind, they are worth it. Which can’t be said of the *China*.

‘ A new vessel.

‘ A restored backslider sometimes better—not always—for the experience.

‘ The dreaded Red Sea.

‘ *Hot*. “ Hotty hotty,” China woman says.

‘ (We have a China woman on board, an Ayah or nurse.)

‘ The thermometer has registered 90—to-day it is 88. Everybody perspiring and complaining, playing cards, reading novels, and eating, especially eating.

‘ I am living on potatoes, rice, and fruit. Not much choice of the latter. But plenty, and enough is as good as a feast. I am expecting an extra feed for dinner of macaroni and tomatoes.

‘ . . . The *Paris* wrecked—on the rocks fatal to the M. Great efforts to save her. So many steamers tugged at her. Tons of rocks blasted. Given up.

‘ Left there to her fate—melancholy conclusion to her career—to wait the action of winds and waves that will break her up.

‘ A Salvage Company appears. *The conditions*.

‘ And now the world rings with the tidings. The *Paris* is

floating. The beautiful steamer is saved, towed into harbour, and with damages repaired is to resume her career.

' Shall I tell you what my mind went on to ? I suppose it is " the ruling passion " carries me on to the one track—the fiddling for ever on the one string—but, anyway, I could not help my thoughts going out to the miserable wrecks that strew the ocean of Time—not ships, but men and women.

' The *Paris* was impaled on a sharp projecting piece of Rock—she held together, but any storm, etc. Rocks on it.

' Backslider.

' Tremendous efforts made to save her.

' No giving up.

' Never despair.

' Ingenuity succeeded.

' And yet it was all in the ordinary course of things.

' Tremendous satisfaction.

' More interest than in the building of a new steamer.

' Left there, she was a constant reproach.

' Tremendous profit to the Saviours. And she steams about, one of the best-known ships on the Ocean.'

There are one or two characteristic entries in the diary for 1900 :

' . . . as soon as I arrived (in Nottingham) a respectful invitation was handed me from the Theatrical Company performing at the Grand Theatre. I had already seen on the walls the announcement that a Play entitled " The Christian " was being run at the theatre. This invitation offered me a Private Box to witness the Play, as an inducement, informing me that at a private performance of the Play in New York 2,000 Ministers had been present. I wonder whether that was truth or falsehood. I should be willing to believe the latter. The book on which the Play is founded is a caricature of the Christian religion, and ought to be avoided in any and every shape. I told my Soldiers that if they wanted to see the real performance of the Christian it would be at the Albert Hall on the morrow ! '

Concerning a Sunday of three services in the Albert Hall at Nottingham, he writes :

‘ If called upon to criticize my performances I should be disposed to regard them as a little too fierce. But how can it be avoided ? When the heart is hot with a burning resolution to do or die, feeling that the great possibility of the hour can never come again, what is there but to go for the realization of your aim with all your might.’

He kept his head during a rather painful period of the Boer War :

‘ Everybody too much excited about the relief of Mafeking. Oh ! that we could get some more interest into the world on the subject of the Salvation War.

‘ Miriam* broke in upon me at eight this morning with the news that Mafeking is relieved. The tidings reached London at 9.30 last night, and created according to the papers the wildest enthusiasm. Within five minutes it is said that thousands of people collected in the principal thoroughfares that were all empty five minutes before, singing and shouting themselves hoarse with “ God save the King,” cheering for Baden-Powell, and I know not what else.’

The subject that really occupied his mind was the work of making bad men good, and good men Christian :

‘ In the Registration Room they tell me the scene was most touching. One man said, “ I’ve got a red nose now, but I’m going to change it for a red jersey.” ’

On the last day of the old year, and at the threshold of a new century, he writes :

‘ So the Old Year goes out, or rather the Century.

‘ Have no time or heart to philosophize or sentimentalize on the event. Must turn my attention to getting some truths—facts, arguments, appeals, that will influence the thousands I shall have to talk to at 10.30. O God, what can I say ? ’

* One of Bramwell Booth’s daughters, who died in 1917.

CHAPTER XVII

ON THE THRESHOLD OF THE PICTURESQUE PERIOD

1901

SELDOM without friends, and never without enemies, William Booth arrived with the new century not only on the frontier of old age but at the gateway of a very wide popularity. We may describe him from now onwards as living in this world's sunshine. He had become a patriarch, and one of the most picturesque of patriarchs. His romantic figure was known to nearly all the nations of the earth. His work was recognized in nearly every land as the work of one honestly inspired by love for humanity. He ceased to be an object of scorn. He became a hero of the world.

His appearance at this time was striking to the point of the dramatic. Tall and attenuated, with slightly stooping shoulders, the frail body of the man would have seemed almost feeble but for the vigour and distinction of the strong head. His hair, which was snow-white, grew long and was brushed carelessly, standing up from the brow and falling backward to the neck and ears. His face was almost bloodless in its pallor. The rather small eyes, under dark and restless eyebrows, had the brightness of beads. The lower part of his face was covered by moustache and beard as white as his hair. It seemed as if he were a figure carved out of chalk. In repose, he was like a tired man who observes and reflects

between spells of nodding sleep ; but in action, with his thin arms raised above his head, his eyes blazing, and his powerful voice hurling out his thoughts, he was like a prophet. For myself, I loved the man most in repose, when his gentleness and tenderness and even sweetness gave a singular beauty to the old and rugged face ; and I think this expression of his spirit is visible in the famous photograph which appears as the frontispiece of our book, a photograph which the whole Army seized upon at once as the truest likeness of their General, and perhaps as an emblem of The Army.

In that face one can see how the spirit was bowed down by the sorrows and sufferings of humanity. There is nothing there of the thundering preacher or the vigorous 'showman' or the burning prophet, but only the infinite compassion of an old man for a world which is unhappy, a world for which he has given all his days.

His tours were now events of considerable importance. Instead of encountering hordes of howling roughs in the manufacturing towns of England, he found himself welcomed in the capitals of the world by monarchs, statesmen, and the heads of churches as well as by the multitude. Some of these tours resembled a royal progress. The streets of cities were hung with flags, bands played their welcome, civic dignitaries in robes of state greeted him on arrival, and immense multitudes of people thronged about him shouting an affectionate acclamation. Moreover, he was seriously consulted by statesmen concerning the problem which affects all countries, the problem of poverty, a problem which exists under so many and various forms of government, that this circumstance alone should convince intelligent people of a spiritual rather than a mechanistic cause. In all the countries he visited, William Booth was asked by kings,

governors, or politicians what he would recommend them to do for the alleviation of human suffering and the removal of poverty. He had become an authority on the weakness and miseries of mortality.

During these wonderful campaigns he remained as humbly and usefully active as ever with his pen. A secretary records on one journey that after Meetings and receptions of a most exhausting character, he would work at his 'Children's Catechism: '*

'Very earnest about Catechism, which he considered would be of immense value to The Army in the future—spent much time on it.'

Then such a reference to doctrinal matters as that which follows, shows how watchful the General was of The Army's spiritual life :

'Conference at tea-table . . . about the Doctrinal Question in Norway. General said that the time had now come when The Army must take a definite stand in Norway, and that Officers who had difficulties about Doctrine must not give expression to them publicly, or in any way that would injure the faith of others.'

We find, too, an amusing entry by his Secretary like this :

'Worked all the morning on his article for "The Sunday Strand," which he considers is a paper differing from the weekly papers in so far as it proposes to amuse people on the way to Hell on Sunday instead of on week-days.'

References to the Boer War are not very numerous in his diaries, but we know from other sources that the General regarded this conflict with horror, and felt in particular the enmity which it aroused against England

* 'The Salvation Army Directory,' a book of religious instruction for children.

in almost every part of the world. The following entries occur in the Secretary's diary, which records a visit to Berlin :

'Awful news in the streets with regard to the Transvaal War. Rumours that Buller is murdered. Weighs very heavily on the dear General's mind. Seems very distressed.

'Very much perturbed with news of disaster to British arms at Ladysmith. Says it is going to be an awful business, and grieves over the possible shooting of Salvationists by each other.'

He is mortified by

'... the Continental spirit which seems to gloat over any news that it can get concerning British disasters.'

It was not only the dreadful and inhuman hatreds roused by war which distressed William Booth. The moral earnestness which it occasions always seemed to him a waste of the human spirit. He saw with bewilderment and pain a nation which tolerates sin and suffering in its own midst roused by war to an almost incredible condition of moral energy and spiritual enthusiasm. Why, he asked himself, would not people give to the war against evil—which is the root cause of poverty and pain—something of this same energy and enthusiasm?

During the Boer War he visited Paris, where, just then, Englishmen were far from being popular, and conducted Salvation Meetings on his own lines :

'Before coming to his text he spoke for a few moments on the work of The Army, and made a very great impression upon the crowd, which was composed of about 700 people, most of them intelligent and a few influential. The General, in spite of suggestions that had been made to him as to the fastidious nature of the Parisian audiences, launched out in the same fashion and spoke the same plain unvarnished Gospel truth that he would do in a British audience. A little apprehension

was felt at first as to the result, but the audience accepted it and went down before it ; for a long time we had to wait for the first soul, but at last it came, and we finished up with 18 at the mercy-seat. There were two or three very remarkable cases amongst them.

That he was absorbed in his spiritual work, and that neither great public events nor his own international popularity had power to deflect this main direction of his soul, may be gathered from the following very simple entries in his journals :

' We were startled last night by the news of the death of Colonel Pepper. He was an officer in the Crimean War, but for the last thirty years has been in the Salvation War. He was a loyal, devoted Soldier of Jesus Christ. Travelling with his devoted wife throughout Great Britain wherever it was thought they could be useful.

' One of the characteristics of the Colonel was his " War Cry " Booming. Every Saturday in the Restaurants—Public Houses—Market Places—Open-Air—everywhere, he was to be seen pushing his " Crys."

' His translation has been sudden. Well and at work Sunday—attacked by a shivering fit on Monday—and in Heaven on Thursday morning.

' His dear wife has written for an out-and-out funeral, and requests that an Officer who will understand making the event a blessing to the City may be sent down for that purpose.

' Had special Soldiers' Meeting at night in Temple and 74 souls, including a man who threatened to knock the Commissioner to pieces if he did not let him in ; but he didn't do that, he got saved instead.

' One man, who had travelled 51 miles on his bicycle to get saved, came out to the penitent-form, being almost the last.

' One young man leapt from the Gallery behind to the platform, and hurt himself, in order to be saved.

' Quite a number of young men came out completely drunk. One would have thought they would not have known what they were doing but for the fact that they were at the Meetings on the following day testifying and praising God.'

The Secretary writes elsewhere :

' . . . A Jewess got to the penitent-form. Had been attending our Halls for five years. Frequently used to curse the name of Christ aloud and disturb the Meetings. Perspiration rolled down her, and yet she was as cold as ice.

' In the evening the Meeting was much more hopeful, and 23 came out. Michael Baxter was again present, and was very much impressed. He made Commissioner Howard a promise of £100. One of the converts was a girl who confessed to having murdered her child. She came to the mercy-seat to make her peace with God, and in the morning is to go to the Police and give herself up.

' The night Meeting was a wonderful time. The power of the Holy Ghost clothed the General, and his sermon, " This year thou shalt die," riveted the attention of all to the need of being saved at once. 88 came forward to the penitent-form.

' The first to come this afternoon was a man who is called out for the Reserve to go to S. Africa in connexion with the war. He wanted to be saved before he started. May God keep him, and if he dies take him to Heaven.

' Another interesting incident was a Salvation Soldier walking 6 miles to obtain the General's blessing before he went to South Africa. He, too, has been called out to go and fight. The General saw him, gave him his blessing, and kissed him, the Soldiers standing at attention all the time. When he got outside into the passage he cried with emotion. In the evening he was on the platform weeping, laughing, and clapping his hands over the sinners coming to repentance.

' Later we heard that a Band Sergeant who was playing his instrument in the Meetings to-day died at 3 o'clock the next morning.'

Then we get William Booth himself :

' Some years ago I was preaching at Linköpping in Sweden. The night was warm and the windows were wide open. Altho' everything was very quiet the power of God was upon the people. One man was so deeply convicted that he rose up and leapt out of the window, and ran four miles away and then ran four miles back. I had left, but the Soldiers were

still praying with some convicted people. This young man made straight for the penitent-form and found Salvation. His career since has been one of almost uninterrupted success, his last victory being a powerful Revival at Eskilstuna where the — Movement has been like a blight on the people. They doubled the Corps, and now in the height of summer he has four Meetings a day.

‘I have just promised to visit Wigan Sunday week, and in talking about it Brigadier* Kitching has been telling me a good story. When opened, the girl Captain found it difficult to get any attention either out-door or in to her message. They treated her with indifference, if not with contempt. She was determined, however, not to sit down with this sort of neglect, so she hit on the following device. Wigan is full of Colliers, Iron Workmen, and the like, many of whom are not a little given to dog-racing. So one day the Captain walked down one of the main streets with a dog under each arm, announcing as she went along that she was going to race these, and would start them off from the corner of a certain street. It can readily be believed that a large number of the doggy part of the community gathered to witness the event—before whom she started off the dogs, which made their way to their homes from which she had borrowed them, to the best of their ability; and then turning to the crowd she quietly gave out the first song. . . .’

Then we have the industrious Secretary :

‘The crowds that waited outside for the General to pass were immense, and most enthusiastic. One old woman—a Salvationist—shouted out in the afternoon as the General was walking, “Give us a kiss, General.” Nothing loath, he did so. Roars of cheering.

‘Breakfast with . . . a Wesleyan Minister . . . proved a very interesting fellow, if misguided. General talked with him on the state of the world, which the parson thought was delightful. He says that taken as a whole the world is turning round towards God. The General, who does not think this by any means, gave him his mind.’

* Now Commissioner.

Then the General writes himself :

‘ The proximity of Christmas, I fancy, may have something to do with slackness in the crowds and the holding back from the mercy-seat ; indeed, some of the sinners frankly avowed that they were in for a “ Happy Christmas.” Being converted, they thought, would interfere with that.’

The Secretary writes in Paris of a Meeting with a Russian prince :

‘ The audience in the afternoon was not as large as was expected. Prince Oughtomsky with his wife and boy were present. He is a prominent man in Russia, and used to be the Private Secretary of the present Czar when he was Czarevitch. They were both very much impressed, the lady weeping, and the Prince had an interview with the General at the close of the Meeting. He goes to Peking on Monday as the Russian Ambassador of Peace.’

And then comes contrast :

‘ I spoke to one or two, amongst whom was Fiddler Joe, who has four businesses at Keighley, and who promised to sell out and to start in a more honourable calling. He is at present a Game Dealer, and has to tell so many lies.’

The Secretary writes at Nottingham :

‘ Since the General was last here there have been two or three rather serious scandals. . . . At night, however, there was a great smash and 90 souls came to the penitent-form, prominent amongst whom was the General’s surviving sister and a niece, which gave the General great joy.’

After giving the name and address of each person with whom the General stayed on his campaigns, the Secretary says, ‘ It all has been perfectly comfortable. The General would not object to being billeted there again,’ as a guide in future arrangements.

It is interesting to notice that whereas he billets with royalty or court officials when he is abroad, it is usually

with far humbler people—and this by his own choice—that he stays when he is in Great Britain. We frequently hear that his tradesman host is kind, intelligent, or instructive; it is very rarely that the celebrities are treated as anything but nonentities. Because his hostess is a Princess, it does not occur to him to describe her; but if these people appeal to him as interesting on religious grounds he will pay as much attention to them as to the Wesleyan grocer. On one of his Continental campaigns, in the summer of 1901, for instance, we read:

‘My host . . . has a fine large house. I believe the lady is truly religious, although her religion is not of a very distinctive or soul-satisfying type. In a conversation she has been telling me of some of her difficulties, the chief of which is that her elder children are all in the world and she expects the others to follow them. The eldest daughter is married to a worldly man, and she is afraid, I can plainly see, that she will go off from God altogether.

‘She says that although she herself was converted 20 years ago, she dare not force religion on the young people, lest they should grow up to hate it, which more than one of them has done, and that bitterly.

‘This seemed a strange confession of the unlovableness of the kind of religion possessed, or the inconsistency of the professors of it, and I am not certain which it was.

‘She wants my counsel. What can she do? She sees and confesses that it is the worldliness of everybody around her that is the ruin of her children as they grow up and become acquainted with it, and yet she does not see her duty to come out from it.

‘She says, “I pray God will bring my husband out of his connexion with the Court, but I do not see what else I can do. I go to the Court Festivals for his sake, but I don’t take part in them; I go to the Court Ball, but I don’t dance. I did before I was converted.”

‘Poor thing, I am sorry for her: if she were to act up to her convictions and throw up all and join The Salvation Army everybody would call her mad; but I don’t see any other way of escape.’

He remarks with dignity later on :

‘ The daughter of ex-President General Grant was present, they tell me, afternoon and night, and sent her love to me : at least, that is how her message was delivered ; I suppose she desired to send me her respects. I hope she was benefited.’

It was of this campaign that he wrote the following description of his travels, and the human means which helped him to sustain them :

‘ It has been a trying campaign in consequence of the severe heat ; still I cannot say that I am conscious of being particularly worn down, although in the 28½ days I have been away I have travelled 150 hours, written five articles for the press, and done a heavy correspondence and delivered 47 long addresses, sometimes talking for an hour and a half at a time, and sometimes longer than that. For an old man of 72, not strong at the strongest, I think this affords matter for thanksgiving, and for satisfaction with the new system of diet I have now been using for the last six months.’

Very occasionally the General indulges in sight-seeing, as at Milan :

‘ . . . Had a look at the Cathedral, which is said to be one of the seven wonders of the world. A confirmation service with a Cardinal as the chief figure was in progress as we entered. Some 700 boys and girls were the subjects of the ceremony—all dressed in such attire as seemed to become the occasion—the girls especially were clothed in white muslin, laces, ribbons, and the like. I suppose that to the Catholic mind this ordinance was very imposing ; I cannot say that it impressed me very much. . . . I stood near to the Cardinal as he retired. He had an intelligent and benevolent face, still he looked rather bored by the crush of old ladies to kiss his hand and receive his blessing.

‘ The Cathedral is a wonderful erection of human love and sacrifice and skill.’

Occasionally he encounters a famous man whose conversation he thinks it worth while to record. His

meeting with Lombroso, of which he makes the following note, must have been to him of a particular interest, for his sympathy with criminals has grown with the years, and he was always seeking some means, all over the world, of getting into jails in order to minister to prisoners and captives. His interest in criminals was by no means only emotional; he was intellectually curious about their mentality, and believed that however twisted and deformed that mentality might be they had it in them to desire a better life and to respond to genuine affection :

‘ When at Turin some few years ago Professor Lombroso, the Italian Criminalist, sought me out, and I had, through an interpreter, an interesting interview with him. . . . He went to Yasnaia Poliana to study the old Philosopher (Tolstoy), and there seems to have been a veritable tussle between the two, while each was bent on converting the other to his views. One of their battles royal was fought over an old lady living in the neighbourhood. She was dying of consumption, and the Toulas Physicians were now only bent on making her last days easier. But the old lady refused to die, and having heard that her illustrious neighbour, Count Tolstoy, cured himself recently by means of a vegetable diet, she sent away her doctors, took to vegetarianism, and, according to Tolstoy, is now absolutely cured. Lombroso, on the other hand, holds that her cure is “by hypnotic and religious suggestion”; and despite much eloquence on either side, both disputants “hold their own opinions still,” while the pleasing fact remains that a woman given up by her physicians as dying of tuberculosis is now in excellent health and spirits.

‘ What astonished Professor Lombroso most, he says, was Tolstoy’s marvellous physical vigour. During the morning he played tennis two hours with his daughters, then he jumped on his horse and rode to a lake near by, where his guest rejoined him. The Italian savant is a good swimmer, but when he and his host had been in the water for a quarter of an hour, Lombroso had to confess himself beaten. Next Tolstoy, in order to show that he was not exhausted, put his strong arms round Lombroso and lifted him up as if he were but a

feather-weight. After a vegetarian luncheon, during which he ate enormous quantities of green stuff, the two went for a walk, and filled the rest of the afternoon with scientific discussions.'

Of himself he says: 'I seem to become more and more sensitive to light and sound'; and constantly there is mention of sleepless, tortured nights, weariness, inability to face the huge task of Meetings which must nevertheless be carried through.

He is struck with the following lines, and copies them out:

Is it so, O Christ in Heaven,
That the highest suffer most?
That the strongest wander farthest
And most hopelessly are lost?
That the mark of rank in Nature
Is capacity for pain?
And the anguish of the singer
Makes the sweetness of the strain?

Of this nature is the encouragement he gathers on his way:

'Dr. Stalker, who is, I suppose, the most influential Presbyterian Minister in Glasgow, spoke at the close in a very flattering way of my performance, and paid dear Mamma some very high compliments, saying among other things that he regarded her as one of the greatest women of the century.

'The Officers who came along with me kept us alive by distributing bills at the different Stations. Everybody seemed respectful, civil, and interested, and came in shoals to my carriage window. . . . Their curiosity was not the most agreeable, but being stared at is a part of the cross I have to carry.'

Half amused and half disdainful, he quotes the following 'silly story,' given him by his host, the Mayor of Congleton, a Methodist:

'There was a meeting of Nonconformist ministers in Manchester recently, including "Ian Maclaren" and his

assistant at Sefton Park. After the business for which they had been convened was finished, they agreed that each should tell a story. When it came to Dr. Watson's assistant's turn he begged off telling his story, as it was about the Doctor. When Dr. Watson heard it was about himself he insisted, in the best of humour, on its being told. "I had a dream," began the assistant minister, "that if I wished to go to Heaven I must go up a flight of stairs and chalk my sins on each step as I went up. The farther I went the more chalk was needed. Continuing my progress upward, chalking each step as I went, I heard some one coming down. On looking up, much to my surprise, I found it was the Doctor. 'Doctor,' said I, 'you are surely going the wrong way! Why are you going down?' And the Doctor answered in a most lugubrious voice, 'More chalk!'"

CHAPTER XVIII

IN WHICH PERSONAL SORROWS CLASH WITH PUBLIC ESTEEM

1902

THERE was now an unmistakable 'demand' for Booth blood. In his seventy-third year the preacher of the changed heart found himself called to come and help the sad and the sorrowful in every quarter of the world. No man of his time had anything like so great an influence, no man was more intimately known to the nations of the world.

Arrangements were made for him this year to visit France, Germany, Holland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Switzerland, Italy, the United States, and Canada. In each of these countries he was visiting his own people, his purpose being to review his own battalions, and to inspire these faithful followers with fresh enthusiasm for the war against sin; but in each of these countries he would be received by those who were not Salvationists, and vast crowds would follow him who had no intention of becoming Salvationists.

This remarkable popularity was a tribute to his courage, his picturesqueness, and his humanity. Even those who never realized how immensely important to the salvation of their material fortunes as well as to the salvation of their spiritual well-being, was this message of the old Englishman with his head of tousled white

hair and his beard of snow, recognized that he had fought a brave fight, that he had introduced a touch of colour into the drab life of an industrial civilization, and that he had cared for the sorrowful and had helped the bottom dog to get up again. It would have been well for them, in that age of logical 'Darwinism,' when the forces of Armageddon were ringing with the hammers of death, if they had seen more deeply into the significance of his spiritual message.

It was in this year of his life that those domestic troubles of which we have spoken in an earlier chapter came to a head. The old man, who was a General as well as a father, had to bear the pain of seeing two or three of his middle-aged children leave the Flag which he had planted with blood and tears and in the face of the whole world's scorn during their infancy. His journal refers to these events with a pathos which he hid not only from the world but from his children. Nevertheless, there is in all these entries the stubborn spirit of his courage, witnessing to his determination to press on with the battle at all and every cost.

He cries out at one point :

'I shall not attempt to describe my feelings at this utterly bewildering blow. Altogether unexpected, and delivered in such a manner. It must be imagined.'

And at another :

'I got thro' the night's Meeting as well as I was able. . . .'

And again :

'I am struggling hard to practise the life of faith I am always impressing on others.'

And again :

'I suppose I am not to be trusted ! . . . A Melancholy Day.'

But with these momentary cries from the heart of the old warrior there are references to great Meetings crowded with men and women, and statements of the number seeking mercy at the penitent-form, and accounts of the words he had uttered on these occasions.

He was supported through his domestic sorrows by his daughter Emma, to whom he was devoted in a particular manner. But his journal has the record that the world's battle is of more account than the peace of his own heart. He must go on with his Meetings and she must return to her work in the United States.

' . . . Bade the Consul [his daughter Emma] a very reluctant good-bye. Over the Atlantic for a few days, just snatched from the jaws of death, so closely bound up with the darkest phases of my life ; it seems rather hard to have to rush away from her for three days at a time.'

These Meetings of his are the best anaesthetics for the pain at his heart :

' I had unusual power. I made them laugh and shout and wince and weep by turns. At least God did by me. I take none of the credit, for my poor heart was flat and sore enough.

' I feel like beginning life afresh this morning ; my heart is stirred with earnest desires to realize more of the indwelling presence of God. What an opportunity for usefulness is mine. " Who is sufficient for these things ? " O my Lord, my sufficiency is of Thee.'

Again and again he finds relief from his sorrows in the love and enthusiasm of his followers :

' Here is Ipswich . . . and such a glad welcome at the Station, where the Soldiers almost danced for joy at the Meeting as I took my place on the platform. How Salvationists do love one another, and how pleasant it is that they are not afraid to show their affection.'

But in the midst of these joyful manifestations of affection he comes upon places where the coldness or indifference of the people strikes a blow at his heart. For instance, on Good Friday of this year he writes in his journal :

‘All days are very much alike to me, differing mainly as they offer me the opportunity for greater or less usefulness. To-day was supposed to represent a mighty chance in these Welsh Valleys. But it did not prove to be the case. There were games, concerts, football matches, fine weather in profusion, while everywhere there was that indescribable holiday feeling which seems to get all around the people like an atmosphere, and makes it difficult to get the unsaved into the buildings or to produce any definite or effective conviction in them when they are there.’

He moralizes, too, over lost opportunities :

‘Cecil Rhodes is dead. He has been ill, and dangerously ill, for some time. Now he is gone to his account. The S.A. has lost a real friend, so far as this world’s good and influence are concerned. I cannot help feeling very sad. I wonder whether in our several interviews I did what I could for his soul. Oh, what a snare hoping for a more convenient season is, not only for the sinner saving himself but for the saint saving other people. I certainly had not the most distant idea of him passing away like this. He was only 49, and had the appearance of being a hearty man. Heart disease was his root malady, and dropsy the immediate cause of his death.’

Then we come across an entry which carries us back to the days when he was followed through the streets of Nottingham by a bevy of adoring young women, and when his hair was raven and his pale face was without beard or moustache :

‘My sister is reported to be dying. Florrie* has been with her and writes—“If the General wants to make sure of seeing her again alive he should come on to-night.”

* Mrs. Bramwell Booth.

' Discussed the affairs that just now are pressing with Bramwell on the journey up. . . . Wrote a hasty letter to Herbert, and by 6.5 was in the train *en route* for Nottingham.

' Found my sister very ill, pulse galloping 140 beats a minute.

' She was very pleased to see me. Was quite cheerful, and said she was in great pain, but chattered away in broken sentences about herself, just as was her usual custom.

' She described how she was taken ill . . . sent for the Doctor when the suffering became too great to bear. She said : " He came, and I said to him—" Doctor, I am very ill." ' Yes,' he said, ' you are, and I am sorry for you.' ' Can you do anything for me ? ' I said. ' Yes,' he replied, ' I can give you a little chloroform.' ' Doctor,' I said, ' that means an operation.' And he said, ' Yes, it does, and you must have it at once. It must be performed within an hour and a half.' In half an hour he came back and brought a man with him to give the chloroform, and they laid me on that dressing-table," pointing to a table standing under the window, " and did their work."

' I said, " Well, you have had a long life of hard work and a large amount of trouble." " Yes," she said, " I have. But, Oh," she interposed quite cheerily, " the Lord has been very good to me. Oh," she said, " He has been very good." I said, " Well, there is a rest for you." " Yes, yes," she responded, taking the words out of my mouth and quoting the text, " There remaineth a rest for the people of God." " And I am one of them, I am," she said, " and I shall claim my rest." I said a little farther on in the conversation, " You trust Him? " " Of course I do, and I am going to trust Him right on, right on to the end."

' She appeared then to get a little exhausted, and I prayed and left, promising to come back the next morning. I had proposed to leave by the 10.15 train, but on reflection resolved to remain and see what turn things took. The Doctor had said that he could give no idea as to any immediate danger, and the nurse was equally unable to form a judgment. She seemed so strong, that for my own part I felt sure she would last some time, if she did not even recover.

' But on reaching the house, Emily, my niece, met me weeping, and exclaimed, " Oh, I am so glad you've come, Uncle ; I was afraid you would have been too late."

'Oh, what a change had taken place. It was only too evident that my sister was now dying. I took her hand, called her name, and asked if she knew me; to this she signified assent. But that was all. There was a few minutes' heavy breathing, and then, without a struggle or groan, she ceased to live. As she gave her closing gasp, the words involuntarily came to my heart as though spoken to me by an invisible spirit, "Mary Newell, enter into Heaven, washed in the Blood of the Lamb." It was probably no more than a fancy or an utterance of faith and hope, but however interpreted it was a pleasant feeling; it greatly comforted me.'

One of the interesting letters at this period is addressed to Bramwell Booth on the subject of W. T. Stead:

'I have been much exercised during the night with thoughts about our interview with W. T. S. After seeing him I am always more or less tormented with the feeling that I have not dealt faithfully with him.

'We must be radically different in our views; why don't we say so? Why don't we say to him as we should say to his servant girl if she came to the P.F., "Come out from amongst them," etc.?

'He reckons that he was divinely guided in his connexion with John Morley on the "Pall Mall," and that therein he has a "tip" as he calls it as to his proposed union with Hearst. But was it so? Has he not got mixed up and entangled with a crowd of godless worldlings who are simply seeking their own honour and wealth?

'I don't understand him nor his position—and yet what a charm there is about his talk, about his open face, and kindly heart, and above all about his writing.

'But what has he done with it all? He had the "Pall Mall"—*he threw it away.*

'He had the love of The Salvation Army—they admired him as they have no man since outside its borders—*he threw that away.*

'He had the esteem of nearly every generous Christian and philanthropic man and woman in the whole world after the "Eliza episode," and he threw that away with his "Julia" fantastic notions.

‘Then he had an unparalleled standing with Royalty, Courts, Politicians, etc., by his peace advocacy and association with the Russian Emperor’s effort in that direction, and now he seems to *have thrown that away* by his random and infatuated Boer partisanship.

‘And yet here he is forced up into the notice of the whole world high and low by the Rhodes episode, and before we know where we are he may have the most widely circulated Daily Paper in the country under his control.’

A campaign in Holland takes his attention from other matters :

‘A message is to hand from a University Professor with whom I was to have billeted. Advises strongly the postponement of my visit to Holland on account of the bad feeling there as the result of the South African War.

‘This warning is too late. Halls are taken, announcements made, and I must go through with it, trusting in God, who has taken care of me hitherto, and who will not desert me now.

‘So far this has certainly been the most blessed campaign for audiences and spirit and results I have ever held in this City [Amsterdam]. While Memory holds her seat I can never forget the enthusiastic reception at the Soldiers’ Meeting on Saturday night. There was no mistaking the love and loyalty of the dear people, so far as they could reveal it by their looks and their voices, by the clapping of hands, waving of handkerchiefs, and every other plan by which the welcome of the heart can be expressed. So deep, so real, so whole-souled was the greeting that I hardly knew how to acknowledge it. I do pray that God will bless and keep every Soldier who joined in it to meet me again in Heaven.

‘Billeted with the ——’s, two of whom “went for me” after the Meeting about the cruel, unjust Englishmen in the South African War, their treatment of the women and children by the British soldiery, and I know not what.’

At Leyden he writes :

‘I cannot understand the poor audiences, except on the supposition that it is “The Anti-English feeling,” although no

sign of it appeared in the attitude of the people to me in the Meetings nor out of them.'

In a letter to Bramwell from Holland he says :

'My heart is my difficulty. I cannot help these intermittent spells of anguish over the strange actions of K—— and H—— . . . I know all you say . . . and all my own common sense and experience and observation says . . . and all the Bible says about being careful for nothing, and ever so many things, and yet when the swirling waves come over me I cannot help the powerlessness for head work getting the mastery.

'Dr. van Dyck* told —— that he was sure if there was a public reception the crowd would receive me with stones, whereas there must have been 5,000 or 6,000 people, mostly men, and they were as friendly as any crowd anywhere, indeed a long way more so than many crowds in England.

'I wrote —— a longish letter. It was a distressing business, and curious as well. He leaves me after all his pledges : first, on account of his health ; and, secondly, because the government of The Army is not to his satisfaction ; and now is talking as though he had been called to suffer wrong in some direction ! Oh, dear !'

Troubles of another nature assail him in Berlin :

'After tossing to and fro the first part of the night, I dropped into a slumber this morning, but alas ! at six I was woke up by a rattling sausage-machine, which I found on inquiry was worked by a butcher on the ground floor of the building, which happened to be just in a line with my chamber.

'Another bad night. I had hoped that the sausage-machine would have had some respect for the Sabbath, but I was mistaken. It was as active as ever, if not more so !'

One is tempted to welcome this humble sausage-machine into history, if only as a diversion from the more distressing anxieties which preyed upon his mind. But William Booth was so constituted that little ills, while they lasted, but only while they lasted, would

* The United States Minister to Holland.

occasionally cause him great annoyance. He knew it, and mentions it again and again in his letters.

He hears in Berlin of the sudden illness of Edward VII :

‘ The whole city has been startled, and no one more so than myself, with the news that the King is ill, has had an operation, and the Coronation is indefinitely postponed.

‘ What my feelings are it is impossible to describe. The German Nation has been feeling very strongly against Great Britain on account of the South African War, and has been at no pains to conceal her bitterness. Any deep sympathy is not to be expected now.

‘ I have wired I.H.Q. to call for prayer for His Majesty the world over. I have no doubt about the response.

‘ [At the beginning of the Meeting] I asked for prayer from my own people, and all who feared God, and then led the audience to the mercy-seat, a great hush seemed to come down on all present.*

‘ I tried to do too much. First, we had the sensation of praying for the King of England. Second, half an hour’s sketch of The Army, which I had promised before leaving for England. Then a sermon, and a desperate attempt to deal with an ungodly, curious audience about their own Salvation.

‘ . . . 33 came out notwithstanding the multitude of curious eyes that were gazing on.

‘ The order was perfect, indeed we have not had anything approaching misbehaviour or mocking from the start to the finish.

‘ When leaving, an American journalist, representing a Chicago paper and a host of others in the U.S. besides, wanted to interview me. I gave him a few words. He impressed me as a very nice fellow indeed. Oh, why cannot we get such men saved and roped in for this work ? I must make a new start at the task of saving the better sort of mankind.’

Difficulties concerning the representation of The Salvation Army at the coronation of Edward VII are mentioned in subsequent letters to Bramwell :

* The Meeting was held in a theatre seating 2,000 people.

'The Coronation and your Uniform. That's right, push the thing. I should be glad of its going to the King if I thought the matter would be presented to him in the right way. I am quite sure he would not shut us out because of our Uniform.

'I have nothing more to say about the Coronation, except I think it will be very awkward if, when I am asked all over the world by people great and small (especially great), "Were you represented at the Abbey?" I shall have to say, "They wouldn't have us in uniform, and we wouldn't go without." However, that will all be the same a hundred years hence.'

These difficulties, the future historian will be interested to know, were finally surmounted, and the present General, Bramwell Booth, represented The Salvation Army at King Edward's coronation in Westminster Abbey, in the uniform of The Army and by direct command of His Majesty.

In the autumn of this eventful year the General set out on a tour of the United States and Canada, one of the most successful campaigns of his long life. He was not suffered to depart without a Farewell Speech, and in that speech he spoke with no little pathos, and with all his usual frankness, of the difficulties which beset his path.

After describing the lengthy programme made out for him while in the States—travelling, speaking, interviewing, and soul-saving—he gave a list of the countries it was suggested he should visit on his return; it was 'a staggering one,' and sounded as though 'his advisers expected him to live for ever!'

'I go somewhere else, and somewhere else (he says), then I go away to shake hands with Peter at the gates of Paradise, in the Heavenly Country where the wicked cease from troubling, and where my weary soul will have a chance of getting a furlough, and rest for a season. . . .

'As I have looked forward to the voyaging by sea and the

journeying by land, I confess that my heart has gone back to Moses, whose position I cannot but feel mine, in a shadowy sort of way, resembles. I look at him on that mountain top, see him stretched out before his Maker, with his chest heaving, and tears streaming. I hear his cry as he looks across the wilderness, and, by the eye of faith, sees his people battle with the Philistines, and cross the Jordan to the Promised Land : and I hear him cry out, " O my God, unless Thou go with me, send me not hence : unless Thou be my Guide and Counsellor, my Friend and my God, let me die on the mountain here : let me pass out of sight of men for ever." But I also hear the answer come. I have cried to my Father after the same fashion, and I believe I have His answer. *God is going with me. . . .*

' My Lord, what am I and what is my father's house that Thou shouldst have raised up round the world such a host of brave, self-sacrificing, capable men and women to assist me to carry out my wishes, to obey my commands, to run at my bidding, and be willing to suffer and die for the sake of the Flag—the Flag that I have hoisted over their hearts ? Who am I that I should have the privilege of commanding such a brave, heroic, and mighty host ?

' You who are here : you who are around me on this platform—you have helped me to make The Salvation Army. You are my children, my Soldiers, and you have helped me to make The Army what it is. My darling wife who, I believe, looks down from Heaven, and blesses me, and counts the days, if she knows, when I shall come to her side, as I am also beginning to calculate upon the time when I shall have the high privilege of embracing her in holy and everlasting love once more—she helped me ! She was the soul of honour and love, and believed that the lad she fell in love with forty years ago and more was the soul of honour, or she never would have allowed my lips to press her cheek. Down to the last moments of her life my beautiful, noble wife helped me.

' My precious, blessed children have helped me. It is true that one or two have fallen from my side ; but I love them, and they have fallen to come back again sooner or later. I say my children have helped me ; but The Salvation Army does not belong to the Booth family. It belongs to The Salvation Army. So long as the Booth family are good

Salvationists, and worthy of commands, they shall have them, but only if they are. I am not the General of the family. I am the General of The Salvation Army. And when the Flag falls from my grasp I will do the best I can to ensure another taking it up who shall be beyond the old General, as the new and young are believed to be better than the old.'

So he departed, amidst enthusiastic acclamations and most loving farewells, for his conquest of America. The first wireless telegram ever received by The Army was despatched from the S.S. *Philadelphia* by the General on his way to the conquest of America in October, 1902. He telegraphed :

' Borne on the wings of prayer, I go to my American Campaign. From Atlantic Ocean I again call upon my people everywhere for renewed desperate fighting. God is with me : He cannot fail. I shall stand by the old Flag to the end. —THE GENERAL.'

His welcome was of an extraordinary character. The travelling correspondent of 'The War Cry' makes a vigorous effort to describe it :

' We arrived at Sandy Hook soon after midnight on Friday, anchoring at the Quarantine Station at about 2 a.m. By seven o'clock, before the ship's Bill of Health had been passed, the sound of bombs was heard. The passengers rushed on deck eager to know what was happening, and noticed in the distance a fleet of steamers, decorated with flags of welcome from end to end, and loaded with shouting, cheering, enthusiastic Salvationists, who, after being up a good part of the night, had made an early start to give their General a loyal, hearty welcome to their country, and accompany his steamer in royal fashion from the Quarantine Station to the American Company's Landing-Stage.

' The sights and sounds connected with this reception are altogether beyond my power to describe. Every conceivable device in the direction of sound-producing instruments, and that hearty enthusiasm peculiar to Salvationists, were brought into full play. Imagine the syrens or hooters of a dozen

steamers (not all in the same key) going full blast all at one time. Add to this the explosions of bombs, rockets, and day-light fireworks. Add again the music of Salvation Army Bands, and the shouts of welcome of Officers and Soldierly from the various departments of the National Headquarters, the Social Work, the Central, Western, New York, New England, and Ohio and German provinces—and a distant imagination of what took place is just possible.'

The General wrote home in a like strain :

'We have had perfect *unanimity* and every sign of the most devoted loyalty to the Flag.

'Just off to Boston. What a whirling, blessed time we have had !

'What love and joy and confidence and resolution has come into the hearts of these Officers !

'They are gone away *mad* to pull the Devil to pieces and do something that shall please their General.

'I have surrendered myself to the Press people and picture people and anybody for the good of the cause. . . .'

In other letters he says of this tour :

'Who am I that such remarkable results should follow my *poor work* ? I feel humbled before God and man, and more than ever anxious to make the most of my *opportunities*.'

During this extraordinary popular campaign hundreds, of course, were unable to get into the Halls where he spoke. As in the States, so in Canada. At Toronto, for example, on the occasion of a great Meeting, at least fifteen hundred people were turned away. The following stories are told by a Salvationist of the efforts to get admission to this particular Hall :

'Among those turned away were two gentlemen who had travelled a long distance to hear the General. Fortunately some friendly Officer managed to find a vacant step between the seats on the platform for them, much to their joy, which they expressed in profuse thanks.

'“I am going to get in,” repeated a young man who had been refused admittance by the police.

“No, sir ; not another person can be admitted.”

“Well, I’ll bet I’ll get in,” he emphatically asserted, and he walked a few steps to a telephone pole, climbed up like lightning, and from its arm swung himself on to a window-sill, and so entered the gallery.

“I told you I would get in,” he called down to the policeman, as he made his way in.

“Well, you deserve to get in,” was the hearty reply from the guardian of the law.

Two young women came when the Meeting had started, and were refused admission. “Would you keep us from going to the penitent-form?” was the startling question retorted. “Oh, no,” answered the innocent Officer. “Very well, then, let us go to the penitent-form,” they said, were admitted, and at once walked to the front.

A rap on the side door is answered with, “Sorry, no more room.” “But I am a Press Reporter, and must come in.” He was admitted. A few seconds afterwards another man presented himself, saying he was from the same paper. He was told his journal was already represented, but upon his earnest assurance that he had come straight from the office, he also was admitted. A few minutes after that a third man presents himself as the representative of the same newspaper. Alas ! who could tell which was the authorized one ? To avoid ill-feeling he was squeezed in also ; but he was the last person allowed to enter !

To his granddaughter Catherine he writes :—

‘MY DEAR CATHERINE,—I want to send you my wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. I would like all of you to have a really happy time as the holidays go by, and to have a blessed and useful New Year. This is the Lord’s will concerning you, and therefore it is mine.

‘You will have read in “The War Cry” of the blessed Meetings we are having, what wonderful crowds come to listen, and what favour God has given me with the people generally. It is very wonderful, and my heart is full of gratitude, because I believe it is going to greatly help The Salvation Army in this wonderful country, and in helping The Salvation Army is going to glorify our dear Saviour and advance His Kingdom on earth.

‘In writing to you, dear Catherine, I write also to Mary and to Miriam, to Bernard and to Olive, to Dora and to Wycliffe, and I hope you are all doing something every day to get ready for helping dear Papa and Mamma in their work and to make useful Officers in this great Army.

‘I tell the people in my lecture every time that three of the eldest of my twenty-eight grandchildren have begun to preach, and that I intend the remaining twenty-three shall, if I can rule.’

Mr. Seth Low, the Mayor of New York, told the following story, in introducing the General to a Meeting. A certain dignified minister of religion was asked what he thought of The Salvation Army, and the reply was, ‘Well, to tell you the truth, I don’t like it at all; but, to be candid with you, I believe God Almighty does.’ He used to tell this story to the last days of his life. Another American mayor, who acted as chairman at one of the General’s Meetings, made the following remarks, containing a characteristic reflection of William Booth, and showing the affectionate admiration in which he was held throughout America :

‘A moment ago, in the ante-room, when I had the honour of being presented to the General, I said to him that in ’65, when the Civil War closed, we had only about three thousand people in Chattanooga, but that we have grown since that time as he could well see. He passed his hand over his forehead and replied, “’65—’65, that was when *your* war ceased, and that was the very year that *my* war began.”

‘And so it was, that when our battle here—the battle which we have commemorated in so many years—was just ending, the battle which this famous General of peace took up, was just beginning.

‘And through these years he has fought marvellously. It is said, you know, in a very good Book, “The Lord loveth a cheerful giver.” And all the world loves a cheerful giver, and all the world loves a man who, above all things, *gives himself*. And so it happens that we come out gladly to-night

and welcome a man who has given himself for suffering, weeping, struggling, starving humanity: the General of The Salvation Army, an Army which not only saves men from the storms and sorrows of life, but prepares them for the hereafter.'

Something of the character of William Booth's public utterances at this period of his life may be gathered from the following passages from an address which he entitled, 'Walking with God.'

'My comrades, you and I can walk as closely, and I may say as everlastingly, with our Maker as did any of the saints who have ever lived. . . . It means something more than walking with His word. You may go through the world with the Bible under your arm, and yet finish up in the Bottomless Abyss, spending your eternity in Hell in reading over and over again the words that might have got you to the Heart of Jehovah on earth and to the Home of Jehovah in the Skies.

'It means something more than walking with God's people. You may walk with holy mothers and fathers and comrades; sing with them; read their Bibles and go to Meetings, marches, and Open-Airs with them; travel with them right away down through life till they come to the dark cold River, and, crossing that River, bid them farewell—never to see them again until, far away, you discern them at the right hand of the Great White Throne, to be parted from them for ever.

'It means something more than walking with the forms and ceremonies of religion. Forms and ceremonies there must be; but alas! alas! men and women come to rest in them . . . and rest in them to their doom. If you are to be damned, my friend, you had better walk thither in the livery of the world and the Devil than in that of God Almighty's people. You had better go there in the convict's garb, or a drunkard's rags, or in heathen darkness than attired after the fashion of the children of Jehovah.

'It is possible that this may be the last time I shall have an opportunity of speaking to you of the future, and of Heaven, and Hell, and Calvary. And the last time probably a number of you who are here will listen to such words from the lips of any human being. I am going to preach the funeral

sermon of some men and women who are here to-night. I demand, demand that you stop and look at your Lord bleeding upon the cross for your Salvation.'

If one bears in mind his appearance : the tall, attenuated figure, the intensely pale face with its flashing eyes, tousled hair, and flowing beard—if one recalls, too, the passionate gestures and the harsh, far-carrying voice—one may understand something of the power of his utterances, something of the spell he cast upon eager, anxious, desperate, and in many cases self-accusing, souls.

The honesty of the man rang out clear and authentic in every rough, unpolished sentence that sprang to his lips, and it was for all who heard him the honesty of deep affection, boundless compassion, and infinite yearning, whatever may have been their views concerning his theology. Nor was this honesty a trick of the platform. It is the man. One of his Commissioners tells a story which illustrates how this yearning after the souls of men manifested itself not only 'in the great congregations,' but also in the most casual conversations with individuals. The Commissioner related this story at a Meeting, addressing himself to the General :

' Whilst going down the streets of one of the cities of Australia riding with the then foremost Minister of the Crown in that State, he was telling you of some individual who numbered among his possessions so many thousands of cattle and so many hundreds of thousands of sheep, and I remember, sir, you looking straight at him and saying to him, " It takes a good many sheep to satisfy a soul." And he dropped his head and said, " Yes, a good many sheep to satisfy a soul." '

The older he grew and the more deep became his knowledge of mankind, the more did this sorrowful man yearn to convert humanity from the folly of a transitory world to the eternal satisfaction of the world to come.

CHAPTER XIX

THE DAWN OF A SECRET HOPE AND THE END OF A GREAT CAMPAIGN

1903

ALTHOUGH one finds few references to the matter in the journals or letters, and these only of the most glancing character, there is no doubt that the General was moved by the immense interest in The Army at this period to entertain the hope of converting the whole world.

He spoke of the matter to Bramwell Booth and also to the present writer. He believed that it was possible to bring men and women of every degree and temperament into the fold of The Salvation Army, and he even dared, in certain moments of enthusiasm, to think that he himself might live to accomplish this consummation.

The reader must remember that the campaigns of the General were events of the first order in every country that he visited. No man of any nation in the world had so wide a popularity among all the peoples of the earth. Moreover, it must be carefully borne in mind that wherever he went the General heard the most astonishing, the most dramatic, and also the most pathetic stories of individual conversions. To hear one or two of such stories must have kindled any man's enthusiasm, but for a man of William Booth's temperament and faith to hear hundreds of these stories told in

every part of the world must clearly have been an inspiration of irresistible power.

In a certain measure it may be said that he looked for a Second Advent. He hated faddists with all his might, and he feared to find himself numbered among the superstitious; he therefore kept almost entirely to himself this dream of great world-conversion, this hope of a final victory over Satan, this prayer for an absolute accomplishment of his heart's passion. But there is no doubt that in secret he poured out to God this last and tremendous longing of his soul, clinging to life with an ever-hardening tenacity only that he might live to see the answer of his prayer and fall adoring, on this human earth of sorrow and tears, at the feet of his Master.

We shall see from the concluding accounts of his visit to America, which extended into the year 1903, that there was at least some justification—if we remember the troubled beginnings of The Army—for this pathetic dream of the old prophet. And from now onwards it will be found that he moved, with an ever-multiplying band of followers, from one triumph to another, enjoying such a universal popularity as I suppose has fallen to the lot of no other religious leader.

His daughter Emma, with her husband, Commissioner Booth-Tucker, were the organizers of these triumphs in the States :

‘ Found Emma waiting me in our car. She has come from Washington, where she had spent Sunday interviewing Mr. Mark Hanna in reference to my approaching visit to that City, and my dinner with the Members of the Cabinet, the lunch with the President, Mr. Roosevelt, and other important things.

‘ I cannot stop to record the story of her experiences, but it was quite exciting, very interesting, and likely to prove useful to The Army in the future.’

Describing, in the 'Continent' of Chicago, a dinner given in Washington by the late Senator Mark Hanna, the Hon. Henry B. F. Macfarland, of Washington, said :

' The most interesting dinner ever given in Washington, so far as my knowledge goes, was that of Senator Hanna, in honour of General William Booth. Senator Hanna had been brought to know The Salvation Army in Cleveland by Governor Herrick, and his sympathetic and generous heart, so little known by people in general, had gone out to The Army. He had given largely of money, and even of time, in aid of its work in Cleveland and in Ohio, and had, like Governor Herrick and other friends of The Army, endured cheerfully ridicule from associates on account of his avowed friendship for an organization which to men of the world seemed bizarre and fanatical.

' At the period of this dinner, it is true, The Salvation Army had lived down most of the early opposition to it. But its unique Founder, General Booth, had not yet received the official honours afterward heaped upon him, and if he had died then, the President of the United States and the Emperor of Germany might not have joined with the King of Great Britain in honouring his memory. To most of the leaders in public life of the United States he was practically an unknown quantity.

' Senator Hanna himself had never seen the General, but hearing that he was coming to the United States and Canada for a tour of Meetings, the Senator invited him to be his guest while in Washington—especially the guest of honour at a formal dinner. General Booth accepted. At that time the Senator was living at the Arlington Hotel, and he provided for the formal dinner as elaborately as if it were for the President of the United States.

' The banquet was set for the evening of General Booth's arrival, and as he came in on a late train, he did not meet his host until he came with the other guests into the reception-room. The General was very tired with his journey. After the first exchange of greetings, Senator Hanna and General Booth apparently found little to say to one another, and both were relieved when the other guests began to arrive. These

guests were about fifty of the most important men in Washington at that time. Except the President of the United States, practically every conspicuous figure in the public life of the capital was present.

‘It was winter, and the air outdoors was cold, but it was no colder than the moral atmosphere of the reception-room in which every one seemed to feel an awkward constraint.

‘When at the close of the dinner Senator Hanna got up to speak, he was evidently embarrassed. His brief introduction of General Booth was almost colourless. When General Booth arose, he looked tired and ill at ease. His voice was husky from the effect of the many speeches of his tour, and he spoke in low tones. His first few sentences made no impression, except, possibly, to add to the general feeling of coldness. Senator Hanna’s face showed fear of failure.

‘Suddenly one of the Senators at the extreme right said, “Louder!” This gave the old General just the shock which he needed. He threw up his head and straightened out his form like an old lion suddenly roused to action. Snapping back, “Oh, I can shout if necessary!” he raised his voice so that it could be heard all through the banquet suite. He spoke possibly an hour, continually gripping, more and more, first the head and then the heart of his audience.

‘It was a memorable study to watch those who had never heard him before, and he gradually overcame their indifference, disarmed their criticism, and captured their attention, and, finally, admiration. His hearers were the hardest men in the country to affect by speaking. All of them were familiar with all the arts and tricks of every form of public speaking—in courts, in Congress, on the stump. No company of the same number could have been assembled in their country at that time including more public speakers of experience and success. Senator Hanna could not have selected for the purpose of resisting the speech of General Booth a more formidable company of men.

‘But the Salvationist chief took them captive without their knowing how. In form General Booth’s speech was not eloquent any more than his voice, which, though strong, was rough and harsh.

‘When he sat down he had completely changed the

atmosphere of the occasion, and the minds of all the men before him. Senator Hanna, rising to speak, searched in all his pockets for a handkerchief, and not finding one, picked up his napkin from the table and wiped tears from his cheeks. He was not the only man who had not been able to repress the tears. All were greatly moved, each according to his temperament. What Senator Hanna then said was very different from what he said in his introduction. But no words could equal the tribute of his tears.

‘ Then followed a series of extraordinary informal speeches which were more like confessions than like ordinary after-dinner addresses. One after another the strongest men there, of different kinds, responded to Senator Hanna’s invitation to give their impressions as well as they could in words. Vice-President Fairbanks, Speaker Henderson, Justice Brewer, Senator Hoar, Mr. Cannon (then Chairman of the Committee on Appropriations in the House), Senator Cockrell of Missouri (then the “ watchdog of the Treasury ” in the Senate), and others of the same general character, made speeches which would have astonished themselves if they had been made on any other occasion, and which astonished their hearers as it was. None of them ever spoke at any other time with equal eloquence—eloquence of the highest sort, because brought from the very depths of their own lives. For once they allowed their spirits freedom and threw aside conventionalities, speaking from their hearts. It was interesting to see how each one of them went back to whatever was spiritual and holy in his boyhood training, or in the best moments of his past life, laying aside for the time all that had since gathered over these memories.

‘ When Senator Hanna closed the speaking there was a general movement to speak to General Booth personally, which was in great contrast both in eagerness and in warmth to the reception he had been given on his arrival, and the things that were said to Senator Hanna in acknowledgment of the opportunity he had given his guests were very different from the conventional expressions of gratitude on such occasions. Often since then men who were present have spoken of this dinner as an experience that stands out separate from all other meetings of that sort which they ever saw.’

This dinner was the prelude to other important events. General Booth was received by President Roosevelt at the White House :

‘ We were ushered in in the most informal manner, and on entering found Mr. Hay, Secretary for Foreign Affairs ; Mr. Root, Secretary for War ; and Mr. Hitchcock, Secretary for the Interior. After introduction to these gentlemen, I had a nice chat with them. We were shortly after joined by another gentleman much interested in some kind of Slum Settlement in New York.

‘ The President then entered, shaking hands all round in the cheeriest manner. Mr. Roosevelt was accompanied by a Mr. Sargent, who, I was afterwards given to understand, has a wide-world reputation as a Portrait Painter.

‘ During the conversation at dinner I heard it stated that this Artist was present for the purpose of painting a likeness of the President ; Mr. Roosevelt remarking that he had been through all the rooms at the White House that had been proposed for the sitting, and had not found one suitable, until in coming down the stairs to lunch Mr. Sargent had stopped him at a certain point, and declared that that was just the very place and position that would be suitable to his task.

‘ We were soon seated and busy with the viands ; conversation never flagged for a moment, the President having a long way the lion’s share of the talking. All manner of things were chatted about, some of them weighty, and some of very much lighter importance, at least so they appeared to me. After a little while the President, who had seated me at his side, turned to me and entered into conversation on the character of our work. He seemed much interested in our Criminal operations, the efforts for the rescue of the poor Lost Women, and the Colonization of the land.

‘ Unfortunately some business matter called his attention off, and he turned aside to write a memorandum, and then something came about the Venezuela affair, which Mr. Hay informed him was he believed near a hopeful settlement, and so the talk drifted on until the repast was ended.

‘ The President rose, assured me of the pleasure it had afforded him to meet me, wished me good luck, and we all went our way.’

But of still greater interest was the next appearance of William Booth :

‘ In company with Senator Hanna and the Commander (Commissioner Booth-Tucker) we drove to the Capitol for the performance of the ceremony of opening the Senate with Prayer, to which I had been invited.

‘ I had not looked forward to this affair as being of any importance, but it certainly turned out to be one of the most interesting if not remarkable incidents of my life.

‘ To begin with, Senator Hanna, who had so publicly taken me under his wing, is one of the most important men in the United States, being looked upon as what is publicly known as “ The Boss of the Republican Party,” and is beyond question a guiding spirit of the most powerful force in the Country.

‘ In the second place, I found myself to be an object of interest to all the most prominent Statesmen in the Senate, nearly all of whom sought me out, being introduced by Mr. Hanna or others, or introducing themselves.

‘ In the third place, I had the honour accorded me of being permitted to occupy the floor of the House during the progress of the business ; and last, but not least, of bearing witness to the importance of the recognition of God, doing His Will, and caring for the hopeless and helpless classes of the Community.

‘ The House was unusually crowded, some people saying that the Galleries had not been so packed for thirty years, while all agreed that no such assemblage had taken place during this Session ; and more remarkable than the crowd in the Gallery was the attendance of the Senators themselves ; every man of them seemed to be in his place, and when the Vice-President made the usual sign and I was conducted to the chair he usually occupied, a sudden stillness fell upon the assembly. Every head, they afterwards told me, was reverently bowed, while I asked God’s blessing on the men chosen for so important a share in the direction of the destinies of this great nation, and for wisdom and strength to do the work to the Divine satisfaction, and for the highest well-being of those concerned.

‘ I must confess to feeling beforehand some little anxiety as to the way I should be able to discharge this duty. While

desirous, as I hope I ever am when approaching the mercy-seat, to speak to God regardless of the feelings with which my performance may be regarded by those around me, I was still anxious that the few sentences I had the opportunity of speaking and which I knew would be so closely criticized, and so widely circulated, should carry with them useful lessons and inspire profitable feelings.

‘I had a dim recollection that three minutes was allowed for the function, but altho’ I asked Senator Hanna and a few others, including the Chaplain, I could get no definite pronouncement on the subject, the general opinion being, I fancy, as I learnt afterwards was the case—that I should not be likely to infringe on the Decorum of the House by taking any unusual liberty in this direction.

‘As I stood there a world of feeling came rushing upon me; memories of past struggles, influences of the kind things said about myself and my doings, and the possibilities of the future, seemed all to come in upon me. God helped me as I lifted up my heart to Him, and He gave me words which I believe not only reached His ear, but the hearts of many present.

‘I exceeded the three minutes, but I did not go far beyond the six—and I do not think that any one has intimated that I went too far. A good many would have liked me to have gone further!

‘A motion was afterwards passed ordering that the words of the Prayer be entered in the Records of the House, and suspending the standing order referring to the presence of strangers in the House. Then for an hour I remained on the Floor of the Chamber, during which time I suppose I shook hands with every important personage present.’

Then we find an entry which hints at the secret ambition of the General’s soul:

‘I was billeted with a Professor of the Clark University here, a very thoughtful and intelligent man; he undoubtedly understands The Salvation Army as well as any one I have met in the States and a long way better than most, and sees in her ability for doing a great work, not only among the submerged but the higher classes of society.

‘ He urged on me the importance of making an attack on the Universities, assured that we should reap a rich harvest of very superior young people capable of the devotion, self-denial, and toil required for doing great things in the world ; he was very much interested in my University Scheme. The Institute over which he presides appears to be of a superior sort, expending its energies chiefly on the study of those Sciences which are supposed to be necessary for the higher education ; indeed they pride themselves on the making of Professors.’

He prefers American journalism to English :

‘ The reports of the Secular Press were remarkably striking and religious, far more Salvationary Sensational than many that appear in our own papers. Amongst other things, in speaking of the waves of feeling that rolled over the crowd it was remarked that “ There were psychological moments in the Meetings when, if the invitation had been given, half the people would have had to rush out to the mercy-seat.” ’

Everywhere he goes the people throng to hear him :

‘ The Theatre was gorged to overflowing. As I entered half the gallery was all but empty, that portion being set apart for the coloured population. I asked why they did not fill it up with the whites. “ Oh,” they said, “ no white man or woman would be seen there.” I thought to myself, perhaps you may see some of them there before long.

‘ As I anticipated, people poured into the despised space rather than be shut out of the building altogether, and we were soon full in every part, some having by some means climbed on to the roof while other unfortunates did not get in at all.’

In the midst of this campaign he keeps up the regular correspondence with Bramwell :

‘ My passionate love for everything that blesses and favours The Army and the high position you occupy in its direction and control—no less than my heart’s *tenderest* yearnings over *you personally*, make me long to be ever *talking to you*. . . .’

Of some one attached to his modest retinue he writes :

‘ It is no use complaining. . . . You have no need to fear about ——. I shall manage him. I have started on the enduring tack ; it is good for the work of patience in my soul. Still he is a trial to me.

‘ My eating is a great trial. I get awfully tired of the misery that seems to follow almost every meal. I eat less and less, but I must eat something.’

A very interesting reference is made to Social Work in one of these letters :

‘ You are puzzled, you say, with respect to our relations with the poor. I am not surprised that you should be, but I think we have made it pretty plain both to ourselves and to the public. There can be no question that the Darkest England Scheme lifted us up to a position in public esteem the world over, which we should never have gained in all human probability for perhaps a century without it, even if then.

‘ Moreover, it is right. It is in harmony with the teachings of Jesus Christ and the very essence of a great deal of the Bible. It matches the promptings of the human heart everywhere. If a man had a brother who was hungry and homeless and naked, his first sense of duty would be to feed and house and clothe him, doing it in the spirit of love and talking to him about his soul all the time. The same practice is called for by Jesus Christ when He says, “Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.” We are trying to do it. The world can understand this sort of religion, and the world believes in those who practise it, and belief in you has to be produced in the world before it will get much benefit out of what you say on other things.

‘ The danger lies in extremes. “Let your moderation be known unto all men” is a text which grows more and more important in my estimation every day. As to whether we get as much real benefit out of the time and labour and ability bestowed upon feeding the poor as we should do if spent in purely spiritual work is a very difficult question to answer. We have a number of people, and shall have an increasing number of them, who can do this work and cannot do the

other. Let us employ them and make the world pay for it. What I object to is using the time and ability of men and women for Social Work who are required for the Spiritual, and using money after the same fashion. This is not very plain, but you will know what I mean.'

This campaign in America, with its public receptions and preachings, its state functions and conversions, its triumphal processions and quiet conversations with public men, was typical of every campaign that followed. The General of The Salvation Army had marched from Cottage Meetings in the rookeries of Nottingham to a public favour and influence which extended all over the world. The same earnestness, the same humanity, the same simplicity of soul which had characterized his first youthful preachings in Nottingham streets characterized everything he did on this big platform of the world. His attraction lay in that first transparent honesty, that first rugged simplicity. There was a most stubborn conservatism in his soul which preserved him from the dangers of popularity. He learned much as he went along, his sympathies widened and deepened, but the essence of the man never changed.

CHAPTER XX

APPROACHING OLD AGE IN A SUBURBAN VILLA

1903

ALTHOUGH he became more than ever a wanderer over the earth's surface after the death of Catherine Booth, there were spells in his life when William Booth bided gratefully at home in his little red-brick villa on the north of London.

This villa of Rookstone, at Hadley Wood, was built for him by The Salvation Army, and he paid The Army 4 per cent on its cost. I well remember how the old man exclaimed to me, on my last visit to Rookstone, in 1911 : ' Well, this is the house they have built for me ; this is what they have done for me—The Salvation Army !—it's their gift to me, a corner of the world to die in—and *I pay 'em four per cent on the money !* ' He laughed in his beard, stumped over to the window, and exclaimed, ' Well, it's not such a bad little hole, is it ? The furniture's mine. I paid for that ! '

This humorous grumble did not mean that he was either ungrateful to The Army or unhappy in his house. It meant that the very modest and extremely commonplace villa represented the sum total of The Salvation Army's financial benefit to William Booth—William Booth who had been accused for nearly fifty years of trading on the religious sympathies of wealthy people. And it pleased him to reflect that he actually paid

interest on the capital sum provided by The Army to build a lodging for its General. He liked to laugh over that fact, seeing it as something of a joke.

There are references to the building of this house in the journal of 1903 :

‘ Met the Chief and the Architect at the House they have been building for me near by the present habitation.

‘ It was a disappointment in various respects. It is not a very large affair, but containing two good spacious rooms for my use, such has been the Chief’s object in its erection—it being all but impossible to find anything like a sitting or bedroom in which you can breathe or have space to turn round. So far so good—but some of the other accommodations were a disappointment—to wit, there is considerably more light than agreeable. However, there is nothing perfect in this world, and as I have not been able to look after it myself beyond seeing the Plans when first prepared, I suppose I must take it as I find it.

‘ Left for Hamburg at 4.45. Bade good-bye to the House where I have spent the last 10 years. Had much comfort and innumerable blessings in it. My belongings in the shape of tables, chairs, and the like, are to be removed during my absence on this Campaign. Then I return to another domicile a few yards away.

‘ My people have built me a house they think for the remainder of my days. It is not a large affair, but it has two decent light rooms, one for working and the other for sleeping in. I should not stay here but the Chief lives so close by. Moreover, I am the servant of The Army, and must live as well as work when and under such conditions as seem most likely to advance its interest.’

But, in truth, he liked this house and was proud of it ; moreover, he spent some of his happiest hours under its roof. For although he was occasionally depressed by a feeling of solitude, he was still kept so busy by Army business that he had no time and no excuse for more

than a passing depression of this kind. Moreover, there is no doubt that he came to value an occasional day of rest. Old age brought him a relish for quiet and developed in him a taste for domestic tidiness.

One of the first changes in his habits as soon as he was settled into this widower's establishment (he had refused every invitation to live with any of his children) was a curious and almost finical attention to the appointments of his house. He liked the furniture to look nice. He insisted that things should be in their place. The same methodical cleanliness which had always characterized his personal habits was seen in the order of the house. It was a silent, restful, occasionally almost somnolent dwelling. The rooms seemed not only to have lost the fiery and tempestuous atmosphere of their occupant, but to have acquired the spirit of the General's afternoon nap. Through the open windows came the singing of birds, the humming of bees, and the scent of garden flowers. No one ever banged a door, whistled on the stairs, or made a clatter with the hardware in the kitchen. The sunlight that streamed through the windows revealed no dust on the backs of chairs or along the ledges of the tables. There was no disorder of papers on the writing-desk. The polished fire-irons had a look of fixity. The clock on the mantelpiece ticked with the soothing and reposeful *sotto voce* of a cat's purring. The carpet was laid for eternity.

Although the General was not a man of fastidious taste, and would have been disposed to scorn the idea of aesthetics in furniture, he nevertheless had the Japanese instinct for space and simplicity. He insisted that the rooms should not be crowded with furniture nor the walls with pictures, like an exhibition. His furniture was not beautiful, but it was solid. He valued a thing for its

usefulness and its stability. His arm-chairs were comfortable, and their coverings were as lasting as their frames. No amount of tramping would ever wear a track in his carpets. He never bought an ornament.

For a year or two after the death of Catherine Booth his mind in its solitude was harassed by the old eternal question, 'Why?' He would sometimes speak to Bramwell and write to Emma of this haunting; more often he would commit to his journal the feelings of these passing fits of dejection:

'I am certainly feeling very much alone and at times get frightful fits of depression. I cannot understand them. I suppose other people have to grapple with the same kind of thing.

'The difference in me at different times on and off the platform is *amazing*. My memory at one time is a blank—always *bad*—but at other times dreadful, and yet I find it all but impossible to do anything with notes.

'Then I have always a feeling that I am such an object of *criticism*. Pressmen, parsons, my own people, etc., and the penitent-form at the finish.

'I expect the only remedy is more *faith in God*.

'... Trying to make men *good* is indeed a weary, disheartening business. I wonder why God has not given the world up long ago!

'... Another "'Xmas day" has flown—who knows whether I shall see another on earth. If any days are kept in Heaven one would think that this would be. But there we shall in all probability mark the flight of time—or duration, by whatever name it may be called—in a different fashion. . . . *Oh, to be ready*. My darling has had three 'Xmas days in Heaven now. How different 'Xmas is without her. Yes, and *everything else to me*.'

He wrote to Bramwell on one occasion:

'I don't speculate in any estimates of your nearness and dearness to me. It will go unexpressed for this life anyway. When we meet darling Mamma again on the "Evergreen

Shore " we will not only sing of His love but talk of *ours*. I feel as if life was a broken, cracked affair now. We shall have it repaired then—nay, as the Jew has it, made "*better as new*." "

He was not a man, as the reader may have gathered, who cared for society or could unbend even as a relaxation. Like George Sand, in one respect at least, he was *tormented by divine things*, and loathed chatter almost as violently as he abominated iniquity. We find in one of his diaries, during a sea voyage, a savage criticism of those about him for wasting time over dinner :

' It is now 6.30 and my people have gone to the Saloon for an *hour and a half* of wasted time—or *worse*—named dinner. How any one naming the name of Christ can do it I *cannot understand*. I protest and am absent. My usual cup of tea and toast has served me very well. I must try and find a secretary who will be of the same manner of thinking with myself. But *how* and when ? There's the rub. . . . There is no "pick-me-up" for me but sleep and endurance.'

In spite of these moods, existence for the old General at Rookstone was, on the whole, pleasant enough until at the end of his life the visitation of blindness came to try the last fragments of his patience. He took a leading part in the Conferences of The Salvation Army, kept a secretary in residence, and had another always coming and going from Headquarters. But there were merciful intervals of tranquillity. He was contented for many days to sit in his arm-chair by the fire reading a book, listening to reports from the scattered battlefields of The Army, discussing new plans with his Staff, and, for recreation, teasing those about him with a kind of 'chaff' which was mordant enough in tone, but which yet never hurt the feelings of its victims. It was here, too, that the old man commenced bee-keeping. He wanted to give to the Self-Denial Funds of The Army

money which he himself had earned, and to this end he bought bees and hives, planting his little garden with flowers which bees love, and selling the honey which the bees stored in his hives. This partial return to the spirit of hobby which the reader will remember characterized his relationship as a young father with his sons, although consecrated now by a touching desire to help the funds of The Army, is an interesting light on the man's psychology. It is true that he gave very little time to his bees and his flowers, but that he thought about them at all is worthy of remembrance.

Then came seasons of real activity, when the comfortable arm-chair and the silence and the peace of Rookstone irked him beyond patience, and at these times he threw off apathy, floundered into the open world, and went storming up and down the country in a crusade against sin, indifference, and poverty. Sometimes, too, he would descend upon the Staff at International Headquarters, and stir them up with a vigour which, even if it quickened enthusiasm, sometimes impeded for the moment the smoothness and precision of the machinery. Then he had fits of restlessness, and would undertake long journeys and embark upon fiery crusades sometimes without properly counting the cost; only the prevision of his Staff saved him on such occasions from disaster. He would return after many weeks or months from these most trying ordeals to the repose of Rookstone, and once more draw his arm-chair to the fire, take a book from the shelves, and sit down in the solitude of his widowerhood to nod for an hour or two over the pages and dream of the past.

Besides the visits of Bramwell Booth and his wife, who at this time more than at any other were a constant providence to the old man, General Booth had one great

pleasure, namely, the writing of domestic letters. His letters to Bramwell Booth are a library in themselves, and it has been a perpetual astonishment to the present writer how this overworked and overburdened man found the time, much more the inclination, to indite such long and innumerable epistles. The explanation seems to be that idleness was insufferable to his nature, and that when he was worn out by Public Meetings and interviews and journeys, he went to his writing-table as another man goes to his couch or his bed. Articles and addresses he wrote laboriously and as part of his toil, but it refreshed him to write both to his children and to certain of his Officers and friends. He was never too tired to tell the children how greatly he loved them, and how ardently he longed for them in his absence.

Among the letters of his old age, those to his daughter Eva show one with what simple and human affection he thought of his children, and yet how this natural love of a father was always mingled with the religious occupations of his life. A birthday letter from Eva Booth, written from Toronto, helps one to see how very dearly he was loved by his children. She says to him : ' What cause the whole world has for gratitude to God for every year of your life ; what millions of hearts and homes you have been the means of brightening with God's Salvation ; what a lot of people you have made happy who were once wretched ; what a multitude you have made rich who were once poor.'

And she concludes : ' You know my love for you, my ever-burning, all-absorbing desire to please you in every particular, to comfort you, to help you, and in some small measure to brighten the other end of life's journey for you, to live in your heart, and to spend every energy in the front ranks of the battle that you are waging.'

Signing herself, 'Ever in fondest and unchanging love,
Your own little Soldier child.'

Here follows a letter from the General to his daughter :

'MY DEAR, DARLING EVA,—I hear that you are seriously ill again. What a calamity! How sorry I am. However has it come about ?

'I wish you were here so that I could give you a kiss and we could have an hour's talk together, but this cannot be for the present.

'Do you want to make me happy ? Get better, and keep better—the winter will be here directly.

'God is good. I love Him and His people and His work ! You must keep believing. All the storms will soon be over ; we shall meet above and have good times there.

'Don't bother to answer my letters, although yours are always welcome. I have about twenty articles to write before I leave for Australia. They work me like a beast of burden—or harder still !

'Well, then, darling, let us stick to the Blood and Fire simplicity and humility which has made The Salvation Army what it is.

'Good-bye, my dear, dear girl. I wish I could be with you and kiss and bless you. Cheer up ! Let us cast ourselves on God. He is the great Comforter. My keenest trials are very much on your own pattern. I have to live a lonely life. Besides Bramwell, I have no one ; but he is out-and-out. But let us take courage and go forward. You are doing a great work, a work for eternity, a work that can never be measured. I must close.—Believe me fondly,

'YOUR AFFECTIONATE FATHER.'

Mrs. Bramwell Booth was a constant visitor to Rookstone, and her children, to whom the General was devoted, never failed to give him pleasure when they came to sit beside his chair. He loved to talk with those who understood his work in the world. He could be not only interesting, but delightful and amusing when he was perfectly sure of sympathy.

One of Bramwell's daughters tells of his affection and solicitude for his numerous grandchildren—the love that created theirs. He would write them long letters even on his arduous tours ; would discuss the affairs of their Corps, offer advice as to subjects for addresses and the management of Meetings, and inquire with a sincere and sympathetic interest into the results of their labours. They always looked forward with the greatest excitement to his tea-parties. The old man made a delightful host.

As children they used to wake him with carols every Christmas Day he spent at home, running across to his house with their musical instruments, while it was yet dark, creeping to his room, and surprising him each year with a new song. But one Christmas the contents of their stockings were so wonderfully gratifying, that they lingered too long, and were presently dismayed to hear the tapping of a stick in the hall, and then the stentorian tones of the General singing, ' Christians Awake ! ' They scuttled into bed and hid under the bed-clothes, to be dislodged by Grandpapa's stick amid a happy din of shrieks and laughter.

No wonder that this old man was adored by children.

CHAPTER XXI

WHICH TELLS HOW THE GENERAL LOST HIS 'LEFT
HAND'

1903-04

AFTER his return from the American Campaign, in March, 1903, he writes of his pleasure in being home :

' . . . right glad I was to get home once more, which I managed to do somewhere about midnight.

' It had been planned for us to go to Bognor for a few days' quiet, but the delay in the arrival of the Steamer rendered this impossible.'

Three days later he 'agreed upon programme for this year, concluding with India, and, if possible, Japan.'

' I suggested India in September, then Japan, coming home by the States. Thought very desirable if possible. Information as to Steamers, etc., to be inquired about.'

In a few weeks the old campaigner was at work again. After Meetings in England, he visited Belgium, Germany, and Switzerland, calling at Copenhagen and Paris during the tour. The journal contains the usual accounts of successful Meetings both in England and abroad, with a few characteristic exclamations and personal remarks, which help to keep us acquainted with the man himself. For example, what could be better than this ?

' Applications for autographs, and messages, and favourite texts for Albums reach me from all parts of the world in such

numbers as become quite a tax on time and patience, feeling, as one is compelled to do, that nothing more lies behind them than the merest gratification of curiosity. Still it is a measure, or it may be one, of that preaching which is the great business of one's life. To-day I wrote in response to a request from Rutlandshire, as follows :

' " My chief business in this life, as in the next, must necessarily be the promotion of the glory of my Sovereign Lord, and the welfare of the Creatures by whom I am surrounded, specially those who are least able to help themselves. *What is yours ?* " '

That abrupt and startling demand at the end is a biography in miniature.

In April of this year he celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday :

' My 75th Birthday. . . . Seventy-five years. . . . Three-quarters of a century—the people around me, specially the younger portion, think it a long time. For myself I have only a few simple thoughts.

' 1. How soon it seems to have passed.

' 2. What a little enduring work has been done.

' 3. How brief an affair 75 years is alongside of Eternal Ages.

' 4. How much is crying out to be done, and how soon the last fragment of my earthly existence will have vanished away. O Lord, help me.'

A few days later he was worn out and tired :

' I am afraid that I shall have to get away for a little complete rest. I shrink from every duty of any kind that comes to hand. I felt this morning before rising as though I would rather journey a thousand miles than face the audience I have to meet to-day. But I am not sure whether or no I can find that rest of Spirit I need on any spot this side the Celestial City, and I am not quite sure whether I should when there, unless I can carry the conviction with me that I have finished the work here that my Master has given me to do, and finished it with credit.'

Then he is heartened by a letter of unexpected commendation :

‘ Just had enclosed sent for me to look at. It is encouraging.

‘ INVERNESS, *April 24.*

‘ DEAR CAPTAIN STEADMAN,—Some years ago Cardinal Manning wrote—“ The work of The Salvation Army is too real to be disregarded ”; and he noted two characteristics of it, “ *Self-sacrifice, and the love of Souls.*”

‘ Such have been the characteristic features of the work of The Army here in Inverness; and, strange though its methods are to us in the Highlands, we can appreciate the good work you are doing, and are stirred up by your good example.

‘ I have known personally several who ultimately became hardworking Priests of the Anglican Church, and who owed their first Conversion to The Salvation Army; one of these was a brilliant Oxford Scholar who came under the great Spiritual influence of the late Mrs. Booth.

‘ I regret that I find myself unable to meet the General, as you kindly asked me.

‘ You are welcome to make any use you like of this letter.

‘ Please give my respects to the General; for it is a pleasure, as well as a duty, to carry out the injunctions of the Psalmist and “ Make much of them that fear the Lord ” (Psalm xv. 4).—Believe me, Yours sincerely, in Christ,

‘ ALFRED BROOK,

‘ *Canon Residentiary of the Inverness Cathedral.*’

He mentions in his journal that ‘ Wilson Barrett, the tragedian,’ was present at one of his Meetings with ‘ other rather important personages.’ He laments over the loss of some eyeglasses given him by a stranger in San Francisco: ‘ Sorry to part with any memento of my visit to the Pacific Coast.’ He notices that a German general and the leading people of the City who came to hear him at Stuttgart listened with ‘ riveted attention . . . deeply interested. . . .’

Then there comes a reference to his billets abroad and the people he encounters :

' A new billet once more. I wonder in how many different homes I have been and in how many different beds I have slept ! Their character and the peculiarity of their owners would make an interesting study. Here, in a comfortable cottage, I am made most welcome. The mother of my host, an old lady of 80 or more, has long wanted to see the General, saying that now she could depart in peace ! God bless her.'

' We had some interesting people at the penitent-form during the day—one in the morning was a Russian lady, who had come on to the platform to speak to me at Berne. She considers herself a Salvationist and wears the silver badge with the crest on it. She has done some work among the poor and in Prison, but has been much discouraged by the opposition of the Police. Her heart has grown cold, but she has got a great blessing at the morning Meetings.

' We leave Stuttgart for England this morning. I hate this travelling on Sunday and avoid it as far as I can. It has been arranged for me to do, much against my will.'

While in Switzerland he is lucky to escape an accident :

' Had not gone very far before F——, who was sitting in front of me in an open Fly, sprang up and threw up his arms with some sort of an exclamation. Looking round, we found a horse which had bolted with a carriage behind him, making straight for us. Whether it was F—— stretching his arms or something else which made him swerve I do not know, but he certainly just turned aside and went on ahead, leaving us in safety.'

He writes to Bramwell :

' ——. Yes, he is sensational. They all are ! It is one of the weaknesses from which the whole concern suffers. And the moment one tries to correct it there springs up a crop of *laissez-faire* which is worse.

' More and more as I have wrestled with the [new] Regulations this week has it been borne in upon me that it is the *Officer* upon whom *all depends*. It has always been so. If

Moses had not made a *priesthood* there would have been no Jewish nation. It was the priesthood of the Levites which kept them *alive*, saved them from their inherent rottenness, or at any rate from many of its consequences, and perpetuated the law which made them. Here is where I think your great work for the next ten years will lie. No one can begin to do it like you.

‘ But the people were not of the class I wanted to see, and for whom my talk was designed. The Church and Chapel class understand the useful art of being in time when a crowd is expected, and they filled up every nook and corner of the place while the outsiders from religion came crawling up to be informed that the Hall was full. . . . I do not know what we are to do to get at the other kind of people whom I want to help, and who are only likely to make Salvationists and do something for the poor world when they are reached.’

He gives us in the entry for October 27th an idea of his day's work in London at International Headquarters :

- ‘ 1. Conference on the Australian Campaign.
- ‘ 2. Photographed, with a flash light, for a full-page portrait in the “ Sphere Illustrated Newspaper.”
- ‘ 3. Interview with Mr. Tussaud, who wants to make an improved wax-work model of me for their Exhibition.
- ‘ 4. Further conferences on promotions at home, and work abroad.
- ‘ 5. Photographed from sides and back for Mr. Hampton, a Sculptor. Mr. Hampton is engaged by Lord Ashton, who is presenting to the town of Lancaster a large Monument including busts of the 40 principal characters in English life at the conclusion of the reign of the late Queen Victoria.
- ‘ 6. Interview with W. T. Stead, who was anxious to lay before the Chief and myself a scheme he has for a new London Daily.
- ‘ 7. Conferences with Lawyers, Editorial people, etc., etc.
- ‘ Left for home at 6.30.’

On October 29th we find the first entry concerning the last domestic tragedy of his life. His daughter,

Emma Booth-Tucker, known as the Consul, was killed in a railway accident in the United States :

' Afternoon. Quietly sitting in my room, and gathering my senses about me after a refreshing little sleep. Commissioner —— was announced. " What has brought you here ? " was my first inquiry. On this his face straightened out, and holding a foreign Cable in his hand announced that he had brought bad news. I seized the paper, and was staggered to find it contained the announcement that the Consul and Colonel Holland had been seriously injured in a Railway Accident in the far West.

' I was dazed. I read it again and again. " The extent of injuries not known " was one of the sentences with which it closed. This gave me some ground for hope. But, alas, my hopefulness only lasted a short season, for in a few minutes the Chief entered and I guessed the worst. " You have further intelligence ? " I queried. He assented. " Worse ? " I said. " Yes," he replied with a face unutterably expressive of the distress that was in his heart. " Killed," I gasped. He bowed his head. My most agonizing fears were realized, my darling Emma for this world was no more.

' As for me—I cannot say—indeed I cannot realize my loss, much less write about it.

' While the Chief was my " right hand " in this great enterprise, she was my " left," and I had fondly reckoned on her being his right hand when I had passed away. While all these years he has helped me so manfully and skilfully in brain, she has cheered and sustained me in heart, and yet both have excelled in the possession of each other's qualities, for she has had skill of the highest character and he has had the tenderest qualities of the soul.

' But she has gone, and left, so far as human eyes can see and human minds can judge, her work half done. But the Great Father above knows, and all I can say is to repeat the dying President's* words : " This is His Way. His Will be done."

He writes to his son :

' MY DEAR, *dear* BRAMWELL,—My heart is torn at the thought of your anguish. You are overdone. Do get

* William McKinley, President of the U.S.A.

some extra sleep. *God will undertake for us and for you and yours.*

'We must hold on to God, even though we have to *walk in densest darkness*. You have done wonders so far and been a strength and a stay to my soul.

'*You know I love you with all my heart—I cannot say more—I can say that.* So far as I am concerned, I think you should rest in that. . . . My poor old heart with all its weaknesses and drawbacks is worth having.

'God bless you and Flo and the *children*—the precious children.—Yours as ever and for ever, W. B.'

In the journal we find the following account of a public ceremony in connexion with Emma's death, characteristic of The Army's methods :

'Meeting in Spurgeon's Tabernacle, lent us for the occasion, to express sympathy with the Commander and our American Comrades. Felt a good deal about it beforehand. However, it had to be faced. The sorrow is magnified by its having to be talked about so much in public.

'Rode with Bramwell in a hansom from King's Cross to Newington, feeling anything but bright. When in a dark corner of Hatton Garden the legs shot from under the horse, and it went down with a very considerable crash.

'Startled, but not hurt, we got out, found another cab and arrived safely, five minutes before the hour for commencing the service. Beautiful Chapel. Quite full; a good many standing. They say it seats 3,000.

'Tucker spoke in the most affecting manner. Simplicity itself. Motee [a daughter of Emma Booth-Tucker] sang, "There'll be no more parting." She was as cool and natural as possible. I brought her a chair and helped her on to it, and she stood before that imposing audience without the slightest evidence of excitement. In fact, she told me afterwards that she did not feel at all shy. She is a remarkable child in many ways; this among the number. . . .'

Later Bramwell writes to his father :

'I feel greatly overstrained and tried. I must not go under if I can help it. This has been a ~~most~~ trying ordeal for

me—made infinitely more so by seeing you and others suffer, and by the consciousness of our loss in the poor struggle for Jesus Christ.

'But we must go on. Enduring and remaining Grace is my great need. . . .

'I only wish I had some way of cheering you in this time of sorrow and loss. Words are useless. I can do nothing but go on loving you. This you know that I do, and will do.'

This letter, so simple and pathetic, is worthy of the man to whom it was addressed.

William Booth himself might have said, for he was the most honest of men, 'Enduring and remaining Grace is my great need,' and he could certainly have cried to his son, for he was a great lover, 'I can do nothing but go on loving you.'

CHAPTER XXII

WHICH NARRATES, AMONG OTHER MATTERS, HOW WILLIAM BOOTH WASHED HIS HANDS IN A WORKMAN'S PAIL BEFORE VISITING KING EDWARD VII

1904

EMMA BOOTH-TUCKER'S tragic death in the United States contributed a further and more compassionating sympathy to the affectionate admiration in which General Booth was now held by many millions of people throughout the world. Whether individuals liked his ways or not, here indubitably it was felt, stood an old, sore-buffed man knocking in the name of human pity on the door of the world's prosperity, reminding men, in the midst of his own griefs, of the griefs many and terrible which afflict the poor, the lonely, and the lost. That such a man should be so violently stricken in his extreme old age, moved the heart of the world. But he made not so much a pathetic as a really noble figure in this hour of dreadful desolation, as he rose up to shoulder, with his own burden, the burdens of the million poor, seeking pity for the unpitied, and still preaching his gospel of absolute faith in an inscrutable God, of confident hope in the felicities of an invisible world.

It cannot too often be said that in these years of suffering, pain, and dangerous popularity William Booth rested much of the weight of his human needs on the love of his son Bramwell. The deep and chivalrous

affection which bound the two men together, the Prophet and the Organizer, is all the more interesting from the fact that both were alive to each other's faults. But just as Bramwell Booth saw in his father's soul an excellence that outshone and consumed the trivial defects of an extraordinary temperament, so in Bramwell's unswerving loyalty, devoted love, and unfailing tenderness the old man beheld a virtue which outweighed the too careful and too critical anxiety in details of organization which sometimes irritated his impetuous nature. They formed together, however, in spite of this great love, no mutual admiration society. Their relationship in moments of devotion or in hours of sorrow was, it is true, almost feminine in its tender and gracious love ; but nothing of this nature ever obtruded itself in business. There, the father would attack, criticize, chaff, and sometimes attempt to drive his son—' You'll stand arguing with Death,' he would say—while the son, although in perfect good humour, would tell the father with blunt, outspoken faithfulness what he thought of the General's unwise-
doms.

In letters written by Bramwell to his father in 1904 we see how industriously, and with what humility he occasionally gave himself, amidst the immensely difficult work of organizing the international forces of The Salvation Army, to the worrying and inglorious task of turning William Booth's rough notes for some pamphlet, which he had no time to finish himself, into coherent and printable English. The son tells how he has been sticking ' to your last ' all day and every day, and how frightened he is of spoiling ' good leather.'

Bramwell very often addressed a humorous reproof to his father in the course of their correspondence. William Booth, for example, writes :

' *Hanna's death* is a great blow to me ; I cannot write about it. The only consolation I have is that God lives. I sent a cable of sympathy to Mrs. Hanna yesterday ; I think I shall write her, altho' I never saw her.

' *Lord* — : I have nothing more to say about him. We will settle the division of the money when you return. My present difficulty is this *very religious receipt* . . . but he gave me the money expressly to do as I liked with—but he knows nothing about religion—plays golf on Sundays—and it is no use slapping him in the face. When I gave him the University Memo' just as I was leaving, and saying to him it was a dream, he looked at me very significantly and said he supposed I wanted *him* to dream too ! If he can make £170,000 a year profit he might dream to some purpose, but for Heaven's sake don't let us rely on *him* or on anybody else under the skies for the future.'

To which Bramwell replies :

' *Lord* ——. Good. But I do not see that playing golf on Sunday is a great evidence of irreligion ! I should think it quite as pious as much Church and Chapel going, and much more charitable to one's horses, servants, etc. But you have evidently got hold of him ! He will improve ! '

The Russo-Japanese War enters into the correspondence of father and son. Bramwell writes in March :

' Yes, that was an awful affair at Port Arthur, and now it seems quite clear that all was planned. The Japs drew the Russians out of the roadstead by a ruse and then drove them back on mines laid during the night previous in the neighbourhood of the entrance. One is almost inclined to wonder whether the use of these secret methods is not opposed to the principle of real fighting. The 800 people on that ship had no chance of striking a blow for themselves or their cause. It seems to me that you are in the near region of the explosive bullet and the poisoned spear with this do-you-in-the-dark business of the submarine, torpedo, etc. But what a humiliation it is all evidently felt to be in Russia ; and what a forecast of what may happen when that other Kindred Eastern people get well on their feet.'

And the old man makes answer :

' *Japs and Russians.* Yes, I think so. When I was a boy it used to be looked upon as mean to slide up to a fellow and hit him in the back. Now it seems to be considered the proper thing to do—but after all it is an old adage that "all's fair in love or war." But the more I read and think about it, war seems to me to be the silliest and most devilish system of settling disputes—I wonder whether there is any other world where it is practised at all.'

In the following letter we get a good example of the way in which William Booth took a lecture from his son :

' Your letter is a very nice, kind one, and has some sound philosophical remarks in it, and a fair share of good practical advice to your Pater, and I have read it with much interest—as well as, I trust, with profit. The only difficulty is that time is wanted to carry it into effect. What can I do ?

' You say "Go slowly." My condemnation is that I don't go fast enough : and yet I feel how just and wise your suggestion is. My whole life, my whole work, my whole circumstances, and my responsibilities are each and all more and more of a paradox to me, but I suppose that is nothing fresh with men who are called to occupy positions of leadership of any kind.'

And then he goes on to say :

' In the afternoon we had a crowd—Lawyers, Doctors, Generals, and nobody knows who, and I got hold of them like Children.—They all stood up at the finish in recognition.

' What a hold I have upon the public mind, and its imagination, as well as upon its approbation ! It can only be fostered and helped forward until I shall be like a charm for benefiting the world !

' Don't suppose that I have the slightest idea that this is the result of any *desert* on *my* part—it is all an accident—nay, may we not say a Divine Arrangement, or the working out of the Divine principle so aptly described in the words, "*He hath put down the mighty from their seats and exalted them of low degree*" ?

‘ Anyway, my boy, that is how your father regards it : so if you ever quarrel with me, don’t go and say that what I have said shows what a Nabob-spirit I had ! ’

With this denial of a Nabob-spirit, a characteristic phrase, the old man concludes :

‘ Have faith in God. All new movements have their rickety, rackety, jagged periods, when unless there is some strong hand and wise head to control them, they go to pieces, but with these very scarce qualities they will *last*.

‘ ———’s ways are inexcusable—it makes me sick to hear him say “ Let us pray ” with such a spread as he does.’

Temptation to cultivate a Nabob-spirit came to William Booth in June of this year, when he was informed that King Edward desired to see him at Buckingham Palace. What a change from days gone by, both for Monarch and Preacher ! William Booth, let us say, was frankly delighted by this honour, and made no pretence of any other feelings. He enjoyed recognition of this character, and enjoyed it for himself scarcely less than for The Army. The man never pretended.

He wrote and published an account of this Audience, but an account so flat and dull that we shall not add to the number of our pages by its incorporation even in small type. Fortunately he left behind him, however, the rough Notes which he made immediately after the audience, notes from which the dull article was ‘ worked up,’ and these notes, because there was no thought of print before his eyes, are as real, as original, and as interesting as the man who made them. The reader, we feel sure, will very much prefer them, disconnected though they are, to the formal account of the interview which was eventually published in ‘ The War Cry ’ :

‘ It was a bright morning. The sun was warm, but a gentle north-east wind kept the atmosphere cool.

' Left Hadley Wood with the Chief and Colonel Kitching by the 9.45 train. Went straight from King's Cross to the Strand Hall* for further inspection of the building and conference respecting position and height of the speaking-platform.

' Found a large number of the 5,200 chairs required for the seating in their places. Was disappointed to find that, notwithstanding the addition of the chairs, there was a considerable ring almost amounting to an echo in the speaking.

' After half an hour's discussion and experiments in talking to Lawley and others, fell back upon the hope that the draperies, matting, and most of all the crowd, would put this difficulty right.

' I then washed my hands in a workman's pail, straightened myself out a little, and, in company with my A.D.C., took a hansom for Buckingham Palace for the interview with the King.

' My A.D.C. asked for Lord Knollys, the King's private secretary, with whom the function was arranged.

' Along intricate passages, some of them gorgeously upholstered—pictures of Kings and Queens of the Old Land for generations gone by looking down upon us in every direction, and up various winding flights of carpeted stairs, we were conducted to a simple and plain waiting-room. A number of interesting water-colour pictures on the wall, among which was one of the city of Buda Pesth and another of a Review in the snow at the Winter Palace, St. Petersburg. On the tables were several very valuable and interesting Indian curios—testimonials, and the like, the presentation, I judged, during the King's visit to India when Prince of Wales.

' We waited here some time. I was afraid there had been some misunderstanding and that we were forgotten. Gentlemen officials, dressed up in most picturesque and showy style, had not seemed very spry from the beginning. Perhaps

* This Hall was a large temporary building erected for the International Congress (1904) of The Salvation Army in the Strand. The International Congress was an event of great importance to William Booth, who believed in kindling encouragement by associating all the races of the earth together in a common religious enthusiasm.

they did not look upon the General as exactly in his right place in this Palace—so I sent —— out to see how the land lay.

‘He returned, saying all was in order, my name having gone up to the King.

‘So we settled down to possess our souls in patience—which was no very easy matter, seeing that I had always understood that His Majesty was renowned for his punctuality, and here we were, considerably over the 11.30 fixed for the interview—and made a further inspection of the great quadrangle outside, and the fine things within.

‘However, presently Lord Churchill, who is, I understand, Uncle to our Mrs. Colonel Pepper, entered to conduct me to the Audience Chamber.

‘One little colloquy as we went up the stairs, and the next moment the door opened and I was in the presence of the King of England, Emperor of India, and I know not what or where beside.

‘I had only seen the King once before, so far as I can remember, when Prince of Wales, at least 20 years ago, and then it was only a glance in a passing carriage.

‘I had been instructed by my A.D.C., who had held several conversations with the Secretary, and others, as to the etiquette of the occasion. A certain amount of bowing and salaaming seemed to be inseparable from intercourse with Royalty, and such Royalty as I was to meet to-day.

‘The simplicity and plain, brotherly intercourse which passed muster at the White House, Washington, in my intercourse, etc., with American President, Colonial Cabinet Ministers, etc., Indian Nabobs, was expected to be out of place, and I was prepared to stand and bow, to wait and follow such formalities as might be called for by Courtly usage or ancient styles.

‘But all these anticipations not only proved absolutely groundless, but vanished into thin air, and before Lord Churchill had well closed the door behind me, His Majesty had, with extended hand and cheery countenance, made me welcome, pointed me to an easy chair within a few feet of himself, and told me how glad he was to meet me.

“You are doing a good work—a great work, General Booth.”

‘ I plunged off by expressing my gratitude for the privilege of speaking to His Majesty on the efforts we were making.

“ I am interested in such work—have always been.— You will know something of my efforts for the Hospitals.”

‘ I interposed, “ Yes, Lord Carrington had, when presiding for me on board the *Scot* Steamer, interested the Officers, etc., with the recital of some of His Majesty’s experiences in Slumdom.”

‘ He smiled and said, “ Ah, yes, Lord Carrington is an old friend of mine.”

‘ I resumed my recital in reply to a question, etc.

“ Yes, I know—and I know that you have had great difficulties.”

‘ He asked me how the work commenced.

‘ I made a little sketch of our beginnings.

‘ The indifference, almost antipathy, of the classes whom we sought to benefit—from ordinary Christian operations.

“ Yes,” he said, “ I could well understand that.”

‘ I described how this led us to go to the people with our processions and street preachings, and drums and contrivances which had been styled Harlequinades. Then I went on to show how the people would come to the Theatres, etc., who would not go to the sacred places.

‘ I remarked how the work spread ; and when I came to the Continent he interposed. . . . He had been hearing and reading about The Army results in Denmark. I said, “ Yes, the Royalties of Denmark were friends—almost every member of the Royal family subscribing to our operations out there.”

‘ His remarks on Socialism ? No !

‘ Again and again reference was made to The Army being in favour of order.

‘ I told him the story of the prisoner from ——. The story of the Canadian prisoner.

‘ The remark of Sir Wilfrid Laurier that we were the people who did the work.

‘ I strove to show that in every country we worked in harmony with the ruling powers, no matter what the particular character of the different Governments might be. I instanced my interview with the Chicago pressmen.

“ Yes, yes,” said he, helping me out with the quotation, “ Render unto Caesar,” etc.

' I then, as an extreme, mentioned Bobrikoff, of Finland.

" " Oh," said he, with a burst of indignation, " what a cruel wretch ! His own people said so."

" " Your Congress . . . going to have a great time." Yes, etc.

' We have had many difficulties [in Germany]. " In which way ? "

' I described the fears of the Police. But all that was changed now. Then I described my visit to Cologne. The Burgomaster, etc.

' The Hall, the finest in Europe. Placed at my service, etc. The Stationmaster and his " white gloves," and welcome by the crowd.

' THE KING

' 1. King's geniality—humanness. Sympathy. Here was the author of Anglo-French Cordiality arrangement. Here was the advocate of Anglo-American—Anglo-Italian—and it won't surprise me if here is not the man who will bridge the wide gulf which has so long kept the Russians and the British apart.

' 2. His liberal notions as to religious liberty. He would have all men free to follow such religious creeds and customs as they preferred.

' He enumerated specially the Hindu and Mohammedan faiths. I could see that his mind wandered away to his great Indian Empire. I did not understand him to mean that all creeds, etc., were of a like truth and importance in his estimation, but that he was an inheritor and exponent of the beliefs and motives of his predecessor William III, who seems to have fought and suffered because he would not allow the religionists of his day to tear one another to pieces.

' 3. During the conversation he made a remark or two which I do not feel at liberty to repeat, which seems to show his abhorrence of all and everything cruel in the enforcement of authority. He is not the stuff that tyrants are made of.

' I thought as he talked that there was sadness, and looking back I can see the probability of the truth of what was whispered at the time of the pain he experienced over the South African War and his desire for its termination, although at some seeming sacrifice of . . . on the part of England.

'In imagination I can hear him say—End the agony, although the flag is lowered a trifle—she will survive it, and wave all the more gloriously, etc.

'4. And yet, at every turn you could see and hear the representative of law and order. To nothing did he more frequently refer than to those aspects of our work which showed them opposed to the lax notions with regard to law that prevail up and down the world.

' ODDMENTS

'I was so taken back with the unexpected character that seemed at a glance to stand revealed before me.

'I had never stopped to inquire, and I had not had any opportunity to observe—I knew really nothing of his public or private life beyond some of the chatter of the Press and irresponsible gossip.

'I had come to expect a selfish, sensuous personage, popular because lending himself to the recreations, etc.—showy functions—a change from the quiet rôle his Queen Mother had played—unwilling to pose as treading in the shoes of Albert the Good.

'And all at once the embodiment of a simple genial English gentleman was sprung upon me.

'No attempt to pose as an intellectual philanthropist, much less religious; indeed, no attempt to pose at all: anything more natural could not be imagined; who cared for the poor, was not ashamed to say he was pleased to meet a man who for sixty years had made their interests the study and labour of his life.

'The King almost rivalled Cecil Rhodes in his inquisitiveness, only being much more familiar with it. I suppose his lofty position gave him a kind of right to inquire into all and everything about people and places that may interest him. . . .

'He asked me whether I was a native of London.

'About my business before I became a minister.

'And at parting asked my age, and complimented me on the manner I carried my years.

'I spoke of my wife being a partner in the commencement of the work—the labouring at the West-End, and obtaining means to help me to assist the poor at the East-End.'

This interview with the King, which seemed to put the seal of public approval on The Salvation Army's work, furnished a very considerable send-off for the International Congress of that year, and for the General's autumn campaign.* This campaign was made in the form of a motor-tour from one end of the Kingdom to the other, and was the first of its kind.

He motored on this journey a distance of 1,250 miles, he addressed 105 Meetings. The effect upon him, after the almost superhuman demands of the International Congress, was one of great physical exhaustion. Where the enthusiasm was very considerable, as it was in the North, he speaks of it as 'this hurricane,' and declares himself to be oppressed by the thought of his unworthiness to receive such amazing tokens of affection. But in spite of this he set out for a Continental tour in the autumn.

He had interviews during this year with a retired bookmaker named George Herring, and also with Mr. C. Arthur Pearson, the publisher, who took an interest in the General's scheme for providing Shelters in advance of an expected bad winter.

* The King sent the following message to the International Congress :

'I am commanded by the King and Queen to say that they feel greatly touched by the telegram which you have sent them on behalf of the Council of The Salvation Army.

'It afforded His Majesty much satisfaction to receive your General and to forward a message to The Salvation Army through him.

'The King sincerely appreciates the allusions in your telegram to his efforts to promote international peace and goodwill, and he rejoices to think that they have not been entirely without effect.

'Their Majesties direct me in conclusion to express their warm thanks to the Staff for their good wishes, and they trust that the good work which The Salvation Army has already achieved through their faith and energy may be constantly increased.

'(Signed) KNOLLYS.'

CHAPTER XXIII

THE OLD CAMPAIGNER VISITS THE HOLY LAND,
RECEIVES THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY OF LONDON,
IS HONOURED BY HIS NATIVE TOWN, AND SWEARS
BY THE SPADE

1905

CAMPAIGN by motor-car was now one of the General's established methods, and, startling though the innovation seemed, no doubt Wesley would have contracted the same habit. Both men loved a good horse, but Wesley was no less eager than Booth to cover the ground.

There were many people to inveigh against the idea ; but, on the whole, it seems to have struck the imagination of the world with sympathy and approval that this very old man should adopt the latest device of science at the end of his life's work.

Writing to Bramwell on the motor-tour for 1905, he says :

' We had a useful day yesterday. Dumfries was *tremendous*. It was *wonderfully* great. The whole town and country must have turned out, and the affectionate greeting of the people was as much as I could stand. One man pushed a £5 note on Lawley's car. We have had flowers, fruit, and kisses thrown at us ; now comes the turn of the £5 notes. . . .

' The reporting. What can you expect from — and — ? And what can you do if no better material turns up ? Nobody seems to care about it. So we must hope and go forward. The work will speak for itself. *If we are not making*

much impression on the Press and the parsons, we are on the heart of the masses of the people.'

The following incident is recorded in January, 1905, during the General's motor-tour :

'Canon Rogers, who entertained the General, went personally to Liverpool to purchase a particular blend of tea that he used for the General ; he did this in order that there should be no mistake.

'In conversation with one of the Lay Preachers of the Anglican Church, the Canon told him, with the tears running down his face, that he considered the greatest honour of his life had been conferred upon him in the presence of the General in his house as a guest.'

Instances of such kindly feeling are innumerable. William Booth himself was greatly heartened by the affectionate greetings he received in every part of the country, and many of his letters to Bramwell were almost joyous with enthusiasm. He wrote from Glasgow in January of this year :

'These are nice people. Scotland is full of nice people—good wine—but we have only tasted it so far, and hardly that. *We want to get it on the tap.* The command of this country is worthy of a *Hallelujah Napoleon.*

'Oh, for a *Revival*. There is something in what Hodder said to me on Monday morning—"He only believed in Revivals that broke out spontaneously. So far, I have had to work for all I have got, and that precious hard. Still I have got something worth having.'

Wherever he went he encountered people who were glad to make his acquaintance and desired to discuss with him matters of national importance :

'Left for London by the 9.30 train. Sir Edward Clarke came into my compartment and spoke most kindly, complimenting me on many things, my vigour amongst others. I told him I wanted to have a talk with him, and he offered to ride up with me, but I declined, not feeling quite equal to

it. I have regretted ever since I did not go into his compartment—Mr. Loder, M.P. for Brighton was with him—and have a good pow-wow with them both.

‘Afternoon tea with Mr. Herring. Magnificent House, Piccadilly, looking on to the Park. Received me most kindly. He has just given us £3,600 to fit up one shelter, and is pledged for £3,000 more to fit up two others. He gave £100,000 to the King’s Hospital Fund some time ago.

‘I wanted to talk to him about a Maternity Hospital I want to build, or acquire in some form or another. But alas! for my confidential talk on the subject—he had invited five or six ladies and gentlemen to meet me, among the rest Mr. Sydney Holland,* Treasurer of the London Hospital.

‘I talked to them; they seemed much interested, but I came away feeling that I had not advanced the work much, if any, for which I had planned the interview.’

That he kept his eye on the affairs of the world and was deeply concerned by the sufferings of all nations, is proved by entries in his journal:

‘The news of the Russian Revolutionary Upheaval, with its scenes of bloodshed and disorder, has upset me terribly. . . . To what will it lead and where will it end? O my God, my God, what an awful suffering state this world has come to, notwithstanding all that has been done for it during the 2,000 years that have passed since Jesus Christ shed His Blood on its behalf!

‘How feeble and powerless all our efforts have been. I was awfully depressed yesterday—but there is no alternative but to push on. If we cannot remove the mountains of misery we can move some of the little hills.’

In March of this year he set out on his last visit to Australia, and to spend a few days in the Holy Land on the way. The journal he kept of this travel is disappointing. One gets no real sense of his feelings and no clear notion of his experiences. The letters are scarcely more illuminating. The chief interest for the student of

* Now Lord Knutsford.

his career lies in the pretty evident fact that he was more busied in Meetings than sight-seeing, and that no Meeting was too small for the intensity of his fervour.

He left England on March 2nd, and the journal opens in this fashion :

' Left home in a rush without much more concern than is usual on going to an ordinary week-end engagement, and yet if all goes well forward as arranged it will be six months before I again see Hadley Wood.

' Bramwell and Flo* accompanied me to Dover, where, as usual on such occasions, we had calculated on a little prayer and a few heart-spoken words ; but alas ! from some cause or other no private cabin had been secured—the call " All on shore " came almost at once, there was a hurried embrace, a hasty good-bye, and as the sea looked threatening I was glad to stretch myself on a couch in the saloon.'

The voyage was employed in correspondence, the usual Saloon Meetings, and drawing up a Manifesto to be issued at Jerusalem, calling on all who name the name of Christ to follow His example, and make a desperate effort on behalf of the Salvation of a lost world.†

The party arrived at Jaffa on March 7th :

' Getting on shore was now the difficulty. There is practically no harbour, and a finger of rocks faces the town with openings here and there through which the boats that land passengers and goods have to pass—that is, unless they make a sort of flank movement and go round one end of the ridge.

' To get into the boat the passengers have to abandon themselves to the arms of the boatmen, who drop them down in the boat, just as they do the bales and packages.

' These boatmen are surprisingly clever at their business, and going and coming managed their boat surprisingly, singing and shouting to cheer each other up and keep time with their oars.

* Mrs. Bramwell Booth.

† This Manifesto was afterwards quoted in almost every part of the world.

‘After this fashion we got to Jaffa—once home of Simon the Tanner, and the port from which Jonah embarked when running away from the post of duty.’

He does not tell us that, as the boat approached the shore, he knelt down and prayed, the rowers, who were racing another boat, resting on their oars. An armed police escort awaited them, and they were further received by the cinematograph.

Two days were spent, more or less, in visiting some of the sacred places. It is recorded by one of the General’s companions that he shook hands with the monk in charge of the Garden of Gethsemane, and received from him a book of sermons and a piece of the root of the Tree of Agony as a farewell gift. The journal proceeds :

‘Morning. Visited the Hall of Justice, and looked at the spot on which it is reputed Pilate sat when he sentenced my Saviour to die, afterwards Bethany, etc.

‘Afternoon. Select Meeting in the Hotel. About 150 were present, including the British Consul, Mr. Dickson, who presided, the American Consul, the Russian Consul and his daughters, and a number of other leading residents in the City.

‘I talked for 50 minutes, which was all the time the Hotel people could allow me, dinner being at hand. A collection of some £10 was taken up, and everybody seemed much interested and perhaps some profited.

‘Night. A bad storm, rain in torrents—a mimic deluge. Nearly all the Hotel people were away—and some others as well. Still we had a powerful Meeting and eleven at the P.F. I bade them good-bye with a full heart and a strong longing to see them again. Perhaps I may. I can truly say that Jerusalem, changed and strange as it may be, has won a first place in my heart. . . .

‘Arrived at Jaffa we discovered that the journey was next to useless, as no Steamer had arrived. So there was nothing for it but to wait till to-morrow.

‘I at once put on a Meeting at Miss Newton’s Mission, although for various reasons failure was predicted. It was

too late—it would interfere with the ordinary Meeting—it would do or not do some other thing that was undesirable. I said we would have the service whatever might follow.

‘The night was dark and unpromising, but the Hall holding 150 or 200 people was full, and full of people not expected, including a number of Greek young men—that is, men of the Greek faith. To the front were the girls of Miss Arnott’s School, who had so deeply interested me on the previous Wednesday morning.

‘I talked through ——. His interpretation sounded stiff and cold, but I pushed the invitation to the P.F., and to the surprise of every one the first to walk out boldly was a young man who was known as a most bigoted Greek. So intense was his dislike to the Mission Doctrine that he would not allow any native Christian to talk about his faith in his house. He is educated, and they say one of the best, if not the very best, interpreters in Jaffa. Well, he went down like a little child and professed to have received forgiveness.

‘He was quickly followed by one of the Teachers in the School and all the elder girls followed. It was a wonderful sight. They all appeared to be in deep earnest, sobbing and wailing about their sins and praying for mercy.

‘Forty-three professed Salvation, and I have learned since that others knelt and sought God in other parts of the room. I have seldom been as deeply moved as I was that night.’

He writes to Bramwell from Jerusalem on March 8th :

‘. . . yesterday it was a heavy drag to get up Mount Calvary in the burning sun. Oh, how I thought of the *Master’s journey*, and how ashamed that and other incidents in His history make me feel of the trials of my own. . . .

‘I cannot tell you anything of what we see. I have been to Bethlehem. I go as a sheer matter of *duty*. I am going this afternoon to one of the few places I feel any very curious desire to see, and that I have felt ever since, in a Parsonage many years ago, I saw a plan of it set forth—the “Jewish place of wailing.”

‘The hills and the vales and the most ancient ruins I must say interest me most, but I cannot stop to talk about them now. *Later*. Just come back from the afternoon round. I ride from place to place in an open carriage, and the springs

are not bad and the horses are good and the driving is downright skilful, but the roads are simply execrable and shake me mercilessly.

‘We have seen the Jews wailing on what remains of the foundations of the walls of the City. *It is one of the most pathetic scenes I have ever witnessed.* It is like one long penitent-form with the people standing, instead of kneeling, with broken hearts and overflowing eyes. Oh, to see the tears running down their poor wan faces and hear their cries, irrespective of the curious crowds of unmoved Tourists gazing at them, is a sight to move the angels, I should think. Oh, if they were but weeping over their own sins and the desolation which they must ultimately bring on them, how still more pathetic it would be.

‘I am afraid the fact does not very much enter their minds that it was the rejection of mercy in Jesus that brought their destruction. It is the old and oft-repeated story, grieving for the consequences of their sin rather than the sin itself.

‘I knelt down and my party knelt with me and prayed aloud for light and Salvation on the crowd and on the people whose wailings mingled with my prayers.

‘I am afraid my place of meeting will be much too small to-night. They say that never in the history of Jerusalem was there such a gathering of Christians before last night. They are coming from the hotels in force, so our little 300 Hall will be simply gorged—which will defeat my purpose, I am afraid. . . .

‘I need not say that I have missed you at every turn. You would have doubled the gratification and interest of everything we have seen. I feel sometimes as though you were there—but turning round discover my mistake. *God bless and keep you.*’

On leaving Palestine the party journeyed to Port Said and shipped for Australia. This journey was a great trial to the General. He was suffering from a mild attack of herpes, his cabin was uncomfortable, and for many days the ship encountered foul weather. We are told that when a change of cabins was effected the General sent a letter of thanks and an autographed

photograph to the captain, who was exceedingly courteous. Service in the saloon, when the captain read the prayers, is described as 'a poor affair.' The General worked as hard with his pen as the weather and his sickness would allow.

Very little trace of weariness or sickness appears in the journal when Australia is reached. He writes at Collingwood on June 10th :

' . . . Mr. Deakin, one of the most prominent Politicians of the Country, came in just as I was finishing tea. He is a very excitable person, and I am very partial to him ; he only came in to assure himself that the arrangements for my luncheon with him on Tuesday were all right, but he got into an argument *re* Emigration and some kindred matters which, as I say, he being an excitable person, did not help me. . . .'

In remarkable contrast to the very simple and modest Meetings in Palestine, with their audiences of two or three hundred, were the 'mammoth' and 'monster' Meetings held in Australia. He gives an account of a particular gathering in Boulder City :

' 8 p.m. The Meeting of the day. This was held in a great Shed, used to shelter Electric Cars at night. The Company had emptied the place, helped our people to seat it, and when I entered it, it was one of the sights of my life.

' There was a little confusion at the start, and I was rather fearful that my voice would not carry, but the eager attention which followed the utterance of the first sentence, as I rose to my feet, promised all to be well, and I went on for an hour and twenty minutes with scarce a soul moving. So far as the little power I possess to capture and hold the attention of a mass of people of every conceivable phase of thought, feeling, and character goes, the "Car-Barn" Speech was one of the triumphs of my life.

' Another Welcome. This time in the open air. Another Greeting, another platform, another Mayor, another Band. Crowds of people met us at the Station. I gave a short speech and then made for my billet.

' 1.30. Reception by the Cabinet. This being a Labour Government, as they call it, made the function a little more interesting than was the case with some other similar functions. I had met Mr. Daglish, the Premier, the day before at the Civic Reception.

' The function passed off without anything very extraordinary occurring, the talk was very friendly, and I tried to urge upon the gentlemen present the importance of our efforts for the reclamation of the criminal and other classes, for whom the Authorities were responsible, and that it must be equally their duty to pay for the reclamation of the people as it was for the punishment of the wrong-doer, to this all seemed to assent.

' Mr. Daglish informing me that they had decided to present The Army with land near the City for the use of the Prison Gate Brigade, and at the same time hinting at the possibility that when the scheme was got in working order a grant still larger might be made. . . .

' The Premier was very agreeable, and very respectful. It appears that he met me 14 years ago in my Exhibition Meetings at Melbourne, he was then acting as Police Inspector. He now received me at a costly Luncheon as the head of a State.

' On going on deck [for Melbourne] I was surprised to find so large a crowd assembled on the Wharf. I had very little voice left, still less strength, but I managed to talk for ten minutes at a considerable elevation from my audience. Still, as an American Jew on board stated to Colonel Lawley, "I made a wonderful amount of religion in the time."

During all this time, as indeed on all his journeys, William Booth was receiving long letters from his Chief of Staff in London on subjects of great importance.

As a rule, Bramwell endeavours to send cheerful news, and when ill tidings have to be transmitted—for the General was autocratic on the matter of being kept well posted in Army statesmanship—he strives to put as good a face on the business as possible.

The subject of emigration, particularly dear to the

General's heart, occupies a considerable space in the correspondence at this time :

' The Emigrants for Canada. This party has turned out a great success. Fine people. We made quite a stir in London and again at Liverpool—a wonderful scene. We had a short Meeting at Euston before the train started, and a wonderful sight on the platforms. Amongst others who were present was the Agent-General for Western Australia, James, a great, big, fine fellow ; he wept like a child as the train went out. The singing and cheering and shouting and the playing of the Band, " God be with you till we meet again," made a really very remarkable affair. Then again at Liverpool was a repetition—most moving scenes. We have another thousand people to send—so that will make three thousand souls for Canada this year. A Minister concerned in Ottawa told Tucker, privately of course, that the emigrants we have sent out so far were in every way the very best people they had ever received in Canada under the auspices of any Society or Fund, and he intends to say so at the first suitable opportunity in Parliament.

' For myself I must say I felt rather bad. I said on leaving Euston on Wednesday morning, after looking at those splendid young families, fibre, pith, vim marked in every feature, " What a melancholy thing it is that Old England has nothing better for such a people than to show them the door ! " Still, they are going under the British Flag, and, after all, that is something. The whole thing has made a great impression on the country. We shall do better yet.'

We take up the General's journal in September of this year, with a confession of blank pages for the months preceding :

' Not written anything in the shape of journal so far as I can remember for nine or ten months gone by. Since then visited Australia and done the Motor-Tour of this year and had many other remarkable experiences. Amidst all have been preserved in remarkably good degree of health by the good hand of my Lord to His praise and glory.

' I finished the Motor-Journey on Saturday, the 9th of this month, and have been occupied with business of all kinds and characters almost from the hour I landed at Hadley Wood.'

A great honour which now fell to him was presented on November 2nd :

‘ Received Freedom of the City of London at the Guildhall. It was very imposing to me. But I was so overcome by the sense of my own unworthiness of the honour and the kind things said by the City Chamberlain as to be scarcely able to speak. Indeed, before I rose up to discharge the task I felt as though I should not be able to utter a sentence.

‘ However, I had the duty to perform, and I went for it as is my custom and stammered through a speech which appeared to sound well to the crowded hall and certainly read very well in the Press the day after.

‘ Lunched afterwards with the Lord Mayor and Select company at the Mansion House—all present appeared most interested and friendly.’

The speech delivered by William Booth on this, a great occasion of his life, is very well worth reproduction, for it is characteristic of his modesty, his courage, and his loyalty, and seems to us in many ways one of his most affecting utterances. He said :

‘ My Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Gentlemen of the City Council—I must confess to feeling at a loss, when I look the task in the face, to make any fitting response to the generous and gracious sentiments that have just been spoken by the City Chamberlain, or to adequately testify to the gratitude I feel for the gift of the Freedom of this great City.

‘ I have all my lifetime, my Lord Mayor, faced audiences, of varying descriptions. I have faced the howling mobs of Whitechapel and other places in the Empire ; I have talked with boulders flying through the windows of the buildings on the Continent ; I have spoken to thousands and tens of thousands gathered in mighty conclaves in our Indian Empire, I have talked to the scattered populations of our Colonies up and down the world ; but I have never faced an audience in which I have found so great a difficulty to construct my ideas or give expression to them.

‘ And yet, my Lord Mayor, difficult as my task may appear, and very imperfectly as I may be able to discharge it, I must

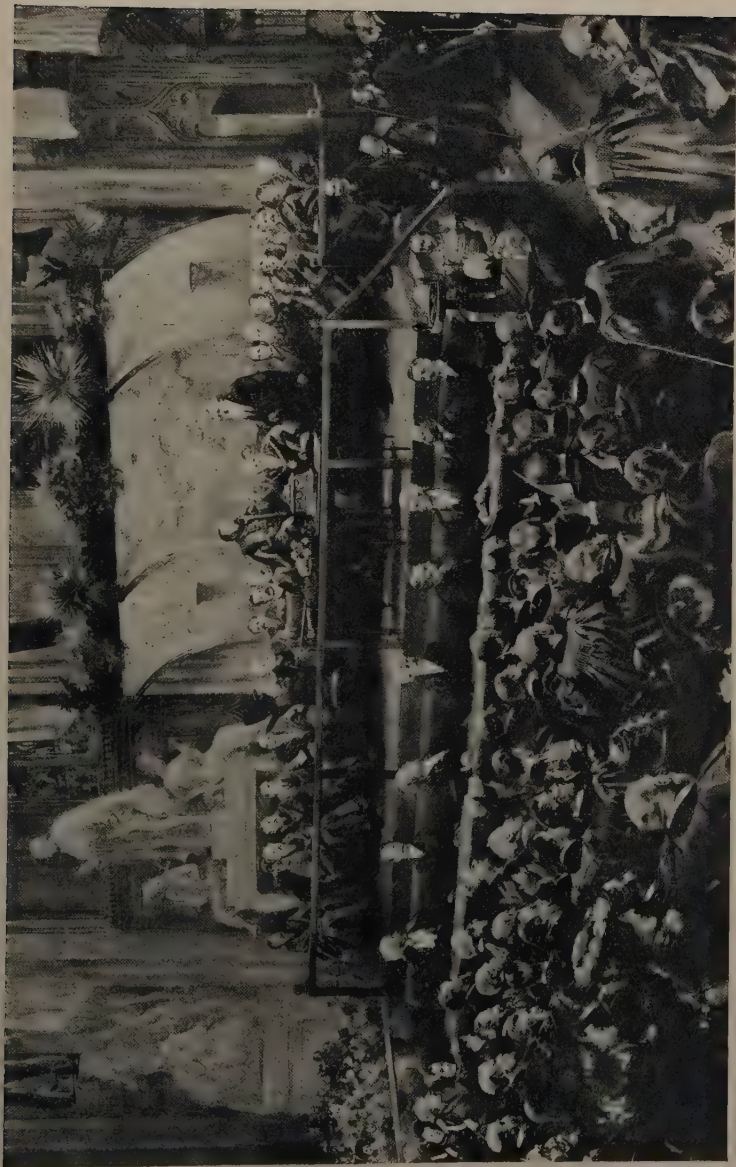
attempt something in the direction of expressing my personal thanks for the great honour which has been conferred upon me on this occasion.

‘ My life has been a continual fight. Ever since, some sixty years ago, I turned my back upon a world of ease and pleasure and show, and entered on this battlefield to fight for the honour of my Heavenly King and for the Salvation of the lost, there has seldom been a day in which some bewildering perplexity has not come to my mind, and some heavy burden has not been laid upon my heart. But still the arms of Jehovah have sustained me, and the prayers of a multitude of the best and choicest spirits that the world contains have ascended continually to Heaven on my behalf. And now there comes along the sympathy—openly, beautifully, eloquently expressed—of the governing powers of this great City to urge me forward in the fight in which I am engaged.

‘ It is quite true that there have been, and I suppose will continue to be, times of darkness and depression stealing over me, when the clouds seem to hang heavy and the way seems to be very difficult to perceive, and still more difficult to travel. But in these hours I shall remember this magnificent reception, and recollect the kind words that have been so freely spoken to me. They will walk into my memory not only in the dark days, but in the bright days, and they will help me forward till the call comes that takes me to another City, where sorrow and trial will be no more.

‘ I shall hand this casket to my children, and my children’s children ; nay, it will be bequeathed to my own people, and I am quite sure they will guard it among their most precious records as showing the feelings with which the City of London regarded The Army’s first General and Founder.

‘ The Salvation Army, as has been mentioned in the Chamberlain’s eloquent address, is certainly a very great undertaking. It is a large business. It has stretched out its arms to different parts of the world, and has been received in all directions as a great blessing. I can very well understand the feelings (and some friends here will understand them too) with which a General in the French Army approached me at the close of an address delivered in Paris. Reaching out his hand, he said, “ General Booth, you are not an Englishman, you belong to no nation—you belong to humanity.”



RECEIVING THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY OF LONDON (1905)

‘ I am quite sure, my Lord Mayor, that it is true of the Organization with which I am so closely identified. But this great work could not have been done without the co-operation of the thousands and tens of thousands of other hands and hearts. It is quite true that from the very beginning my hand has been upon it, and I suppose is likely to be to the very end of my life ; but there are hearts equal to my own in devotion to its interests, or it would not be what it is.

‘ There has also been, my Lord Mayor, the co-operation, the partnership, in this undertaking which has been referred to by the City Chamberlain—that of my late beloved wife. Her inflexible will, her sanctified intellect, her indomitable courage, her (I was almost going to say) matchless eloquence, the echoes of which are sounding round the world to-day—for I very seldom put my foot upon a shore or enter any considerable city in which some hand is not placed in mine with expressed recollections of blessings received through the ministry of my now glorified wife—were all placed at the service of this great Organization.

‘ And I have had the co-operation of my own family. I have been greatly favoured in this respect. There is my eldest son, who is at present my Chief of the Staff. He has worked by my side for something like thirty years, and he is likely to be by my side until I cross the River. He has never failed me in any hour of difficulty, and he never will. His value and work are, perhaps, not so widely known as they ought to be, and as they will be, but nevertheless they are well known to his General.

‘ Then there are thousands of men and women Officers, and thousands of Soldiers—men, women, and children—not only in this country, but throughout the world, who will read with the deepest interest the story of the transactions of this day, and who will be greatly cheered by the recognition of this greatest city in the world.

‘ My Lord Mayor, it will be known to you—it is known to most men—that a great change has come over the opinion of the world with respect to The Salvation Army. It might be said that it has just been discovered, as America was discovered by Columbus and Australia by Captain Cook.

‘ So The Salvation Army has just been found out and perceived to be a really valuable and important Organization.

The Government of this country has discovered it, and sent it to a Departmental Committee. The Church has discovered it, the municipal authorities up and down the world have discovered it; and last, but not least, the City of London has discovered it. In fact, The Salvation Army is coming to be known as, and to be seen to be what it professes to be, the friend of the hopeless. Forty years ago, when it commenced in the old burial-ground, to which reference has been made, it was then that I consecrated myself, and my wife and children, and all I possessed to labour for the benefit of the poor and outcast. I resolved that their God should be my God, and their people should be my people. I have travelled in this line until now, when the light and the kindness of the Lord Mayor and City Council beam so beneficently upon me.

'The Salvation Army has followed the injunctions of our Lord, who said when we made our feast we were not to invite those who could invite us back again. In that sense the City Corporation has acted upon that principle in inviting The Salvation Army here to-day. And yet, my Lord Mayor, they may have an invitation, before many days are gone by, to subscribe to the funds for the service of the people.

'But The Army has invited the drunkard, the harlot, the criminal, the pauper, the friendless, the giddy, dancing, frivolous throngs to come and seek God. It has gone to those classes who are not found in the Churches, who are without hope and help, who are friendless. A little time ago I heard of an incident which has relation to the late Boer war, and that will serve to illustrate our position. In one of the besieged cities the people were on the point of starvation, and the rich men met together and resolved to do something to keep them from starving. Money, food, and other things were got together, but difficulty was experienced in distributing them satisfactorily. At last the Episcopalian clergyman got up and said, "All who belong to my communion, follow me." The Methodist, Baptist, and Congregationalist said, "All who come to my chapel, follow me." And I have no doubt the Minister of the Society of Friends, if there was one, said the same.

'Then The Salvation Army Captain's turn came. He said, "All you chaps who belong to nobody, follow me."

‘The Salvation Army is acting on that principle to-day, and I would say here this morning, If there are any chaps here, on the platform or off, who belong to nobody, I shall be very happy if they will follow me.

‘My Lord Mayor, you will be aware that round about this great City there is a sea of misery, vice, and crime. But the more I travel about the world, the more insight I have into the miseries of human kind, the more satisfied I am that a very large measure of it is never known even to the religious and benevolent classes.

‘There the poor wretches are. A great many of them, I can truly say, are in Hell already. They are a disgrace to our civilization—and I am bound to say they are a disgrace to this very centre, this very hub of civilization. They are the despair of our Churches.

‘To these classes The Salvation Army sends out invitations every now and then, “Come, drunk or sober.” Sometimes, when they are drunk, we are able to sober them and get them saved. In fact, not infrequently, we have no chance with them unless they are in a state of intoxication, for there are some people who never get religious except when they are intoxicated.

‘I am not going to say that we always succeed, or that our warfare means unvarying success. That would be impossible; but ours is a real warfare. We are fighting foemen worthy of our steel—the world, the flesh, and the Devil.

‘The religion of The Salvation Army is very simple; any one can understand it. It says to a man, “You must worship God, consecrate yourself to His service, and do what you can for the benefit of those who are round you. You must be good and true and honest and kind, and do all you can for the benefit of your family and friends. You must persevere as the days go by, and so shall you have a peaceful dying-bed and a blissful immortality.”

‘We have done something, my Lord Mayor, to preach that religion up and down the earth, and to reach the godless, Christless crowds with it. We have also done something for the starving poor; for the rescue of women, and to prevent them sinking down to vice and crime; for the inebriate classes, concerning whom I find there is a cloud of hopelessness resting upon magistrates and civil authorities, but with

whom The Salvation Army has to a certain extent succeeded. Indeed, I say sometimes that if the Government would find the means we would undertake to deal with all the drunkards in the British nation. We have done something in many other directions, and hope to be able to do something further still.

‘The business men of this great City say there can be no question that a great work has been accomplished; that the present General has pioneered this movement effectively and successfully for many years; but in time he will pass away. The time, however, has not arrived for that translation. One of the London daily papers, a little time ago, commenting on the honour to be conferred upon me by the City, said the ceremony would be a suitable crowning-stone to my career. I hope, my Lord Mayor, you won’t think me ungrateful in saying so, but I trust it will not be so. I cherish the hope that the years still left to me will be years of harder and more successful work than any that have gone before.

‘But though the General of The Salvation Army will have to pass away—and I hope I will be ready for that event—(we shall all have to pass away, my Lord Mayor, and I trust we shall all be ready)—The Salvation Army, I believe, has come to stay.

‘I believe that so long as the sun and the moon endure this Movement will be found to the front in the direction in which it commenced, and has been going ever since. And I trust that so long as this great City shall last, as long as that high magisterial chair, which is at present so ably filled by your Lordship, is occupied, The Salvation Army will be at work. And in those far-distant times, when the story of this day’s ceremony is rehearsed, I trust The Army will be a greater power for usefulness than ever before.

‘Then men will say, when they look back upon this occasion, the London City Council and the Lord Mayor and Aldermen were justified in the recognition they made of the work, and the honour they bestowed upon the General of The Salvation Army.’

After the ceremony there was a luncheon at the Mansion House, and then a tour was made through the streets of the City :

'Started to visit the different refuges, with shelters and the like, where 5,000 of our submerged fraternity are being regaled with a substantial meal.

'We had several carriages. I was in the leading one. . . . Suddenly one of the pair of horses in our conveyance fell, and one of the pair behind, on being pulled up so short, fell also, and there we were with two horses struggling on the ground. We were soon out and the horses up, and as neither were in any way disabled we were soon off again.

'The sight of so many men and women down so low affected me greatly.'

A few days later William Booth went to his native City of Nottingham :

'The Ceremony of presenting the Freedom of the City followed. The crowds in the street were very great—the Mechanics' Hall was full to its utmost capacity and dreadfully hot. I was much fettered in speaking.

'Tea with the Mayor and a select Company afterwards, leaving at 7 something for London, arrived home about 10 p.m.'

Of a triumphant visit to Germany and Switzerland in November of 1905, he says :

' . . . A wonderful journey it has been. Such a journey as I never expected to travel. . . . We have had crowds and enthusiasm and souls and £1,000 in collections and gate-money, which, considering the prejudice and direct opposition of only a year or two ago, is really a wonderful thing.*

'I am thankful for all. My health has kept up wonderfully. I have not missed an appointment nor has a Meeting missed fire.'

One of those who were with him on this tour, and who wrote descriptions of it in a London newspaper, tells me that he never saw William Booth so moved and impressed by public acclaim as he was on this occasion.

* These, and all such collections and receipts, were for the work in the country in which they were taken.

The Germans were extraordinarily fervorous. Everywhere the General was greeted as a veritable hero. And in the midst of all this turbulence of welcome there was a deep and earnest spirit of real affection.

Writing to Bramwell from Cologne, where twenty years before The Army uniform was hardly tolerated, and where a crimson carpet was now spread for him along the Kaiser's private subway at the railway station, he speaks briefly of all these experiences, and then proceeds to a question much nearer to his heart, the question of the 'Unemployed':

'*The Spade is the solution.* I maintained it 16 years ago. I am stronger for it than ever. Think of the stuff 3 acres of decent land would produce cultivated to the uttermost by the sweat of a man's—not a horse's—or a hired labourer's—but his *own brow*.

'I must wind up—I have said nothing. I shall go in here—and if I can keep off the Catholics' and the Socialists' and the Kaiser's toes I may do some good.'

In an undated scrap of this year—evidently part of a letter to Bramwell, he wrote:

(' Good-bye. Cheer up, General ! All the storms will soon be over with *you*—but what about the poor world you leave behind ?)

Well, we must not only live by faith, but die in faith. God will abide.

' W. B.'

CHAPTER XXIV

IN WHICH THE MODERN MOSES, IN THE CHARACTER
OF EMPIRE-BUILDER, DREAMS OF A PROMISED LAND

1906

FEW dreams that entered the mind of the General in old age were dearer to his affection or became more fibred into his ambition than the dream of a vast Salvation Army Colony in Rhodesia. It was a dream which foreshadowed the fulfilment of that other and far greater dream, the conversion of the world. Our patriarch believed that by an immense plantation of humanity in Rhodesia, a plantation scientifically conceived, scientifically directed, and scientifically developed, he could arrest and capture the attention of the whole world. It was his belief that mankind wanted mothering or shepherding, and he was convinced that he knew how this process should be ordered. His faith in discipline plus spiritual affection was unbounded. He thought that he could make masses of people blissfully happy, and richly prosperous in a State of this kind.

The year 1906 witnessed a sustained effort on the General's part to bring this dream out of the shadows of aspiration and to give it the substance of accomplished fact. His journal and letters are full of this idea. He gave months in London to interviewing South African magnates and British statesmen. We shall see that to the last days of his life he nourished this brave dream

and never wholly despaired of its realization. One must suppose that he often grieved over it in those final days of his blindness and pain. Certainly he passed into the spirit-world stubbornly believing that some day a triumphant Salvation Army Flag would fly in Rhodesia over the happiest community under Heaven.

We find in the early days of January, 1906, the following entries in his journal :

‘Saw Tilden Smith, who reported that at a Meeting of Chartered Company Directors previous night all opposition to giving us every reasonable assistance in the Rhodesian Scheme had vanished.

‘Two Chartered Directors and one or two others came round to see me. There were present Mr. Maguire, Dr. Jameson, Mr. Govett, Mr. Tilden Smith, Mr. Wilson Fox. They were prepared to work in harmony with us so far as they had power, anyway to give land, etc.’

Then comes a note of opposition :

‘Got a letter from Stead, who has been trying to disarm the antagonism of John Burns—but in vain. The latter has got hold of some slanders that he clings to.’

In spite of this, the General pays his court in February to more amenable Ministers :

‘Saw Herbert Gladstone and Winston Churchill in the afternoon. Both very friendly.’

Early in March he called by appointment on Lord Rosebery.

‘His Lordship received me very cordially, and we had quite a free and friendly conversation. He made all sorts of inquiries about the character of our Emigration Work.

‘I gave him a few facts which surprised him not a little. He assured me of his sympathy and of the Rhodes Trust with my Scheme for colonizing Rhodesia, and promised to speak of it at a Meeting which was to take place on the following day.’

The next entry tempts us, when we remember the savage attack once made on the General in the early days of his struggle, to exclaim *tempora mutantur* :

‘By appointment called at “The Times” Office for an interview with Dr. Buckle, the Editor.

‘It is some 16 years ago since I saw the Doctor in the same building. Then he was cold, hard, and apparently unsympathetic—on this occasion he was as far the opposite as is almost possible.

‘My errand was to ascertain something of the attitude “The Times” would take with reference to my Rhodesian Scheme if it came to the front.

‘I started right away with the purpose of my call and explained its character, how it came about, and noted some of the benefits it promised to the country.

‘The Doctor assented most heartily to all I said, proposed to send a gentleman on his staff to gather further particulars and the judgment of the different parties mixed up with the scheme so as to be able to present a fair introductory (?) article to the public.

‘I said we were not quite ready for that, but on being so would send the information along.

‘With promises of strict confidence and assurances of good wishes, a very agreeable interview closed.’

We are glad to think that Mr. Buckle gave this interview to William Booth, for it is impossible to associate his kind, benignant, and tolerant nature with the cruelty of those persistent attacks in the early days of The Salvation Army.

The journal continues :

‘Interview with Captain Wise, representing the S.A.C. He was with Hellberg and Jacobs through Rhodesia. In fact, has been engaged by the company to push Emigration.

‘He is intelligent, has had a good deal of experience in Small Holdings, and thinks very highly indeed of Rhodesia and of our scheme for it.

‘I said plainly to him at parting that I thought that if the S.A.C. intended putting any money into Emigration they should assist me and not start some Competition Scheme just

as we got afloat. He promised that he would represent my view to the Directors.

‘Called by appointment on Lord Elgin, the Colonial Secretary, *re* Rhodesia.

‘He was very friendly and appeared interested in my plan—but had no money at his command, which I frankly told him was the sort of assistance I required. He said he would let his people consider the memorandum I left him, thanked me very cordially for calling, and there the matter will end I fancy.’

Thus, he goes on stubbornly fighting for his scheme, and shrewdly estimating the character of those who smiled upon it—no dreamer less disposed to be dazzled by a promise.

In May he sees the Prime Minister :

‘Interview with Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman at Whitehall.

‘Received me in a most friendly manner. Had a long talk *re* Rhodesian Scheme and our Army Operations generally.

‘Interview lasted an hour and a quarter, and when I apologized for detaining him so long he would not have it that it was any inconvenience ; he said the obligation was all on the other side ; he was grateful for my being at the trouble to see him and give him the information I had done.

‘Among other things, he remarked that it was perfectly appalling, using the word twice over, that we should be doing so great a work with our limited resources, while organizations with so much wealth and power should be spending their strength on useless contention, etc., etc.

‘Altogether, I think the interview must be productive of further good, although he did not make any promise of practical help in the shape of money for my scheme.

‘However, he promised consideration, and I believe he will give it and do something if it is to be done.’

In September we read :

‘Dr. Jameson called—very hearty—very anxious for the success of the R. Scheme. They have a Meeting to-morrow of the Chartered Board. Said, “Send me your terms and I will put them through.”



ON A MOTOR CAMPAIGN (1906)

(His eldest grandchild, Lieut.-Colonel Catherine Booth, is seen with him)

'The Chartered Company have accepted our proposals for the contract and given us some of the privileges we ask for. Dr. Jameson has served us efficiently in this respect. His heart is evidently with our scheme.

'Found Sir John Dickson-Poynder, M.P.,* waiting me at H.Q. He is considered a great man on African Colonization questions. I found him most genial and much interested.'

In December the following article appeared in 'The Mining World,' the first reference in journalism, we believe, to William Booth's effect on the stock markets:

'General Booth has his eyes on Rhodesia. He does not think the time has yet come when a Salvation Army Colony can be established there, but he is evidently of opinion that it will come. It is perhaps out of place—and yet, why should it be?—to refer in a purely class paper such as this to the religious and social work of General Booth and the immense organizations that he, almost alone, has been the means of creating. The commencement of The Salvation Army, as the General himself would admit, was on Mile End Waste. . . . It was on this waste ground, and practically alone, that General Booth commenced The Salvation Army, the name and work of which are renowned throughout the earth. We will not go further into the matter than to express our deep conviction that, since the days of Peter the Hermit, there has not arisen in the religious and social world a man greater than General Booth. We are not forgetting John Wesley or Whitefield, Luther, or Father Mathew. We believe that 50 years hence, when much of the prejudice and passion his work has excited in our own times has died its natural death, General Booth will be ranked by the historian as the leading religious and social reformer of several centuries of the Christian era.'

Something of a check was given to this great scheme by the sudden illness and death of George Herring. There is no doubt that William Booth liked this man, for he was always drawn to rough and original characters, whatever their faith might be and whatever their habits.

* Now Lord Islington.

And George Herring was real enough, a man who made no religious professions, but did in his own way many acts of noble kindness, going to some pains to see that he was not duped in the business. But apart from his liking for George Herring, and in spite of his knowledge that Herring was opposed to this particular scheme, William Booth had built many financial hopes on him, hopes which were dashed to the ground by his unexpected death.

In all the extraordinary activities of this period there are times when the General turns his face away from the things of earth and dreams wistfully of Heaven. He writes to Bramwell, from Paddington Station :

‘ . . . I wish I could have a little more time for *meditation* about *Eternal* things. I must not let my soul get dried up with secular affairs—even though they concern the highest earthly interest of my fellows. After all, *soul* matters are of infinite importance and are really most closely concerned with earthly advantages.’

This letter is signed, ‘Your affectionate *Father*,’ the word *Father* being underlined three times. As a rule, his letters to his children are signed, ‘Your affectionate General.’

Sometimes he wonders if he has done well in striving to use the mammon of unrighteousness for his great and holy purposes :

‘ . . . I am very flat this morning and have been feeling unutterably *lonely*. Surely, surely, I am as a *pelican* in a wilderness—no, not in a wilderness, but among a multitude of other pelicans or something ! Imagery breaks down, so I must turn to *hard work as my consolation*. Perhaps we have been wrong in our journeys down to Egypt. Only think to whom we have gone for help. . . .’

And here follow the names of some famous men for whose manner of living the General evidently entertained very small respect.

One of his letters to Bramwell from Scotland shows us how he was still sighing after the souls of the wretched, and how he was always happy in breaking new ground :

‘ I began with the prison at Inverness and was greatly moved by the Service. Oh, if we had only an open door to these people and power over them in our own hands, what might we not do for them !

‘ I did a simple talk and they cried like children, I believe if we could have had a penitent-form three-quarters of them would have come out ; one of the first extras I shall do after this campaign will be to find out one of the big prisons where I can do a Meeting on our own lines.’

One of the most interesting letters of this year was one addressed to William Booth from Toronto by Professor Goldwin Smith. This letter is chiefly interesting, of course, because of its writer ; but it also seems to us to express very simply and admirably the particular estimation in which William Booth was now held by all liberal-minded people, whatever their opinions might be on the subject of dogmatic theology :

‘ MY DEAR GENERAL BOOTH,—This will reach you long after your birthday, of which I have only just seen the notice. But if it is behind other expressions of feeling on the occasion in time, it will not be behind them in heartiness. I have always thought with pleasure of my meeting with you here, and I earnestly hope that you may be long spared to carry on your work, the happy effects of which in redeeming from vice and misery it seems to me impossible to doubt. It is a signal testimony to the spiritual power of the Founder of Christendom that so many centuries after His death such a work should be done under His inspiration and in His name. I read the other day the assertion that the name of Caesar was the greatest in history. There is at least one in history greater than Caesar’s and far more beneficent : that name under which The Salvation Army has been arrayed.—Yours very truly,

‘ GOLDWIN SMITH.’

CHAPTER XXV

FROM INTERVIEWS WITH ROYALTIES WILLIAM
BOOTH PASSES TO THE BANZAI OF JAPAN, ENTERS
THE FIRST SHADOWS OF BLINDNESS, AND RECEIVES
THE HON. D.C.L. (OXON.) DEGREE

1907

THE journal of 1907 begins late in January :

‘ Arrived safe at Copenhagen at about 10.30 a.m.

‘ Press interviews at 11 a.m.

‘ Interview with the King and Queen in the afternoon.
. . . Most friendly. . . Interview lasted, to the amazement
of the Equerry and the people in the ante-room, an hour
and a quarter.

‘ The King expressed his interest in The Army and the
pleasure with which he regarded our success.’

Then follows the charming conclusion :

‘ I advised him in the most unassuming manner I could.’

The journal continues :

‘ I was much impressed by the Queen. She appeared to be
rather a serious personage. Dressed very neatly without any
attempt to do the grand or queenly. Both expressed again
and again their admiration of our work, and their sympathy
with me.’

From Christiania (now Oslo), he writes :

‘ Meeting in the Royal Opera House at 1 p.m. Fine
audience—a real representation of the leading people of the
City. Much liberty and great acceptance. Spoke an hour and

three-quarters. At the close, the Vice-President of the Parliament rose spontaneously from his place, and gave expression to the thanks of the congregation for the Lecture, their admiration of our work, and their sympathy with the General.

‘The entire audience rose to endorse the sentiment.’

His following visit to Stockholm resulted in a friendly conversation with that very admirable, good, and charming woman, the late Queen of Sweden :

‘Afternoon at 3.30. Interview with the Queen. The King is too ill to see any one. One of the attendants in the outer chamber of the Castle told Colonel —— (travelling with me) that His Majesty had intended to come into the room when the Queen met me during the Interview, but he was too ill to face this slight ordeal. I found Her Majesty a very superior woman—to me she was a genuine surprise.

‘She appeared to me to be very religious, and religious with the Religion of The Salvation Army ; believing in a conscious Salvation coming direct from God Almighty, and not ashamed to avow it. With a perfectly free and easy manner. I felt interested in her right away.

‘Our Colonel D., who met the Queen two or three years ago, calculated on her being somewhat stiff and “proper,” and was surprised to hear that when I came to the door of her room she gave me her hand and at once began to congratulate me on the success of The Army.

‘Right away through the Interview her intelligence on the questions discussed, and her desire to learn more about our methods, the pleasure with which she listened to my stories of conversion, were really delightful. Indeed, she spoke about Religion as though she had been a Salvationist herself.’

He went to Canada in March, and in the following entry in his journal at Toronto we get not only a further impression of his popularity, and not only a very amusing comment on ‘gloved and dressed-up’ ladies, but the first reference in all his numerous writings to trouble with his eyes :

' 3.30 p.m. Set apart for speaking at Legislature. On arrival I found it was proposed to dissolve the Assembly in order to give the Members an opportunity of shaking hands with me, and also to furnish me with the opportunity of speaking to the House.

' Accordingly, after a few preliminaries, the Premier, preceded by his Mace-Bearer, came out to meet me in the Ante-Chamber. Mr. V., a fine-looking man, welcomed me in a most genial manner, and at once conducted me into the House. This sudden move was quite unexpected both on my own part and on that of the friends who intended to confer with me first before introducing me. The House was crowded with the full complement of Members—who occupied the seats on both sides—but they flocked down to the floor of the House, shook hands with me one by one, with an introduction by the Premier, then, on reseating, Mr. Whitney made a remark or two of further introduction from the Speaker's Dais, and then I had to rise and make an harangue. I did fairly well, saying most of the things I wanted to say. A vote of thanks was made by the Speaker, seconded by the Leader of the Opposition, and the function closed.

' We went straight off to the Central Prison to have a cup of tea, as I thought, with Dr. Gilmore, one of our true Canadian friends—the Governor of the Prison—but instead of a quiet talk with him I found the Prison Committee, who had accompanied me from the House, and another Official Personage or two with quite a lot of ladies, gloved and dressed-up for afternoon tea—most of whom flocked into the Prison and sat during my address, much to my annoyance.

' There were 250 short-time men present, whose term of imprisonment would be under 2 years.

' I talked to them, I think, with convincing power; but only having half-an-hour, what could I do? I shall be curious to know what satisfactory results follow.

' Without a pause we rode off to the Canadian Club. A Banquet had been arranged—there were parties of 200 in each room. After the eating, they all gathered up in one. . . . Every corner was crowded with humanity, all of them, they say, being doctors, lawyers, and leading business men, mostly young, with some middle-aged people.

' It was an interesting gathering. I was very tired. It

was my 14th Meeting in less than six days. My eyes failed me for reading my notes, so I plunged in anyhow, and Eadie reckons it was the best speech he ever heard me make of the kind.

'I got into a lively cue, cannoned off the Chairman's remarks, and certainly pleased every one present; hope I did some good. The Chairman thought I had talked half-an-hour—in reality I had spoken one hour and forty minutes.'

At Ottawa he encounters more of earth's great ones, and writes in the character of 'some strange animal':

'Captain Newton, one of Earl Grey's A.D.Cs, met us at the town station with a carriage and two footmen in wonderful bear-skin capes and caps which looked quite formidable.

'We were soon at Government House, an extensive and comfortable old building. The Earl gave us a very friendly greeting and I lunched with the family, the company consisting of the usual household. Major Pond, Captain Newton, Lady Morley, who is Her Excellency's sister—together with the Earl's two daughters, and the Postmaster-General, completed the party.

'They seemed to regard me with the utmost curiosity, as though I were some strange animal imported from some far-away region! However, I got through the function, had a little talk with the Earl about arrangements, and got away to my room.

'The suite of rooms allotted me were admirable and very comfortable.

'I had expected to meet Sir Wilfrid Laurier and some other leading persons of the community, but no arrangements had been made, so nothing of the sort happened beyond an interview with Mr. Whitney, who is brother to the Premier of Ontario.'

One of Lord Grey's daughters gave me an interesting account of this visit. General Booth, she said, kept to his own apartments, as a general rule, but on the evening of his departure, while they were in the midst of a great dinner-party, one of the members of his Staff came in to

announce that the General wished to bid good-bye to his host and hostess. 'After he had shaken hands with my father and mother,' says this lady, 'the General suddenly announced that he was going to pray, and then and there we all had to get up and kneel down at our chairs, while flunkeys in scarlet stood with dishes in their hands like so many statues looking down at us. I am afraid a great many people, overcome by the oddity of the situation, had to put their handkerchiefs to their mouths; but no sooner had we got up from our knees, the ladies in their silks and diamonds, and the men in their uniforms and Orders, than my father exclaimed with the greatest enthusiasm and with immense earnestness, 'Wasn't that a beautiful prayer? I think that was the most beautiful prayer I ever listened to!'''

The journal goes on :

'At 1 p.m., the Canadian Club, to which the Earl accompanied me, and spoke very eulogistically of our Social Operations. Sir Wilfrid Laurier sat on my left hand, but did not stay to the speaking.

'I rambled on a few topics when my turn came, but did not say anything of any account.

'At 3.30, by arrangement, I went down to the Parliament Buildings, where Sir Wilfrid Laurier introduced me to the Members of his Cabinet, while the Speaker introduced me to the Members of both Houses.

'It was a very nice, kindly, homely affair. I don't think there was much in it, however, neither can I see anything particularly useful at the end of it.

'At night I talked in the Great Opera House, a large building, packed from floor to ceiling. The Earl and his family were present, also his household, together with most of the Members of both Houses, and altogether we had a good time.

'I talked for one hour and a half with all my might, and at the end of the evening parted with the Earl, who was quite affectionate, and then went straight to my car.

' Afternoon, met the Attorney-General, Mr. Colin Campbell. They are building a new prison, and want us to take control of the prisoners, which may prove a new and important departure. Mr. Campbell studied law in the offices of our Solicitors at Toronto, and therefore knows something about us ; he is a very nice fellow. His wife was sick in bed, and so could not come to see me, but sent her little son, four years old, for me to lay my hands upon and give him my blessing, which I did, while the tears stood in his father's eyes.'

During his stay in Winnipeg he makes an entry in his journal on the subject of Old-age Pensions. His policy, of course, was one of prevention. He believed that Old Age could be prosperous and self-respecting :

' If they would lend a million to benefit those who will come upon the Pension Fund, it would be a deal more sensible ; but it is the Socialistic phantom that will lure them to destruction !'

He goes on to tell an interesting story of a burglar :

' Interview with Chief Judge Howell of Manitoba, and Mr. Bayertz, the editor of the "Dunedin Triad." The Chief Judge is a real nice and capable man. I thought especially well of his heart and ability because his views so nearly coincide with mine in the treatment of criminals !

' He told me a good story of a man who lived by crime for 30 years. He was just passing a two years' sentence upon him, and asked him why, considering he had ability, he gave up living in an honest manner, and preferred the criminal profession. He answered, " Well, largely, loneliness. It was the excitement of the thing that held me." He asked the Judge, " Do you ever gamble ? " The Judge said " No." " Because," said he, " it is the excitement of gambling that makes men run such risks. And my life is the most exciting of all. No one can tell, except those who have actually followed the trade of the fascination there is in the life of a burglar. What with first getting into the house, creeping about the room, searching for jewellery and money, and taking it often from under the very pillow of the sleeper, and

then the excitement of getting away again, and the police and so on, and you are not more than out of one adventure than you are looking for another."

'No doubt there is a great deal in this, and perhaps what we put down to the miseries of life, and the fear of punishment, is but part of the spell that binds the criminal to his life.'

At Seattle we have this interesting experience :

'On the way to the boat, — who was riding on the box, was told the following story. The driver said he came from Lincolnshire. — said, "My word, there is a good deal of difference between Lincolnshire and Seattle." "Yes," said the driver, "I come from Spalding. Do you know Spalding? Well," he continued, "old Mr. Shadford said to me, laying his hand on my shoulder before I left there—20 years back that is—'My boy, if ever you meet with the Rev. William Booth, and you are in trouble, he will help you'; and now fancy, I am driving the old gentleman himself."'

He spent his 78th birthday on board ship in the Pacific on his way from Vancouver to Japan :

'The birthday function came off and I had a really good time in talking, and gave them a lot of Salvation, which was most heartily received.'

He reaches Kyoto on May 8th :

'Immense concourse of people, including students and military cadets, met me at the station. The Governor and Mayor welcomed me in the name of the City, and Colonel Lino, of the Japanese Imperial Army, and a hero of the last War with China, and wearing about a dozen medals on his breast, led me to a stand erected for the occasion, round which the crowd gathered, shouting and beating a pair of brass cymbals as he went.

'After speaking to the people, I was driven in the Governor's carriage to my billet, and for the space of two miles the roads were lined with people all more or less friendly. Many British as well as Japanese flags were displayed up and down the line of route.

' I lectured at night. The City Hall was jammed in every corner. . . . The Audience was very enthusiastic, which is the more remarkable considering that Kyoto is counted the Headquarters (in Japan) of the Buddhist religion.

' At night I addressed a meeting composed entirely of Students from the various Colleges. The Hall was gorged, never being so full before, I was told. The Manager was afraid that the Galleries would come down with the weight of the people. Dr. Harrada, the President of the Doshissa College, the largest in Japan of its kind, acted as Chairman.

. . .
' It was one of the most intensely interesting meetings of my life. I don't attempt to describe it; that would be impossible for me or any one else to do. . . .

' I lay awake that night with my heart thrilling with the excitement caused by the sense of the night's opportunity I had been faced with, and wondering whether I ought not to have brought out the penitent-form and gone for Salvation right away.'

Then at Kobe :

' Held two of the most remarkable Meetings in my experience. In the Prayer Meetings no less than 500 people came on to the stage seeking with cries and tears the Salvation of God.

' People came for Salvation who had not so much as read or heard of Christ by name, and who had therefore the dimmest notion of Salvation.

' Some of the incidents were very affecting, and proved the reality and depth of the repentance of the weeping crowds.

' In the midst of the rush for Mercy, a Lady Missionary came to me and said : " O General, here is a dear old man seeking God. He says he never heard of Christianity before, but that now his heart is like the General's heart, and he wants to shake hands with you and then go home and tell his children the good news."

' Of course I gave my hand to the dear old man, which he grasped and kissed in a most reverent manner.

' At night there was an equally touching incident. An interesting young girl was pointed out to me on the stage in the evening Meeting. She had found Salvation in the

afternoon, and now she appeared with a face beaming with peace and joy, leading her Grandmother to the Saviour, an old woman of 84. It was a lovely sight.

‘The rush of the young men to the mercy-seat at the onset was most thrilling.

‘There had been no manifestation of special excitement all the way through my address, and the closing part of it was particularly solemn. Every one had their eyes fixed in attention, or closed in thought, and when the invitation was given there was a few moments’ dead silence. Then two or three braver than the rest came out and the audience could contain themselves no longer ; three or four Japanese Pastors rose up and called out to the people to come and seek God, and before we knew where we were, the great Stage was covered with weeping men and women.

‘My Staff say that never before did they see such a sobbing crowd or witness so many flowing tears.

‘In one corner thirteen young women were counted, all weeping together.’

This triumph was destined to meet with determined opposition :

‘Farewell Meeting in the Theatre, our finish-up in Japan, has been spoilt by fanatics. An outburst on the part of some Buddhist Devotees, I suppose. . . .

‘Indignation Meetings have been held . . . the Police have been no little disturbed, and it is said they have cause to be.

‘At one of the Tokio Meetings 1,500 people assembled ; there was much disorder, and when it was stated that General Booth wanted to force Jesus on the nation, some people shrieked out : “ Kill the General.” Others replied : “ No, don’t kill his body, but kill his soul,” and many more things of the same sort.

‘. . . The Police persuaded us to abandon the intended Good-bye Meeting in a large square near the Theatre, and from which we were to have been driven to the Station. Instead of this, we simply said good-bye to the Mayor, Baron Shibusawa, and a few friends at the Station, and so moved straight on to Yokohama, the place of our embarkation.

‘I felt no little desire to visit the Chinese and Russian Ambassadors ; my people, however, did not think it would

be worth my while so to do, especially seeing that every moment of my time was fully occupied.

‘ However, when I heard that Captain Smythe—one of the European Officers—had been kindly received when calling to sell Tickets, and was even allowed to pray with the Russian Ambassador and his Lady, I said I must run in on my way to the Station.

‘ Accordingly, an appointment was made. . . . We were received with great kindness by the Chinese Ambassador, who appeared to be a very kindly, intelligent, and sympathetic person. We had only a few moments, but there was time for a little real pleasant conversation. His Excellency assured me that he would help so far as he had ability, especially should I visit China.

‘ From the Chinese to the Russian Embassy was not very far ; here we were received and entertained in a most genial fashion, although we only remained about ten minutes. The Ambassador used very good English, and he spoke thoughtfully and sympathetically as to our entrance to Russia, and promised to help me in any effort I might be led to make. I was very much impressed with both these gentlemen, especially the latter. It is not often I meet men in so high rank and position who appear to be so unpretending.’

He picks up his triumph as he goes along :

‘ Okayama. Received magnificent reception from Governor of Province, Mayor, and if not the entire adult population of the place, a very fair representation of it. After the crowd at the station, for nearly two miles the streets were lined with all manner and conditions of people.’

He writes to Bramwell :

‘ I love the people very much already, there seems such a combination of simplicity and dignity about them—such an anxiety to improve themselves and their country—that you cannot help but admire them if you have any simplicity of soul yourself.’

‘ The welcome by the Nobles and leading people of the City yesterday afternoon was a wonderful affair. The richest man in Japan—at least they say he is—read an address of

welcome. Count Okuma, one of the highest nobles and one of the most eloquent men in the Country, presided, while the Governor of the Province initiated the Proceedings.

‘ Marshal Oyama sat by my side.

‘ This morning I have called on the Prime Minister, the Mayor, the Governor, and Count Okuma. This afternoon I have seen the Minister for Foreign Affairs, Baron Hayashi, and Baron Goto. Nothing could exceed the kindness of these people or the affection they expressed for me and The Army.

‘ I see the Emperor to-morrow morning, D.V. . . . We have a message from His Majesty that there is no need to impose any restrictions upon me about my dress.

‘ We have just had a note from Mr. Lowther* saying that he will send his carriage round for me in the morning and will accompany me to the audience with the Emperor. Baron Hayashi thought the introduction would be a very formal affair ; that the Emperor had to walk very carefully, having so many different interests, religious and otherwise, centring in himself.’

There is no account of this interview with the Emperor in his journal, but he gave a personal version of the ceremony in the following circular-letter to his grandchildren :

‘ . . . Among the most interesting incidents of this Campaign, if not the most important, has been my audience with the Emperor.

‘ When first proposed, the suggestion was thought impossible. So great is the reverence, and so profound the devotion felt by the entire nation for His Majesty, and so unusual is it for any but princes of kingly blood or the direct representatives of friendly Governments to be admitted into the royal presence, that it was thought very improbable that a simple individual like myself should be allowed so great a privilege as to stand in the presence of His Majesty. My only claims for such a distinction were simply religion and philanthropy, and seeing that my religion was foreign to the nation, and my philanthropy but little known in Japan, it could hardly be expected that these should be thought of sufficient importance to secure for me so great a distinction.

* Now Sir Henry Crofton Lowther.

' However, the event proved that we had been mistaken in our forebodings. No sooner had the wish been expressed by my dear people than it received a ready compliance.

' The British Ambassador was the proper person to introduce me, but as he was in England the duty fell upon his representative, Mr. Lowther, who accompanied me to the Palace at the appointed hour.

' We were ushered into a room of considerable dimensions ; here we were joined by another gentleman, also in Court dress, and then the Master of Ceremonies left us for a moment. I suppose he went to see if all were in order. During his absence we had a little chat with the newcomer, from whom we gathered that he had studied in England at the Cambridge University.

' Then the Master of Ceremonies returned and conducted us through another long passage, out of which we passed into a room at the further end of which His Majesty was standing with his interpreter by his side, whilst to left and right stood three gorgeously-apparelled individuals who appeared to belong to his personal retinue.

' Although His Majesty was wearing what, I suppose, would be styled royal costume, with various stars, representing different Orders, glittering on his breast, there was nothing particularly showy about his appearance. But I was so taken up with the study of His Majesty's countenance that I had but little time or inclination for the study of his clothes.

' His face appeared, during the few moments I had the opportunity of observing him, to indicate determination, strength, and kindness. His eyes were bright and piercing, and their fixed gaze seemed to show interest and curiosity in his strange visitor. His hands twitched a little nervously, as though his mind was involuntarily saying, " Come along, why this delay ? Get the ceremony over."

' Now the British Representative advanced and, in a few words, translated by the royal interpreter, formally introduced me.

' With a soft, kindly, and musical voice the Emperor, through his interpreter, said that he had heard of the good work of which I was the leader, expressed his sympathy with it, and then made a few personal inquiries as to the time I had been in the country, and the length of my further stay.

‘ Then, with a few words on my part expressing my thanks for the privilege of the interview, and my gratitude for the friendship of His Majesty’s representatives with my people in their loving labours, I bowed myself from the royal presence, and the interview closed.’

In June of this year he received the honorary degree of D.C.L. at Oxford, making a friendly acquaintance with Lord Curzon, who had written to him with regard to the matter in the following terms :

‘ This is probably one of the few honours which you would be willing to accept. To me it would be an even higher honour to be the instrument of conferring it : for I should like the famous and ancient University, of which I am now the Head, and which has played so notable a part in the history of our country—to have the privilege of setting its seal upon the noble work that you have done for so many years, and are continuing to do, for the people of all countries—a work excelled in range and beneficence by that of no living man. No speech will be required ; only the cap, hood, and gown (which can be hired for the morning), and the ceremony itself.’

In the autumn he again visited the United States and met with another ‘ hurricane ’ welcome. He writes in Chicago on October 7th :

‘ Met Press Club at noon, with 250 present, made up of Literary men, Publishers, and the like. It was quite an important Meeting. It appears I am an honorary member of this Club, which fact I had forgotten. The complimentary speeches, and the kindly feelings expressed, nearly knocked all the talking out of me.

‘ 1.30. Met the President in company with Eva, by special invitation.

‘ The last time I lunched at the White House I met nearly all the members of the Cabinet and there were no ladies, but on this occasion I suppose they thought the presence of Eva—one lady—demanded the presence of others also.

‘ Whether their company made the interview more profitable or not it certainly did not render it any the less agreeable.

‘ On entering we were welcomed by an attendant who took charge of our wraps, then we shook hands with a couple of other gentlemen of whom we had no knowledge, and then, conducted by a youthful-looking Cavalry Officer—a Captain Ney by name—into an inner room, we found Commissioner McFarland and his lady with Mrs. Cortelyou.

‘ At this point, accompanied by Captain Ney, the President came in with a nice little friendly bounce, and shook hands all round, and then commenced a conversation, but had not proceeded far before Mrs. Roosevelt, dressed up in what I suppose would be considered a luxurious and gorgeous fashion, entered the apartment.

‘ I had not met her before ; she did the lady of the house in a very cheerful manner, and we formed up, the President and his Lady leading the way.

‘ A great deal was said and a good many questions were asked that showed that the President was interested in The Salvation Army. Amongst other things he expressed his curiosity as to the way The Army in one nationality dealt with that of another in the way of government. He did not see how the American could deal with the English, and the German with the Scot, and so on, and so on.

‘ Commissioner McFarland interposed the remark, “ Interesting as this subject is, I am sure the President would be pleased to hear about the Oxford Function ; would the General sketch it out ? All about Lord Curzon, and so on.”

‘ The President at once said, “ Yes, General, I would like to hear about it very much.” Whereupon I described the scene, in all of which details he appeared much interested.

‘ Then came on another suggestion from McFarland, saying that some facts concerning my recent visit to Japan would surely be of interest to the President. This gave me the opportunity of describing my visit and also giving my own convictions with regard to that country, specially dwelling upon the quiet manner in which the nation took their recent triumph in the late war.

‘ I ventured to make the suggestion that this was the opportunity for the nation dealing with Japan to cultivate friendliness, specially in view of the possible coming power and activity of China ; to which the President made the very natural reply for a man in his position, that he thought it

would pay to cultivate friendliness with China, and then the conversation wandered away again to the future of The Army, and so on, until the hour had passed and the signal was given for adjournment.

‘ We rose to our feet, the President took my hands in his, and assured me of the pleasure the visit had given him, and with a general handshake we parted.’

At Philadelphia he had John Wanamaker for chairman of his Meeting, a man of superabundant energy, great kindness of heart, and the most charming manner—always giving his visitor the impression that he has nothing to do.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE GENERAL DOES A LITTLE LOBBYING, FALLS
AMONG POLITICIANS, SHAKES HANDS WITH A BISHOP
AND A POLICE-INSPECTOR, AND UNDERGOES HIS
FIRST OPERATION

1908

In April, 1908, William Booth received disquieting news about his great scheme :

‘ London letters anything but pleasant reading ; among the rest was a copy of Hawkesley’s letter to Ranger declaring that the Chartered Company could not carry out their intention in providing the money promised to work the Rhodesian Scheme, so there is an end once more to my Colony-over-the-Sea dream. . . . ’

We shall see, however, that he revived from this disappointment. But while he had not abandoned the hope of this great project, his soul was still ruled by the supreme idea of his life, the conversion of men’s wills to the will of God. He writes to Bramwell :

‘ I thought again as I was speaking last night that nearly all the things I said that cut into the hearts of the people, and the incidents I produced for their wondering amazement, were the result of Blood-and-Fire Salvation ; the Social is the bait, but it is Salvation that is the hook that lands the fish.

‘ Then again, what a thing it would be if, after a life’s struggle to keep clear of Political Agitation, I am going to land my People in the bosom of the Liberal Party, and make

eternal enemies of the Conservatives and Publicans—shutting the door in our own faces that leads to their souls, and promises their Salvation.

‘And yet, and yet, and yet I feel we must make a Declaration, and a Declaration we will make.* How it is to be done I cannot now stop to inquire.

‘I feel that my days are numbered, and I want to spend them in real work, and not upon plans that will be dashed aside almost before they are placed upon paper.

‘We have to do the best we can with the tools that are to our hand, as all leaders of revolutions of all kinds have had to do before us. It is no use our worrying ourselves into the grave on the subject. I fancy sometimes in the World to Come we shall see that we were in error in wanting to do so much in so short a space of time.’

Throughout the whole of this period he longed again and again to be rid of patronage and free to lead a fierce and uncompromising attack against evil and indifference. Nevertheless, he was, now and then, gratified by an original compliment :

‘Earl Carrington† moved the vote of thanks in very neat and well-chosen language, saying, among other things, that amongst his most esteemed friends were Cardinal Manning, the Bishop of London, and General Booth. To him, the first represented Faith, the second Hope, and the third Charity ; and he thought he might be allowed to say in Scriptural phrase, the greatest of these is Charity.’

We must now follow the General for a time as he sets out to capture the politicians for his Rhodesian Scheme. He begins modestly with an old and well-tried friend :

‘Hitchin was reached in due course, where the Meeting was presided over by Sir John Gorst, who made some very kindly remarks bearing on The Army and the General.

‘Sir John is an old friend. For 20 years or more he has

* This refers to the Licensing Bill of that year.

† Now the Marquis of Lincolnshire.

not only been ever ready to stand up in our defence, whether in the House of Commons or on the public platform, in the columns of "The Times" or elsewhere, but to urge upon Governments and authorities generally the value to the community of our Social plans and enterprises.

'Since I saw him last he has visited New Zealand, and gathered some valuable information respecting our operations in those countries. I was glad to see Sir John once more and to find him apparently more vigorous than when we met before. Interested in the Garden City, Letchworth, where he had built himself a snug little villa where the experiment is being tried. Here I lunched with him after the Meeting. On parting he assured me that he would be pleased to do anything helpful to The Army's interests that lay within his power. He made me the same promise 17 years ago and he has proved true to his word.'

From this point we are suddenly projected into the more exalted political circles, the General's journal for July 28th beginning in a manner which will excite the envy of the *feuilletoniste* :

"Earl Rosebery can see the General at 6 o'clock this evening at Berkeley Square. Wire reply."

'Such was the message received in the midst of a Council on Foreign Affairs, at Hadley Wood.

'At a few minutes to six I was at the door of the Berkeley Square Mansion, and immediately the bell was rung his Lordship opened the door himself. I had naturally expected the usual uniformed attendant, and was consequently somewhat taken aback at the Earl's presence. At first I thought I must be mistaken, thinking that my imperfect eyes must have deceived me; but there was no mistake, as the footman, a tall young fellow in a fashionable dress, came running out to discharge the task, but too late. His Lordship, with a friendly greeting, led the way into a large room, which had the appearance of a superior business office, offering me tea, and the choice of another room or the garden, and generally trying to make me feel that I was welcome.

'I plunged into the reason for the call I was making. My Rhodesian Colonization Scheme after slumbering for a

season had revived, and I wanted his Lordship's advice on the matter.

'Before I had got well started with the explanatory reason for my visit his Lordship informed me that the coffers of the Rhodesian Trust were absolutely empty. In fact, he said, "We are bankrupt; no, not bankrupt, but insolvent." "Not so bad as that," I suggested. "Well, we are only just able to pay our way." But it was only a temporary difficulty following on the American Financial trouble, I suggested, and in another year all would be rectified. "Yes," he admitted, "it might be so."

'Stating that I had not come to ask for money, but for advice, I started to explain how that my journey to Africa was planned on the supposition that this scheme of colonization was going to be carried out, together with the prospects of a large amount of unemployment in this country, which had reawakened the desire to find a home for some of these workless people in Rhodesia, and in order to do this I wondered if there was any hope of securing the Government aid that had been refused me during the previous year.

'He asked me several questions bearing on the topic, and then said, "Well, I advise you to see the Chancellor of the Exchequer," remarking that the question belonged to his province.

"Mr. Lloyd George," he said, "has an open mind, and is both willing and able to take up new subjects. I was talking to him this afternoon in the House of Lords." His Lordship did not say that my Rhodesian Scheme was in any way connected with the subject of that conversation, but what has happened since then made me think that it was.

'Our conversation ranged over several subjects, including stories of some remarkable reclamations we had succeeded in effecting—one of which was that of the young sub-editor of the ——. This incident evidently impressed him, and I shall not forget the abstracted and intensely earnest look with which he gazed upwards as though the story awakened in him thoughts of some other wanderer in whose well-being he felt more than ordinary interest.

'The interview had now lasted over an hour, and I rose to leave. Several times his Lordship assured me of the pleasure the conversation had given him, and as we shook

hands he said: "Go and see Mr. Lloyd George; send me your autographed photograph, and don't go to South Africa."

'He had more than once during our conversation urged on me the duty of taking care of myself, and it was on that ground he thought the journey involved a risk that ought not to be taken.

'As Colonel ——, who had waited for me in the outer room, asked the footman to call me a hansom, his Lordship said, "No, here is my car at your service," and again saying, "Go and see Lloyd George," on the steps of his mansion I bade him "Good-bye."

Lord Rosebery soon afterwards left for the Goodwood Races, and the General found his way to Hadley Wood.

This ending, we venture to think, is full worthy of the beginning. A few 'Extra Notes' are appended to this account:

' "Is not such a journey a risk for you to take?"

' "I never stay to consider risks when Duty calls," was my natural reply.

' We talked of John Burns. "He is not a Socialist," his Lordship insisted, etc.

' The danger arising out of the spread of Socialism.

' The appalling distress.

' Emigration, etc.

' The impossibility of forming a moderate Political Party caused by the Caucus Electoral system.'

On the following day the General called upon Mr. Lloyd George at the House of Commons. The reader, we think, will agree that while these accounts of extremely interesting conversations are marred by an unmistakable sense of future publication, nevertheless, few diarists of our time have left behind them more entertaining, at any rate more original, records of their encounters with famous people:

' At five, with the burning sun flaring in our faces, I drove down the Embankment with Colonel ——, alighted at the

entrance, and passed into the far-famed British Houses of Parliament.

'The Policeman guarding the doors saluted me, the retiring visitors who had been regaling their eyes on the wonders of the building, with occasional glances at the Members, saluted me, M.Ps sauntering about saluted me—everybody saluted me.

'On my A.D.C. sending in my name we were ushered—not into the Chancellor's private office, but on to the far-famed Terrace.

'On the way down the stairs the Colonel said, "Here is Mr. Winston Churchill," and sure enough, on looking round, there were the piercing eyes and glowing countenance of the President of the Board of Trade.

'As he came along I said, "Oh, I don't want to meet Mr. Churchill except in a room with seconds and a brace of pistols."

"Come," said Churchill, "what have I done?"

"Kept me waiting and expecting all those long months, and then dismissed me with a sentence."

"Indeed," he said, in the most friendly manner, "I did all I could to bring the matter off."

'I could not help replying, "I believe you did."

"Come and see me alone in my room," he rejoined in the warmest manner. "All right," I replied, and with the repetition of the invitation to come and see him, he went on his way, and I went on mine.

'Here was the Terrace, etc. It was certainly an attractive picture in itself, bordering as it does on the world-renowned river, beautifully shaded and cool with the golden sun shining all round. Every man on it remarkable for some reason or other, representing some part of the Empire.

'Conservatives, Liberals, Radicals, Home-Rulers, Labour Members, and Socialists or those going under that name, all mixed up together.

Then there were ladies—wives, daughters, sisters, and friends, etc. etc. The Church was not unrepresented. Bishops belonging to the Pan-Anglican Council, and other Spiritual dignitaries of different creeds and sections, were here and there.

'All are merry, with that light and cheery spirit which so

often accompanies [word omitted], and drinking tea in the most harmonious fashion.

'The tables were ranged in a double row, with a space to promenade down the centre, at one end of which sat Mr. Lloyd George with his guests. I had met — the Queensland Premier at a luncheon with his Cabinet at Brisbane three years before. . . .

'Tea for two was ordered by Mr. George at once, and before I could put in a word I was caught in the net and engaged in the convivialities—with the friendliness that more or less attends the tea-table.

'But there was no rest. Almost the first to attack me was Sir Benjamin Stone, Member for one of the Sections of Birmingham. He was accustomed to photograph every celebrity he could lay his hands on, who came on to the Terrace, lodging the picture in the Museum for the benefit of posterity.

'I must give him a sitting, said Mr. George. It was an historical event, and thereby would be recorded as such. I assented.

'In due course the photographing was accomplished in company with Mr. Lloyd George and the Queensland Premier.

'And after I don't know how many introductions, shaking hands with M.Ps who had entertained me, or presided for me, or felt some sort of interest in my work, I claimed the promised interview, and we threaded our way through the tables to the Chancellor's private room.

'My heart was full of the purport of my errand—once more the object I had striven for so many years appeared to be within sight. It is true that I had received encouragement from the same Government before—but changes had been made—the member of it, E——, who had been named as the chief obstacle to my success, had been removed and younger and more adventurous members had been promoted to leading positions.

'However, here we are at the private room, when with but little privacy I urged my request.

" "I want £100,000," I said, "on condition that the South African Company, in conjunction with some other Company or group, will furnish £150,000 for an experimental effort."

" "Do you want the money at once?" "

“No,” I said. “£20,000 per annum for the next five years.”

“How many people will you settle for that amount?” I promised to let him have the calculation.

Then came the usual question, “To what class will these people belong?” and answered after the same fashion.

After some further conversation on the theme, he turned to his Private Secretary, “Just see if the Prime Minister is at liberty. I would like the General to see him.”

The Secretary came back saying, “Yes,” and we hurried to Mr. Asquith’s office.

I had met Mr. Asquith once before—soon after his marriage. Mrs. A., with whom I had some very friendly intercourse, wished me to meet her husband—invited me to lunch.

On that occasion I thought Mr. Asquith very stiff and distant. That, I was given to understand, was his ordinary manner. I expected to find the same brusqueness on this occasion. My errand was not of a kind which readily unlocks the heart and loosens the kindly sentiments of Cabinet Ministers.

However, nothing could very well have been more friendly than Mr. A.’s demeanour on this occasion.

“The General wants money for a Colonization scheme. The Queensland Premier, who, by the by, has just left the room, has been appealing to me for £70,000 per annum, the General wants £20,000 per annum for five years.”

“Gift or loan?” said Mr. Asquith. “Loan,” said I; “but you will never ask for it in return.” At this they both smiled.

A few more words, then he said to Mr. George, “The General had better see Lord Crewe.” Mr. George agreed and I assented.

On shaking hands Mr. Asquith asked me if I remembered his wife. “Yes,” I replied, “very well.” “Do you remember when you first met her?” “Certainly.” “When was it? Let me try your memory.” “On a journey from Paddington to Swindon.” “That is right,” said he, and I left the Prime Minister of this Great Empire feeling how human he was after all.

Now for Lord Crewe; was he on the premises? Yes, in the House of Lords. Good. We will try for him at once.

'After threading the endless passages of that wonderful building, and shaking hands with a bunch of Colonial Bishops on the way, we came to the Peers' Chamber.

'We followed the usual custom by sending in my name and saying that I wished a few words with his Lordship.

'To this the reply came back, "Cannot leave during present debate," would I like to come in for a time?

'Being then on the chance of the debate, which had something to do with Irish business, suddenly collapsing we went in to wait and listen.

'I had hardly got inside the gilded chamber and glanced round at the 30 or 40 elderly gentlemen, who were discussing in the most sedate manner the important question before them, than I was challenged by Sir Samuel Evans, Solicitor-General, in the kindest manner. He had the appearance of being a very capable man.

'After a few moments we decided to come away and see Lord Crewe at the Colonial Office on the following day.

'Caught the 7.35 from King's Cross, feeling that whether anything of immediate value came out of the Terrace and the interviews that followed it, fruit at some date near or far must be borne for advancement of the objects ever before me.'

On July 30th William Booth and Arthur James Balfour met for the first time. The General's account of his preconceived notion of the Conservative Leader will delight caricaturists and surprise the rest of the world. As for the General, Mr. Balfour tells me that he was 'deeply impressed by the strength and charm of his character':

'Among a number of other engagements for the day stood Lord Crewe at the Colonial Office at 3, and the Right Honourable Arthur Balfour at the House of Commons at 6.

'I found Lord Crewe a man of commanding appearance—thoughtful, and so far as my visit was concerned, sympathetic demeanour. My business was soon before him. He gave me at once to understand that he was familiar with the question on which I came to consult him.

'Whether he needed it or not, I gave him a *résumé* of the

nature and position of my scheme, and of the assistance I wanted from the Government in order to carry it into effect.

‘He said he could not give me an answer right off, which I did not expect, but would consult his colleagues and let me know the result.

‘While very friendly, as I have said, there was nothing in what the Colonial Secretary said, or in his manner of saying it, calculated to raise any expectations of success or to strengthen any that I might have already entertained.

‘Still, here was evidently a man of the future, of ancient family, rich, and well related, the son-in-law of Lord Rosebery, and of considerable natural capacity, occupying a high position, having climbed to the Governmental Leadership in the House of Lords, who made no secret of his friendliness with the aims and work of The Army.

‘At six o’clock we drove off once more to the House, as it is familiarly styled by those who have business in it.

‘A few yards from the entrance we passed a Bishop with a homely, intelligent, friendly countenance. I had hardly got inside, having to wait a few moments for ——, who was discharging the cabman, and having a word with him while he was paying him his fare, as is the Salvationist’s usage, when the Bishop we had just passed overtook me.

‘He put out his hand, congratulated me on my appearance, health, etc., and on the safe and successful result of my recent Motor Campaign. I asked to what diocese he might belong, he answered “Peterboro.”* I did not recollect at the moment, otherwise I would have thanked him for his wish to entertain me on a recent visit to his City.

‘Now for Mr. Balfour. I had imagined him in physique as short in stature, round and stout in construction, with a dark complexion, and a hard, cynical, forbidding countenance—in mind thoughtful, intelligent, etc., while in disposition, cynical, etc.

‘As he rose to meet me, offering a choice of chairs, saying that he had been desiring the pleasure of meeting me, I looked upon him with little short of wonderment.

‘At my first glance at his countenance, the fabric of my preconceived notions dissolved and vanished for ever. The features that I had expected to find so stern and unbending,

* The Hon. and Rt. Rev. E. C. Glyn.

while retaining every element of strength I had expected, appeared to indicate a nature as tender as a woman's.

'Once seated, our conversation flowed on, not only with pleasure inspired by our mutual interest in the theme, but, I flatter myself, with the sympathy which inspires all true soul intercourse.

'We had not gone very far when a gentleman came in, whom Mr. Balfour introduced to me as being not only his Secretary, but as a kind of colleague in literary and other labours, at least that was the impression made on me.

'The conversation between them turned on a visit from a person whom they styled Jim, ultimately fixing on seven as the hour for Jim to come along. I judged that Jim was a nephew or some other young body who was making a call.

'We then resumed the story. Mr. Balfour being evidently comparatively ignorant of my project, I summarized the scheme with a little particularity. When I apologized for entering on details, he begged me to proceed, as he wanted to understand the thing.

'Occasionally I dwelt on the necessity for this New World I wanted to create, and then led to a little side discussion on Poverty, Drunkenness, and the like.

'On the question of effecting a permanent cure for the inebriate, he was evidently in considerable doubt. This led me to describe a case or two, so landing us on the question of Conversion, and so we rambled on, while all the time his soft and yet commanding eyes revealed the sincerity and seriousness of the soul behind.

'I know nothing of the "unreality" of Mr. B. . . . in politics, as complained of by his opponents, but on the question of Starvation, Immorality, and Misery, and I might add Religion, I felt I had found a true human if not a spiritual heart.

'Of course we had never met before, and having been so long outside the Political realm with all its controversial changes, I had no real knowledge of the man. I am only jotting down the impressions made during that short hour.

' "What can I do?" at length he inquired, when all had been said that seemed necessary in such a preliminary discussion. "It appears to me that if Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Asquith have sent you to Lord Crewe, they admit that

there is nothing opposed in principle to granting your request. If the Government were to propose the grant you ask for, I certainly would not offer any opposition to it."

'I sprang at that in a moment, saying that that was the very thing I had hoped for in the interview.

'He then added, "I say that for myself, but I cannot pledge my colleagues," and then he turned to his Secretary, asking if he knew whether Mr. Alfred Lyttelton was still in the House.

'He did not know, but would inquire.

'After a time Mr. Lyttelton was found and brought in.

'I had heard a good deal about Mr. Lyttelton before. He was the Colonial Secretary under the late Government, and while in that position had much to do with the Rider Haggard expedition to the United States and Canada to inquire into our Colonization Scheme there.

'It was under his direction that the report of Mr. Haggard was sent to a Departmental Committee with the Chairmanship of Lord Tennyson—the report of which Committee we counted a very one-sided affair.

'Mr. Balfour now introduced me to Mr. Lyttelton, who sat down beside me and commenced a little course of cross-examination on the prospects of the scheme; his inquiries all being made in a most friendly spirit. But not understanding his difficulties, or the way in which he approached the subject, I am afraid that I did not give him the satisfaction he wanted.

'His contention was, now I perceive, "Don't ask for anything on the plea that the Settlers under your scheme will ever repay it. They never have done so, and they never will."

'My reply was, "While some may not and will not repay, a large proportion will," giving him some Emigration Statistics in the way of proof, and arguing still further that if a proportion of poor Emigrants, on whom we have no claim beyond their honour, repay, we may hope for still better results from Colonists whose possessions we hold for a pledge for the amount advanced.

'Whether I satisfied him or not on that particular aspect of the plan, he admitted its utility and the importance of its having Government assistance for the experiment, adding,

that most certainly he would not oppose it if the desired grant was proposed in the House.

‘It was now seven o’clock, and “Jim” was announced! As the door opened, a slightly-built, gentlemanly young man entered, whom Mr. Balfour introduced to me as the Marquis of Salisbury. I must confess that the transformation of Jim into a real living Marquis was a trifling surprise!

‘I had just time to catch my train and meet the Chief as per appointment, and having had a fair innings—so far as staying at the wickets was concerned—I said Good-bye.

‘Mr. . . . showed us a private staircase that carried us into the Palace Yard.

‘Here I gave the Police Inspector on duty the pleasure of a handshake, receiving from him the assurance of the usefulness of our People to them in difficult cases, and by a bit of a rush reached King’s Cross in time for the train, and the Meeting with the Chief.’

In this account, so far as we have discovered, the General indulged himself for the first and the last time in a sporting metaphor, although, as the reader may remember, in one of his writings there is a confused reference to a cue and a cannon. He never played cricket, we think, and certainly never played billiards.

Lord Rosebery wrote to him on August 3rd:

‘DEAR GENERAL BOOTH,—Many thanks for your letter, and for the excellent photograph.

‘I have not been photographed for innumerable years, and therefore I do not know what to send you. The only thing that at all represents my venerable appearance now is a postal card which would be beneath your notice.

‘On consideration I have determined to tell Messrs. Graves to send you an engraving of me, which was done when my hair still had a colour of its own, but which really is all that exists. If you do not like it put it in the fire.

‘I, too, wish you had seen Lloyd George earlier. I am in rather a delicate position with the present Government, and do not care to approach them, even in the person of my son-in-law.

‘ My own belief is that the forces of unemployment will appeal in your favour much more strongly than anything else.

‘ I wish you were not going to South Africa, but as you are, I wish you God-speed and a prosperous return. Believe me, Yours sincerely, RY.’

On the same day that brought him this letter we read in his journal :

‘ Yesterday Mr. Stead’s long letter *re* his recent visit to St. Petersburg appeared in “ The Times.” It is a remarkable production, especially that part referring to his conversation with M. Stolypin* *re* the permission for The S.A. to enter Russia. This is itself important, but to have the open approval of the strongest, some say the only real strong public man in the Empire, and that chronicled in the leading newspaper of Europe is something worthy of note.†

He writes to Mr. Stead as follows :

‘ I must thank you for the straight and courageous manner in which you expounded the truth about The S.A. to M. Stolypin, and for the very interesting manner in which you described the interview in “ The Times.”

‘ The incident may constitute an important step forward to operations that will prove of vast beneficent magnitude to Russia. We are big with desire and busy with preparations for the event. May God guide and succeed us.

‘ God willing, I am off to South Africa on Saturday. I can neither go forward nor backward with Rhodesia. When I want to proceed with the undertaking some obstacle ever blocks my way, and when I want to give it up and know it no more, I am equally withheld.

‘ Almost accidentally, if there is such a thing, I was led last week into interviews with Lord Rosebery, Mr. Asquith, Mr. Lloyd George, Lord Crewe, Mr. Lyttelton, and Mr. Balfour

* Then Prime Minister.

† Mr. Stead’s article contained the following passage : ‘ M. Stolypin said he thought The Salvation Army might come to Russia. It would at any rate interest the people and might be useful.’ There were, of course, other references to the work of The Army.

on the subject. All were cordial and friendly to a remarkable degree, and none more sympathetic than Mr. Balfour. I had not met him before; he impressed me very much. With all this, I feel how blessed are they that expect nothing, etc.

‘Your intercourse with Bramwell* in the train on the way to St. Petersburg deeply interested him, and from the summary he gave me impressed me also. But you are ever interesting to us. Why, Oh, why, are you not a Salvationist!!’

To which Mr. Stead replied :

‘MY DEAR GENERAL,—What an unbelieving Turk you are! Do you not see, and can you not understand, that your path and mine are both marked out for us by One who is wiser than both of us put together? You find your way mysteriously hindered about Rhodesia, so that you neither seem to be able to go backwards nor forwards. The meaning of this seems to me plain enough, namely, that you have a work to do there, but the time has not yet come for action; so with regard to my becoming a Salvationist. You know as well as any one that, looked at from The Salvation Army standpoint alone, God Almighty is making a great deal more use of me outside The Army than even He could have done inside. But I have no patience with such rank infidels as you and Bramwell! But this is an old story, and I have got to put up with you as you have got to put up with me. . . . Yours sincerely,
W. T. STEAD.’

He left in the same month of August for the visit to South Africa, against which Lord Rosebery had warned him.

‘Lunched with the Governor [of Cape Colony], Sir Walter Hely-Hutchinson.

‘On returning to the Hotel I found a card from the Prime Minister, Mr. Merriman. He is residing at the Hotel and wished an interview. I looked in on him and Mrs. Merriman at 6.25.

‘He is a forcible and capable man. Very tall. He must

* Bramwell Booth was travelling to Stockholm.

be six feet five inches at least. He threw plenty of cold water on the Rhodesian Scheme, and I put all the religion into him I could. They say he is an infidel. I don't know ; but he was very civil, nay, kindly, with me—but full of unbelief about any good coming out of my colonization plans. Oh, Oh, Oh, who can decide when so many professed experts disagree ? ’

At Johannesburg the General was welcomed by Mr. (now Sir) Abe Bailey.

‘ Mr. Abe Bailey took me in his motor to his magnificent mansion.

‘ After lunch I had a long talk with him respecting Rhodesian affairs. I found him deeply interested and under the supposition that everything was settled, and that I was to visit Rhodesia and inaugurate the Scheme. He was very vexed to find that the thing was still in the air, and immediately cabled Dr. Jameson, saying, in substance, that my being in the country made it imperative that this matter should now be brought to an issue.

‘ Kitching [the General's devoted Secretary] has had more talk with Mr. Bailey, who came in after I had retired, and he expresses himself most emphatically as to his going to help The Army in the future.

‘ He has told Kitching to-night that he owns the most important newspapers in the country, and whatever there is that is important that he does not own, he intends to. He is going to wire the Government to-morrow morning, and tell them that if they will push this scheme, he will help them. He reckons that he has great influence with them.’

At Bloemfontein :

‘ The Governor, Sir Hamilton Goold-Adams, is a remarkably agreeable person. Has resided many years in Africa—was General in Command in Rhodesia during the Matabele rebellion, and was Governor of the Orange Free State during the Boer War.

‘ He is much interested in my colonization plans, presided at my evening lecture, and, generally speaking, made my stay very agreeable.’

At Pietermaritzburg :

' 9.30. Interview with the Governor.* Rather surprised to find him a Socialist—on the usual lines of theory and not practice. Had some really interesting converse with him.

' 11.0. Called by appointment on the Prime Minister. . . . I found that he had most of the Cabinet with him, and that the purpose he had in view was to know how far we could help them with their Reforming Young People.

' The interview did not come to very much, seeing that at every turn their financial straitness barred the way.

' However, we got out some facts and opened their eyes a little I fancy.

' As we broke up, the Secretary of the Premier informed me that he was a Sunday Scholar at Spalding, knowing a number of my old friends there.

' Last night's lecture—excellent platform—members of the Natal Cabinet, three judges, representatives of all classes of the people greeted me when I rose to speak, upon the introduction of the Governor of the Colony, Sir Matthew Nathan. At the close the Prime Minister moved a vote of thanks, while the Chief Justice seconded the same.'

Then follows an interesting observation concerning Jews :

' The Governor, as I have conversed with him, has turned out to be a thoughtful, kindly, intelligent man—a Jew in Religion and Nationality, and in a further conversation I had with him yesterday I find he is a Socialist in theory, which, when put together with a Representative of the English Government in so important a position as that he occupies, makes rather a curious combination. He was evidently very much impressed last night, and asked, as I arrived at the door of the Government House, to see him again next morning. Dealing with Jews, like dealing with High Caste Hindus, is always a very difficult business. One reason for this is the inward abhorrence they have of making any change in their convictions. Giving up the Jewish Faith is so closely allied with giving up the Jewish Nationality, and

* Sir Matthew Nathan.

so strongly is the attachment felt in this direction that it is very near akin to impossible to get them to alter.'

He reflects in passing :

'I suppose, although I am much impressed by the human brotherhood idea, that it would be very difficult to make me give up the English reticence which has been bred in me since my babyhood ; but I have no time for reflections—I must go to the interview.'

Back in England, we read in his journal on November 11th :

'... left for Nottingham to see Dr. Bell-Taylor about the cataract in my eye, which has become very troublesome. I am past reading, except large type, and then with difficulty. Everybody marvels that I am able to write so legibly, and I do myself. Still, that is becoming more trying.

'Dr. Taylor says I have cataract in both eyes, one of which is ready for operation, but recommends that I wait for the other to ripen also, so that both can be operated upon at the same time.'

On the following day he appears to forget all about the cataract in critical news concerning his Rhodesian Scheme, that great hope of his latter days which is eluding him ; but other subjects occur to keep his brain busy, as he waits for the operation on his dimming eyes. He writes to Bramwell on December 10th, heading the letter : 'To be *read*, but may wait for a *leisure moment*.'

'I cannot help feeling that we ought at once to arrange in our own minds, and as openly as it will be safe to do it, for the creation of a *superior* class of *Staff Officer*.

'There is something in breeding and education and *conceit*—well, a sense of superiority—which carries immense weight, and is a source of great force in the individual possessing it and in the individuals on whom it is exercised. . . .

'Would a Staff College do this ? If so, the foundation of the Institution ought to be put in this very day. . . .

'Of course, access to this superior Staff ought to be open

to all the world, but only by extra *talent* combined with extra devotion. No more on this strain at the moment. . . .’

On December 16th he underwent his first operation :

‘ This is the day fixed for the operation. It is to be performed by Mr. Higgins, chief oculist of Guy’s Hospital. I hope the Lord will hold and guide his hands, and make this thing a success.

‘ Just got a letter from some friend at Bournemouth who says that he had five operations on his eyes, and that they were all a failure, and he had arranged to have his eyeball taken out on the Saturday, but on the day previous it took a turn for the better, and finally his sight came back and he has seen all right for the last four years. He attributes this restoration to the prayers of the Salvationists round and about.

‘ 12 noon. The Nurse, about whom we felt a little curious, has just arrived. She seems a very kind person—friendly and manageable. I don’t get on well with hard, dictatorial members of this class.

‘ Shortly after I was summoned upstairs with the announcement that the Doctors had arrived, and that all was ready. I found the Doctor with his shirt sleeves turned up looking like business, and I was requested to sit down, and receive what I suppose was a baptism of cocaine in both eyes, and then undressed, got myself ready for bed, after which I mounted the Operating Table that had been extemporized in the middle of the room.

‘ It was 3 o’clock. The afternoon was foggy—the light consequently imperfect, but the Doctor announced that he had brought with him an Electric lamp which would enable him to operate with or without the light of day.

‘ I must say I felt rather curious as I laid myself down, and as he grasped my head and commenced his work, but I simply felt that all I could do was, as I said to the operator when he was giving me some directions—“ All right, I am in the hands of God and you.”

‘ The effect of the cocaine was marvellous. After putting his needle into the eye in order to make a stitch to hold it in position, he thrust his knife into it—turned it round and then the darkened lens was brought forth. A little friction of the eyelid on the eyeball, very gently done, finished the operation.

The actual work on the eye did not last more than two minutes. Both eyes were then bandaged up with sticking-plaster to prevent any movement whatever ; a pad of wadding held in its place, elastic bands round the head completed the business, and I was piloted to bed, and lay down, full of gratitude that the long-looked-for was successfully commenced. I have to spend 48 hours in this entire darkness before the Doctor is to remove the bandage to inspect his work.'

In his journal for December 21st we find the dictated entry :

' Received a kind message of sympathy from Her Majesty the Queen, reading as follows : " Have felt so much for you, and hope the operation successful, and trust you are getting on towards complete recovery, and that the sight you need so much will soon be completely restored.

THE QUEEN."'

I replied as follows :

" " General Booth thanks Her Majesty for Her gracious sympathy with him in the operation he has found necessary, and for the kind expressions in her telegram. Mr. Higgins has just seen the eye and says that it could not possibly be doing better. The General begs to offer his best wishes for Her Majesty's happiness."'

On Christmas Day, her birthday, he telegraphed to Eva Booth in New York :

' Love unchanging, increasing, eternal. GENERAL.'

CHAPTER XXVII

AFFORDING FURTHER EVIDENCE OF ROYAL FAVOUR AND CONCLUDING WITH ANOTHER STAGE ON THE ROAD TO BLINDNESS

1909

IN the journal for 1909 we find a Royal beginning to which an amusing story is appended :

‘ Florence (Mrs. Bramwell Booth) had a long interview with H.R.H. Princess Louise, who was very much interested in what she saw and heard. At the same time, she was utterly astounded to find we had any financial difficulty—she supposed we were rolling in money. She thinks she can influence Lord Strathcona in our Emigration Work . . . and secure some further practical co-operation. She told Flo a good story of a friend of hers in discussing the question of the unemployed.

‘ She said her manservant asked for a day’s holiday, which was willingly granted. During the morning she had to go to her Club on business, and while conversing with a friend a procession of unemployed was announced as coming along the street. She out of curiosity went to the window to have a look at the unfortunate throng, and who should she find at the head of it, and directing its course and cheering its progress, but her servant.’

He has now become so interesting to mankind that he cannot take a walk without suffering the inconvenience of what he calls his ‘ public position.’ He writes on January 15th :

‘ I see that they have got rather a grotesque portrait of me in the papers, copied from a picture that a Pressman took

while I walked out for a little exercise yesterday. It is rather awkward that I cannot move without either being caricatured or made to say things that you either don't want to say or never have thought of saying; but I suppose it is part of the price one has to pay for the public position occupied.'

William Booth, it must be remembered, was constantly harassed for want of money, an irksome and distressing destiny which he has passed on to his successor. He was never once in all his long and indefatigable life free from money worries. It was his bitterest complaint against the world that it would not let him save the lost and the sorrowful.

Perhaps it was the eternal want of pence, which vexes philanthropists as well as literary men, that made him write in February of this year to Bramwell announcing his intention to abandon some literary undertaking which was then occupying his attention :

'Don't bother to come over here ! I shan't be able to look at you for very mortification with my failure. . . .

'I live and move and have my being in you more than ever.'

A visit to the then Prince and Princess of Wales on February 17th inspired only this formal entry in the journal, and no useful rough notes are to be discovered :

'Marlborough House at 11.30 for interview with Prince and Princess of Wales. Colonel ——— accompanied me.

'The Private Secretaries to the Prince and Princess were most agreeable, and so was Sir William Carrington, the Comptroller of the Household.

'Marlborough House is a fine, spacious and imposing building. More imposing entrance halls I have seldom seen.

'The Prince and Princess were interested in the extreme. I stayed with them an hour and twenty minutes, and then their Royal Highnesses seemed reluctant to let me leave.'

In the train to Hamburg, on February 24th, he writes

to Bramwell, referring to an attack on one of the Social Scheme institutions by Socialists :

‘ The Socialistic raving—I can’t help but think that by putting our heads together we might produce a paper that would show how utterly mistaken and undeserved and unjust they are, without attacking them. Something on this line might do :

‘ Things objected to ; and then enumerate a number, with illustrations of our efforts with respect to them, and ask the question, “ What objection can there be to this ? ”

‘ I am not supposing for a moment that we shall make any impression on the genuine Socialist, although I am not sure, but we shall make an impression on the average working man. . . .

‘ Stead, on Monday night, gave expression to a principle on which I have acted, although very imperfectly, from my boyhood—of never letting the opportunity pass of explaining what we are doing, and why we do it.’

In Copenhagen the General was billeted with the Count and Countess Moltke :

• ‘ The Countess accompanied me (to his Meeting). She is a great light in the Plymouth Brethren fashion : she expressed her bewilderment at what I said about Backsliders, saying that if a man, as she put it, had Eternal Life given him how was it possible for him ever to be lost. I did not argue with the lady, but turned the conversation on to some practical aspect of the remarkable meeting we had just left. . . .

‘ The Countess was present at all the meetings, went with me down to the boat on the following morning. She got lost in the crowd as I went on board the boat, but wrote to me a beautiful letter, which shows that some effect had been produced in her heart.

‘ The Count was present at the night meeting, and much affected.’

He writes to Bramwell from Christiania, in March :

‘ My reception here is truly marvellous. The people really love me and love the S.A. You ought to make the most you can of me, *only* don’t kill me right off.

'I hear this morning that the leader of the "Young Socialists' Party"—that is, the party of *force*, and the party from whom the most is feared here—telegraphed to the leader of the same party at Gothenberg yesterday, saying: "I heard General Booth last night; go and hear him to-night. He has got something to say worth hearing."'

At Stockholm, on March 16th, he writes in his journal:

'One of my first duties was to meet the Minister of the Interior, who came to see me to express the kind sentiments entertained by the King, and his wishes for the success of my visit to Stockholm. He was exceedingly nice, evidently a shrewd politician, a man of the world, possessed of some considerable knowledge, and, with it all, is in sympathy with the S.A.

'In the course of the conversation I mentioned some of my suggestions for dealing with the poor and outcast classes, and I discovered that he was familiar with what I had been saying up and down the country, and in a large measure approved of the same.

The General who introduced me to the meeting was a General Rappe, Ex-Minister of War, and a few years ago a prominent General in the Army. Fine appearance. Made a few remarks . . . very friendly, but rather stiff and cold. Closed with reading a passage of Scripture, announcing beforehand that if he read the passage in question there would at least be something in his speech worth listening to.'

A copy of General Rappe's speech is appended to this entry:

'The great men of this world have added to our knowledge in different directions; but you, General, have tried to meet the deepest needs of humanity—their cravings with regard to the matters of eternity.

'The brilliant successes of The Salvation Army are due to the fact that its leader has led the way to what is the kernel and essence of Christianity. And by that I mean our Saviour's farewell command to His Disciples, to spread all over the world the glorious message of Salvation by grace. That Gospel is God's power.

'But The Salvation Army has not been content only to proclaim the Gospel. It has added to this duty a marvellous work of benevolence, a network of agencies which stands alone in its extent, scope, and success.'

On March 16th he writes :

'Difficulties have sprung up during the last two or three days in Russia as to my visit to St. Petersburg, which are likely to extend even to Finland, and when Count Hamilton informed me that the King, having a Political crisis on hand, was afraid he would not be able to see me, I intimated that a friendly interview, if it only lasted five minutes, might be of some service. I thought I could see that he understood the position, and went to arrange it if possible.

'My next business was an interview with the British Minister, Sir Cecil Spring Rice. He came with a letter from the Russian Ambassador here, who had heard from St. Petersburg that I could only be allowed to enter Russia on condition that I held no meetings, and that this also applied to Finland. This was appalling, as we were to leave the following night. Sir Cecil was most sympathetic. He had already been to a great deal of trouble, and was willing to do anything that could be done. The difficulties appeared insurmountable. To disappoint Finland, now that all the Officers are in Helsingfors or on the way there, whilst Meetings are announced and expectations are at the highest point, appears to be a calamity of no small importance.

'However it was arranged that Commr. Higgins, who reached Stockholm yesterday noon, should join the British Minister in an interview with the Russian Ambassador at 3.0 this afternoon, and hear what could be done. Meanwhile we have telegraphed London, Finland, etc., so that if it can be it will be ; if it can't be we must go back to London, and bear the disappointment as best we can. It is not our disappointment, but the disappointment of the Finns, I am concerned about. We shall see.'

And later :

'... news came to hand from St. Petersburg to the effect that the objection with respect to visiting Finland had been withdrawn. Thus, after endless telegrams, interviews

with British Representatives, Russian Representatives, and all sorts of conferences and wonderments, we are informed that the way is clear, and we are not only allowed to carry out our programme in Finland, but, on the condition named—"No meetings or speeches"—to pass through St. Petersburg on our way to London.

'All this is puzzling, remembering that Stolypin, the Russian Prime Minister, had consented to our commencing public operations in the country and approved the publication of the fact in the English "Times" some eight or nine weeks ago.'

The following account of his doings in Stockholm is composed of extracts from the journal and reports written by the General himself :

'One of the first pieces of information I get this morning, after I had finished my correspondence with London, is a message that the King desired my attendance at the Palace at 12 o'clock. . . . The officials received me with more than friendliness, really with sympathy. I went in to see His Majesty alone.

'The apartment in which my interview with the King took place was sumptuously luxurious beyond my power of description.

'Every wall and niche and corner was crowded with pictures, statuary, porcelain, and art curios. The carpets and tapestries were exquisite, the gold and silver treasures without number, and, on the whole, this accumulation of artistic tastes for beauty made a palace of delight.

'In this apartment the recently crowned King was seated. He rose on my entrance, at once took my hand in his, and in kindly tones delivered a little speech, in which he assured me of his sympathy with me personally, and offered his congratulations on the great work for humanity that had been accomplished through the agency of The Army.

'Then, sitting down, he motioned me to a seat, and conversed freely on The Army, the present aspect of Society, the different difficult social problems that Governments have to grapple with, and other matters that showed his genuine interest in the welfare of his people.

'I congratulated His Majesty on the great opportunity for benefiting his people that lay before him. He demurred to my somewhat roseate description of these opportunities, remarking that, difficult as my position must be, his task was more difficult still.

'Here it was my turn to demur, and in a half-serious manner I indicated that I had been imagining, during the wakeful hours of the past night, what I would do were I a king, and a king in such circumstances as was His Majesty. He at once, with a genuine smile, asked me to tell him.

'I did so, but I have not time to tell you. . . .

'His Majesty could not have been more genial. He is tall, slender, and apparently anything but vigorous. We conversed for half an hour or more in the most familiar manner. I don't know that I have ever met any Royalty with whom I have felt as free, and I hope that what passed between us may be of some little interest and profit to His Majesty.'

An interesting speech by Prince Bernadotte, brother of King Gustav, was delivered at 'a select Meeting' conducted by William Booth. From this speech we gather some idea of the General's position in Sweden :

'Before we hear anything as to that which constitutes the reason of our presence here this afternoon, I beg to present to our honoured guest, General Booth, our sincere thanks that he, in the midst of a rigorous winter, regardless of the inconveniences of such a journey, and notwithstanding his advanced age, has not hesitated to pay a visit to our Northern clime.

'We thank him, however, not only for this, but also that his great love for the fallen embraces the lost ones even among our own people, and for the splendid work which he and his devoted followers have performed.

'I have solicited permission, before I close, to render the General the greatest service that can be rendered to a warrior of the Cross, namely, to present him and his work in prayer before God, from whom all power comes.

'The wickedness of these days is great ; sin comes to the front in a more undisguised form and in a more dreadful

manner than ever before. The contrast between different classes and different positions of Society make the fight more and more acute. He who sets out upon this struggle must despair if he doesn't realize that when he fights the Lord's battles He Himself is with you.

'That a great deal of the suffering that falls on men and women is a consequence of sin, I firmly believe. On the other hand, I am sure that this suffering constitutes God's most glorious opportunity to prepare the way for His Kingdom. If such were not the case, we would become depressed and hopeless at sight of all the sorrow round about us. God has put us in the school here, in order to prepare us for our place in Heaven.

'The Salvation Army and its beloved General have kept this view of matters ever before them. They have never forgotten that their first and greatest task is to help those who are heartbroken by sin and suffering, and to endeavour to direct their look upwards, towards Him who is able to help.

'I believe that the success of The Salvation Army is, in the first place, due to the fact that, in all its battles in the years that are past, it has never forgotten to walk in the footsteps of John the Baptist, and point to the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world. That is the object. All other things are only so many different means by which the attention of men and women is drawn to God's gift in Jesus Christ.'

The Archbishop of Upsala stepped on the platform after a speech by the General, and, grasping his hand, thanked him most warmly for his address.

The visit to Petersburg, as it was then called, proved to be a success. William Booth was received in a most friendly fashion by Grand Dukes and Duchesses, by Princes and by Cabinet Ministers. He held a drawing-room Meeting during this two days' stay in the Russian Capital, occupied a seat in the Diplomatic circle at a meeting of the Duma, and was entertained at the British Embassy.

He returned to England, and after a business-like interview with Sir Edward Henry, First Commissioner of Metropolitan Police, in which he asked that a good character might be given to the Russian Police if they inquired about The Salvation Army, on April 6th he paid his second visit to Buckingham Palace, this time to see Queen Alexandra :

‘ I left Headquarters at 2.45 . . . for Buckingham Palace. After waiting a short time—during which I amused myself by gazing at the stiff angular portraits on the walls, and looking through the window at the Memorial of the late Queen—the Queen and Dowager Empress entered. After the usual assurances of welcome and expressions of the pleasure my visit gave them, the Queen seized a chair, turned it round, asked me to sit down opposite one of the lounges, and with the Empress seated herself in front of me, and the conversation at once began.

‘ We had not been talking long before a lady entered, and was introduced by the Queen as her daughter. This individual I found was the Princess Victoria. She was a little serious and dignified, but nevertheless she had a calm, self-composed, and interesting manner. She stayed with us throughout the interview and occasionally took part in the conversation.

‘ The Queen appeared to me even younger than when I saw her before, and being more closely seated I had the opportunity of more carefully observing her. I readily perceived how she must have been a really beautiful woman, and I can readily understand the raptures into which the community was thrown by her appearance when she first landed in this country to be the bride of His Majesty.

‘ The Dowager Empress is shorter in stature, and with as dark complexion as the Queen is light. I should certainly not have taken them for sisters, but the friendly manner of both soon made me forget outward appearances.

‘ The Queen led the way in the conversation. I tried to state as well as I could the reason for my desire to see the Empress, referred to my recent visit to St. Petersburg, to the individuals whom I supposed were known to Her Majesty, whom I had had the privilege to meet there. We talked

about what would happen if The Salvation Army commenced operations. The only difficulty expressed by the Empress was that she was afraid that it would be thought that we should be likely to clash with the Church. She remarked that the Russian was naturally religious, deeply attached to his Church, and she thought it would be expected that The Army would take them away from the Church and lead to the formation of another Sect, which was very objectionable to the Russian Authorities. I remarked that there were multitudes of people who never entered the Church, to which statement she objected. I said, well perhaps they go once a year; she said, many of them once a day.

'It was neither time nor place for me to controvert the Empress's statement, but certainly it was capable of modification. At the same time, great masses of the Russian people are slavishly attached to the Church and its forms and ceremonies, although, practically speaking, uninfluenced by its teaching or its example.

'To instance the necessity for The Army, I mentioned the prevalence of drunkenness. Here it was admitted at once that the Church Festivals were often seasons of frightful intemperance.

'I spoke of our work in Cologne in this respect, and in many other parts of the world.

'At this time, or soon afterwards, the Queen asked Princess Victoria if she would fetch her Album, as she wanted the General to subscribe his name. It was brought, and my Birthday was found. With my fountain-pen I wrote my name across the page. In doing so the Queen observed that I had inked my fingers, and she at once led me to the table, where there was a sponge by which I could cleanse them, tearing a sheet of blotting-paper to clean the pen.

'The Empress then produced her Album and Princess Victoria introduced hers. When I got to Princess Victoria's I got a little bolder, and I wrote over my name "Saved to save." This pleased her. They all three read it, whereupon I wrote over my name in the Dowager Empress's Book "Seeking and saving the lost." This also gave pleasure, and I was vexed that I had not written something striking over the Queen's. However, it was too late.

'They were busy talking round me. I really felt a little

confused as to what should come next. I could not very well say, "Queens and Empresses," so I said, "Ladies, shall we be seated." The Queen assented. As I turned away I remarked to the Princess Victoria, "I am afraid I am spoiling my manners." "Oh, no," said the Princess, "this is just how we like to have it." Whereupon I took the Queen upon my arm and escorted her to the sofa, and we resumed the position at [in] which we had sat before.

'The Queen said, "Tell us something more about the work." It is very awkward that the proper things do not always come at the moment; it was so with me. However, I wanted to show the necessity for divine operation in the hearts of those men whom we wanted to benefit, an illustration of which had been given me by Treen the night before, that happened at New Barnet.

'The Testimony of a man—who, holding the handle of the door of a public-house, was about to enter, when he heard The Army singing—

See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down,
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

He stopped to listen; and he said a strange feeling came over him. "Ah," said the Queen, turning to the Empress, repeating the words. And a voice said to him, "Play the man; put your foot down; now's your time." He turned away from the Public-House, and he followed the Salvationists to the Hall, went to the mercy-seat, and was saved with the Salvation of God.

'Here the Queen, with a wondering look on her face, said, "Saved! that's what we all want." "Did he stand firm?" or some question to the same effect, was proposed by the Empress, whereupon I remarked that I believed that he did. As did much of the blossom of the spring fall away, and many of the infants born into the world die, so it was with the spiritual blossoms and the religious babyhood, to which the Queen heartily assented.

'And so the conversation drifted on, the Queen apologizing again and again for occupying so much of my valuable time, asking me carefully as to the improvement in my sight, and wishing me safe through the operation which was to follow

during the week, and reiterating her expressions of sympathy and goodwill. I withdrew—all shaking me by the hand in the most friendly manner, the Queen doing this over and over again. The interview, so remarkable, so unlike anything I could possibly have expected, indicating not only high respect and deep interest, but real affection, came to a termination.

‘ Before I could get my coat on at the entrance hall a representative of the Associated Press wanted to know what he might be allowed to say to the public respecting the interview.

A cutting from ‘ The War Cry ’ gives one some idea of the way in which his 80th birthday was greeted :

‘ From the Castle, their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales graciously telegraphed :

‘ The Princess and I wish to offer you our hearty congratulations on your Eightieth Birthday.

‘ GEORGE.

‘ His Majesty King Frederick of Denmark, sent the following cordial message from Copenhagen :

‘ May I offer you my heartiest and sincerest congratulations ? God bless you and give you the best success in your Army’s labours and its continued prosperity.

‘ Earl Grey, the Governor-General of Canada, wrote :

‘ May continued health and happiness bless your Eightieth Birthday and enable you to increase your great record of good work accomplished. There are many in Canada better and happier for your life’s work, and who have good reason to join me in the hope that you may long be blessed with sufficient strength to put new heart into thousands.

‘ A grateful tribute from London’s chief magistrate ran :

‘ Accept my hearty felicitations and good wishes on this interesting anniversary.

‘ GEORGE WYATT TRUSCOTT, Lord Mayor.

‘ Sir Hubert von Herkomer—the famous painter—wired from Bushey :

‘ Heartiest congratulations this day. May you live for ever.’

One of his chief desires at this time was to get The Salvation Army into Russia, a country he had long coveted, but where Orthodoxy had no welcome for the militancy of so successful a Heterodoxy. He writes in his journal on April 15th :

‘ . . . by seven I was at the Russian Embassy, Chesham Place, in consultation with Count Beckendorf. I asked him if he could give us any suggestions that would be advantageous to us in our Russian enterprise. I found the Count most free and friendly, and so far as I could judge quite anxious for The Army to commence its work in his country, and really and truly desirous that the effort should be a success.

‘ I understood him to say that he had just seen Stolypin, the Prime Minister. If he had not seen him recently he had heard from him within the last few days, and that Stolypin had assured him that he saw no reason why The Army should not have perfect freedom for its proposed operations. In conjunction with the Dowager Empress, he saw the difficulty presented by the Ecclesiastical Authorities, and could not refrain from pointing out that the reactionary party might be induced to suppress the Movement—that is, if they saw it was likely to become a real power in the country.

‘ At the close of the interview he asked if I would be willing to speak with the Countess, to which of course I acceded, and the lady entered the room. She was a very intelligent and interesting person ; most genial and friendly in her manner, and I should think full of sympathy with all that The Army is trying to do.’

But emigration, even if Rhodesia remained in the moon, was still a great interest :

‘ Called by appointment on Earl Grey, Governor of Canada, at Lady Wantage’s, Carlton Gardens. Beautiful mansion, superbly furnished. Had a few words with Lady W. at the Earl’s request. Beautiful face and figure and deportment—but very lame. Gout I guessed. She seemed interested in what The Army had done in the way of Emigration and Social amelioration generally.

‘Spent a little time with the Earl afterwards. He could not have been more genial, and was apparently pleased to see me.

‘He is anxious to help us so far as he is able.

‘He says that the Canadian Governmental people, from Sir Wilfrid Laurier downwards, are most favourable to our Emigration Work, the difficulty lying in the way of non-practical assistance consisting of the possibility of them doing for us what they cannot do for other religious philanthropies.

‘He promised that his vote and interest at every turn and all time should be at our service.

‘He meets Lords Strathcona and Mount Stephen before he sails on Friday, and says he will speak for us to them. They have both amassed fortunes out of Canada, and ought, I dare to think, to help in our efforts to benefit the Dominion by relieving this country of some of its superfluous population—thereby preventing suffering, and building up the British Empire, which they all desire.’

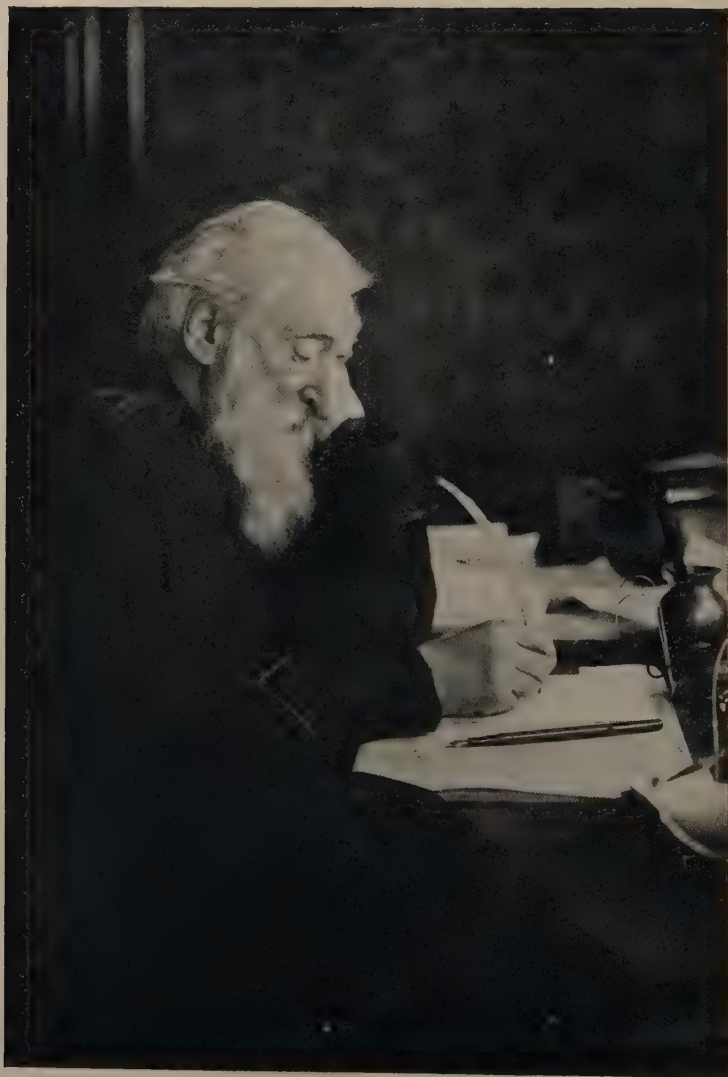
In his motor tour of this year he had a very touching interview with the venerable Bishop of Hereford (Dr. Perceval), of which he left, unfortunately, no account. The following description was written by a member of his Staff, and we must be grateful for this second-hand chronicle of a moment in William Booth’s life which was perhaps among its simplest and most beautiful :

‘It was drawing dark when the motor-Fleet entered Hereford ; the day had been packed with hard work and long journeys, and though very weary, it was with keen anticipation that the General entered the city, for the Bishop was to preside, and this was an epoch in Army history here.

‘It was a great meeting. Never, never was the General greater and grander than at that meeting in the Drill Hall.

Driving from the Hall to the Palace—the first Ecclesiastical Palace at which the General had stayed in this country—the General entered into a hearty and happy conversation with his Lordship.

‘Already he was experiencing some trifling inconvenience from his eye, which the following day was to necessitate the



IN HIS STUDY (1909)

close of the campaign and his return to London for the operation which resulted in the loss of the sight of that eye.

'I left him eating his frugal meal of milk, roast apple, and dry toast, and discussing in the antique dining-hall with the Bishop matters which were very dear to his heart.

'Having prepared his room, and feeling that he should be reminded of the late hour and the fact that he had a heavy day before him on the morrow, I re-entered the room, and as I did so, I found these two old veterans praying.

'I shall never forget the earnestness depicted on both their faces as they pleaded with God for the Salvation of the people, and for His blessing on their respective labours.

'I stood with bowed head, fearing lest I should disturb them by leaving the apartment.

'Presently the General lifted his head, and looking into the Bishop's face with an intensity of purpose, said, "My Lord, give me your benediction." Immediately the Bishop placed his hand upon the head of our beloved General and gave him the blessing. "And now," said his Lordship, "give me your blessing, General," and in response the General placed his hand upon the Bishop's head and called down upon him the blessings of Almighty God.

'I do not think I shall ever forget the sacred solemnity of that moment.'

We must follow the patriarch through another approach to the dark house of physical blindness:

'Meeting in the Drill Hall—a big place—talked for an hour and a half with ease, freedom, point, and power, and I think with effect. I noticed, however, that my eye failed me when trying to read a few statistics. I put it down to the bad light. However, my eye got worse, paining me more as the night went on.'

On August 17th he writes, after leaving Hereford, 'in a very dilapidated condition':

'Got to Pontypool at 11. Very enthusiastic Meeting, spoke for an hour with my usual freedom.

'However, I felt as though something serious was coming on with my eye . . . the gentleman with whom

I was billeted was a doctor, and . . . he knew something of oculism.

‘I asked for his candid opinion as soon as I could sit down in my room. He at once announced my eye to be in a serious condition. He said the scar had given way. The iris was involved, and that I must see my oculist at once.’

After the Meeting at Newport, on the same day, he determined to consult another doctor :

‘I thought I should never get to the billet. It was a long climb up a hill. While I was having my cup of tea the Doctor was announced. He at once pronounced the eye to be in a dangerous condition. Forbad my continuing with the Motor Campaign, and said that I must at once go to London. I resolved to do so, and without further delay I gave the campaign up. The people were waiting by the wayside in thousands as well as at mass-meetings arranged for Risca and Abertillery.

‘I suggested that I should see the other doctor . . . and while they were looking and talking I discovered that I was practically blind in the new eye. That settled me to go to London forthwith that night. Got the 11.5 sleeper, as they call it, in a storm. Wretched accommodation—dirty old carriage. Dark rainy, dismal night.’

He dragged himself to his oculist, who sent him into a nursing-home till the inflammation subsided. On August 18th he writes :

‘Mr. Higgins came to see me again and again, and brought Mr. Eason with him, and they said they were making some examinations of matter that had come out of the eye.

‘The pain continued very bad ; in fact, the Doctor announced to me that I had got an abscess in my eye, caused by some virulently poisonous microbe that had got into it by some means or other.

‘*August 19th.*—The Doctor announced that they had been cultivating these bacilli, and had got five millions at Guy’s Bacteriological Department. They had boiled them down, made them into a salve, and then proposed to inject it hypodermically.

' I consented. I didn't know where I was or what I was doing hardly. Like the drowning man and the straws, I caught at anything.

August 20th.—In the evening the doctor suggested to the Chief that he had given up any hope of saving the eye or any part of it ; at least he perhaps didn't say so much, but left him to infer that.

August 21st.—The Doctor communicated his fears to me that the operation would have to be performed. I said, " Very well, when ? " He said, " To-day." I said, " What hour ? " He replied, " One o'clock." I said, " I will be ready."

' At 1.15 Higgins, Eason, Dr. Harry Campbell, who was watching the thing from the Chief's standpoint, and the anaesthetic administrator were all ready.

' The Chief saw them transfer me to the board, unbandage the eye, and then Higgins signalled to him that he had better retire.

' The sensations were a little strange as I received the chloroform. Nothing remarkable.

' My next sense of consciousness was the struggle I seemed to be making with some opposing forces that were dragging me, I do not know where. All sense of what had happened had passed away from me. All I could do was to cry out : " Where am I ? Where am I ? What has happened ? "

' Then I recognized the voice of the Nurse saying, " You are in your own bed." Gradually I calmed down, and was informed that the thing was all over, and I found that after the struggle of nine months, with all its waiting and hoping for the preservation of the eye, it was gone irrevocably.

' However, my heart was comforted by the fact that, however imperfect it might be, I still had the power of discerning objects round about me ; that the one was left, and so thanked God and took courage.

August 22nd.—Mr. Higgins has just called and unbandaged the eye and finds that the thing is progressing as satisfactorily as can be expected, with the exception of some little woollen stuff with which he had closed the aperture he had made in the eye to prevent any extraneous poisonous matter entering, and which had become cemented with blood.

' The agony caused by his efforts to get it out was beyond words to describe. After working at it for some time he gave

it up for the day, thinking that nature might soften the thing. . . .

'August 23rd.— . . . At ten Dr. Higgins came in to finish his attempts to extract the stopping. I had to submit. He tried cocaine, any quantity of it—pulled with all his might—it was no use—he could not get the thing out.

'However, I told him I would bear it as long as I could ; if I told him to stop he was to stop. I did. I had to cry out, "I can bear this no longer ; you must stop," which he did ; and directly after I said, "Go on." This last pull was frightful, frightful beyond the concentrated agony I had endured for years together—then he announced it was done.

'My scalp was so sore I could scarcely bear the ends of the hair touching. The doctors said it was the result of the cutting of the nerve. The pains were neuralgic in character, and hard to be borne.'

After reaching home once more he writes :

'I am still struggling on. I am sleeping very poorly, little or no appetite ; the pain, although less severe, still continues.

'They stick to it that I am doing well, and Adjutant Treen, my housekeeper, quotes her favourite text for my consolation whenever she has the opportunity—that "All things work together for good."'

On September 2nd he wrote to Bramwell :

'MY DEAR CHIEF,—By accident, as it were, I have stumbled into my old chair at the table where I have spent so many hundreds of hours writing for my Master ; the pen and paper are within reach and the desire to again use them irresistibly springs up in my heart. I make the experiment, and to my joy find that I can make strokes and signs that I think will not be illegible to those for whom they may be intended, and the first sentence my heart prompts is to ask you again to join with me in grateful praise to my Heavenly Father for His loving care of me—body and soul, during this affliction, giving me another assurance for the future.—Yours, in love for all, hope for the years to come, and faith for greater triumphs than hitherto experienced, Father and General,

'WILLIAM BOOTH.'

And again on the 9th :

‘ I feel in myself as though I were some old vessel that had run on to some rock and was being dashed to pieces by the storming waves, while the crew were considering the propriety of her abandonment, and the proprietors were arguing in their own minds as to the value of the salvage.’

Later :

‘ Perhaps it is not so bad as that. Hope has not quite fled—and although I failed to get my little afternoon sleep I think I feel much more virile in spirit and more comfortable in my eye and my head to-night than I have done before.’

In October he makes an entry which brings the great lines of Victor Hugo into the mind :

Je sais . . .

Que la création est une grande roue

Qui ne peut se mouvoir sans écraser quelqu’un.

He writes :

‘ A fair night—some real solid refreshing sleep, with an hour or two’s interval of musing on some of the difficult parts of the present condition of things.

‘ Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof is severely true of my experience—nay, you might say of the S.A. generally.

‘ Every revolution of the wheel of time brings with it some new trouble or the resurrection of an old one, something perplexing or something painful. With so many things on hand in so many places, I suppose it must be so.’

Then he reflects :

‘ The mother with a numerous family is bound ever to have one or more laid up with some malady or other.’

He was soon up and about, working almost as hard as ever. In November he paid a visit to Horfield Prison, near Bristol, and in his account of the meeting there he deplores a mistake on the part of Commissioner Railton :

‘ My taxi took me inside the Court of the Prison, where I was received by the Governor and some other Officials and preceded by a couple of Curates (?) . . . The Chaplain being absent, we proceeded into the Prison Chapel.

‘The Audience—men and women—formed, as is usual in such gatherings, a wretched spectacle ; specially was it so with the women—poor things ; they appeared to my imperfect vision a desolation of desolations.

‘I must confess that I felt more than a little constrained and awkward as I faced my audience, and this was somewhat increased as I went on.

‘I gave out the two first verses of the old song, “There is a Fountain,” and instead of praying myself, as I intended and ought to have done, I asked Commissioner Railton.

‘He, instead of asking God for the help of His Holy Spirit and, in general terms, His blessing on the Meeting, went off into a dissertation on the incident referred to in the song, affirming that as the thief on the Cross was pardoned and taken into Paradise, so had he and his party been taken into Paradise, where we lived and enjoyed ourselves all the time there, informing all present that the same desirable experience was possible to them all—winding up by a burst of tears, such a manifestation as I never saw on his part before during all the forty years of our acquaintance. . . .

‘Well, Lawley sang, with delightful influence, his song, “Give them a welcome,” and I talked my talk.

‘After a time I got hold of my strange hearers’ attention and I think their hearts.

‘At the close I announced that if any would like to be spoken to about their souls, that I was leaving Officers behind me who would be glad to see them for that purpose in their cells.

‘Thirty-one expressed such a wish, and of this number twenty-nine professed repentance and promised to serve God and by His help live a better life.’

An evening newspaper telegraphed to him on November 27th :

‘Would you kindly say what you think of Sir Luke White’s suggestion that, with regard to Social Legislation, you should be made a peer ? ’

He replied :

‘I have not heard of the suggestion referred to, but would certainly be willing to go to the House of Lords, or any other

lawful place, if only I could thereby assist the Suffering Classes for whose betterment I have devoted my life.'

The simplicity of this answer—the very fact, we mean, that he did not see anything ridiculous in his promotion to the House of Lords, 'or any other lawful place'—is characteristic of the man and endears him to the mind. When one reflects, too, on the men who did go to the Lords during William Booth's lifetime, we may be pardoned for wondering if history will not ask why he remained outside.

CHAPTER XXVIII

WHEREIN THE GENERAL WEEPS OVER THE SUFFERINGS OF CHILDREN, TELLS MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL HE IS NOT CONVERTED, THANKS GOD FOR A YEAR OF UNINTERRUPTED MERCY, AND MAKES PLANS TO HELP PRISONERS

1910

IN spite of his partial blindness, his increasing weakness, and his bouts of very considerable discomfort, this wonderful man continued to stagger along the path of duty under his enormous burdens.

The fragmentary journal for 1910 is pathetic reading. When the entry is not dictated, one finds the writing extravagantly large and uncertain, the sentences very often incomplete. There are references to sleepless nights, dizziness, physical exhaustion, and pain. Other shadows than those of blindness were beginning to close about him. He feels the inhibitions of age, contemplates retirement, fears that the consequence of retirement may be death, and once more urges his frail and suffering body to obey the beck of his insatiable spirit.

In the early part of the year he went to Holland, Germany, and Scandinavia, drawing huge crowds to hear him. On his return to England he was too ill to take the Good Friday Meeting at the Congress Hall; but the Meeting was a success, and seventy people came to the penitent-form. . . . He says: 'Praise the Lord. He can

do without me. That's a mercy.' But one knows very well that he was pawing the ground to be there. Booth blood, with all its virtues, is not quiet in retirement, and never descended, we suspect, from the veins of mystic or quietist. He made a bad invalid.

At the same time there were spells in his life at this time when he rested at Hadley Wood, dreaming his dream of a world conquest, and harassing his mind with conjectures as to the future. When Bramwell left him at night the old man would sometimes lift his son's hand to his lips, kissing it, and saying, 'That is for Eva,' 'that is for Lucy'; then, after a pause, 'that is for Ballington,' 'that is for Herbert,' 'that is for Katie'; but for the most part his mind was far away from even his most loyal and devoted children, dreaming his dreams of a world converted from sin. He longed 'to save the whole world.'

The reader must not think that he meant by this phrase about 'saving the world' Salvation from Hell only. He became in his old age much more tender, much more gentle, much more tolerant. He still believed in Hell; it was still a cardinal dogma of his faith that a wilful sinner is eternally on the side of everlasting evil; but he did not confine himself to visions of damnation. By that phrase 'save the whole world,' he meant the Salvation of men and women and little children, particularly little children, from the earthly punishments of wrong living, from unrest as well as from poverty, from torpor and lethargy and disquiet, as well as from squalor and pain. He hated suffering. He yearned after an erring humanity. He longed for a heaven on earth.

During his last visit to America, his daughter Eva persuaded him one afternoon in Chicago to lie down on the sofa, and extracted from him a promise that he

would not move till she came to call him with a cup of tea. 'Now you won't move, will you, darling?' she pleaded at the door. And the old man said, 'No, I won't move; I promise you.' But a very short time after leaving him she heard movements in the room. She opened the door and found him walking to and fro, his eyes and cheeks wet with tears. 'Darling!' she exclaimed reproachfully; 'you faithfully promised me that you wouldn't move!' 'Oh, I know, I know!' he broke out; 'but I've been thinking of all the sufferings of little children, the children of the great cities, and I can't rest, I can't rest.'

It is not easy, I think, to exaggerate his tenderness during these last years of his life. Still something of a Boanerges on the platform, always in conference shrewd, humorous, and astute, he was, nevertheless, in the company of those to whom he could open his heart, a man almost feminine in the quality of his gentleness. It was a touching thing to sit with him in those last years and to hear him express his desire for the Salvation of the world. He would draw his chair so close to his friend that their knees touched; he would bring his face so near that the breath—which had some wonderfully pure aroma, like that of new milk—could be felt warm on the face; and his eyes would peer into the eyes of that other as though straining to see sympathy, as though forcing the last dwindling rays of his vision into the depths of a soul that could understand him. He wanted to end suffering, to get rid of misery, to wipe out the disfiguring stain of sin. 'And they won't even let us go into the prisons!' he would groan, 'not even into the prisons!'

From the entries made in his journal during March, 1910, the reader will see how he was suffering at this

time from considerable weakness of body. How honest is the sentence, speaking of the goodness of God, where he says, 'I believe He loves me, and I am sure I love Him':

'I have not had as much sleep as usual, or as much as I require, but have had no sign of the giddiness for eleven or twelve hours now, for which I am unutterably thankful. Perhaps it has gone altogether. What a blessing that would be.

'Later. Alas! alas! the vertigo has returned on me with some force, so my hopes are dashed once more. Still, I must hope on. I cast anchor in my old trust—that is, the goodness of God. I believe He loves me, and I am sure I love Him.

'Have had a good night's sleep—excellent for me, but during the night and early in the morning I had several bad swimming bouts, making me feel really discouraged, if not hopeless. It is the terrible notion that has been lodged in my mind that I may fall at any moment, and that without notice. I am not afraid, but I cannot help feeling that it would be very unpleasant to those about me, and very serious to the many interests that I represent. But I am in the hands of my Heavenly Father, and He must do whatsoever He considers the best—God's will be done.

'I am very thankful I have no public duties to-day. I don't know how I should face them if I had. I suppose strength and ability would be given me according to the requirements of the hour, as has been my experience for so many years. I am much divided as to whether I ought not to give up all public work for a time. I certainly should do it if it was not for the discouraging effect it would have upon my comrades and friends.

'Whether an exaggeration or otherwise, there is a great notion abroad, both inside and outside our ranks, as to the value of my life, and as to the unfortunate consequences that my death would bring to The Army. So I must go on as long as ever I possibly can, if for no other reason than to keep other people fighting and to keep up their spirits while they are doing it.

'... I am really and truly anxious about myself. I can see pretty plainly that I shall have to give up for a time, and

giving up for a time at my age usually means giving up for good. The thought is very unwelcome to me. . . . The possibilities of a sudden call are right before. They cannot be explained away.'

To the young daughter of an Officer on his Staff—then near death—he writes as follows during March of this year :

'MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,—I have heard through your dear father, again and again, of your illness. His last letter raised hopes in my heart that the pain was less and the prospects of recovery brighter, but the Chief of the Staff, my son Bramwell, now tells me in a letter just received that you are not so well and that your pain is greater than it was.

'I am sorry for this. I had hoped for the pleasure of hearing of your speedy recovery. I must again ask my Heavenly Father to stretch forth His healing hand for your assistance and plead with Him for the bestowal of that comforting and sustaining grace that He delights to impart.

'From what your dear father has said about your faith and patience, I am sure you are very dear to your Heavenly Father—I am sure that you are under His wings. You are dear to Him, and it delights me to think that He is so dear to you.

'It may be that you will soon be in His very presence. What a joy that will be! How delighted your dear Mother will be to clasp you in her arms once more.

'It cannot be very long before the General will join you in that blessed abode. I am looking forward to that time, and father and *all, all, all*, whom you love here, will follow you.

'I am writing in great haste, as I have only a few moments.

'Good-bye for the present. All will be well.—Your affectionate General,

WILLIAM BOOTH.'

This letter, perhaps, is too stereotyped in its phrases to convey the impression it ought to make on the reader's mind; but the sympathetic reader, at least, will be touched by the tenderness which moved this very old, suffering, and near-blinded man to write at all. The

thought of a child's pain tortured him ; the dying of a child moved him profoundly.

On April 10th he writes in his journal :

' I am 81 to-day. Reckoned on a quiet Sabbath with time for some profitable reflections, but alas ! how differently it has turned out. I suppose it has been one of the most harassing days I have experienced for some time. My head was swimming, off and on, from morning to night ; but swimming or not, I was persuaded into doing seven more messages (birthday reflections for the various papers), finishing up with *The Times* at nearly 10.0 on my bed worn out.

' Some things may be said against the course pursued, but I endeavoured to put into every message I sent some real Salvation Army Doctrine, and to urge the responsibility resting on every one for their own Salvation and the Salvation of their neighbours. If there is anything in preaching, surely the words I sent, which must have passed before the eyes of millions of people, must do some good. Anyway, they are intended to do so.'

But not long after he is again brighter, and sets out on another important and exacting Continental campaign.

In Zurich he received news of King Edward's last illness :

' Outside one or two occasions, I do not know that any sudden news seemed to affect me so much. . . . I need not say that the Officers joined me most heartily in praying for God's interposition and sparing mercy.

' All through the wakeful hours of the night, indeed every time I came to consciousness, prayers for the King came to my lips ; but alas ! almost the first information I received revealed the tragic fact that . . . His Majesty expired . . . the night before.'

On the day before King Edward's funeral he writes :

' To-morrow I have the Memorial Meeting at the Congress Hall for the late King. I suppose that is how it would be described. I have simply regarded it as a preaching service myself, and I have not changed my mind.

‘I propose to introduce it with a few remarks on its being a day of mourning by the Nation, and that the Nation has reason to mourn, and that we all have reason to regret the event, and then turn the attention of the audience to themselves and proceed to deal with them as though the King never lived or never died, only draw an occasional illustration from the event.’

Such is the essence of The Salvation Army method.

Later in the journal there is a reference to administrative labours which still occupied a great part of his time, the growth of The Salvation Army all over the world, particularly in India and the Americas, calling for his constant attention :

‘Bramwell walked down to the station with me, talking business to the last—indeed, until after the train was in motion. How crowded our lives are with perplexing problems and hard work no one outside our circle can form any conception, and all continually made more difficult by the feeling that we are so far behind the requirement of the hour.’

In October he threw himself with renewed energy into the hope of establishing a permanent branch of Salvation Army work in the prisons of Great Britain :

‘I went to Whitehall for an interview with Mr. Winston Churchill, the Home Secretary, with respect to proposed plan of working for the Criminal in prisons in conjunction with the Government.

‘I expected to find Mr. Churchill alone. . . . With Mr. Churchill I found, however, Mr. Masterman, the Under-Secretary, and Sir E. Troupe, the Permanent Secretary of the Home Office.

‘The interview lasted an hour and a quarter, and might, so far as I could judge, an hour and a quarter longer, judging from the interest manifested by Mr. Churchill and the other parties present.

‘Nothing could very well be more frank and anxious than all appeared to be.

‘I talked on the principles, methods, and success of our

work among these classes, and in general terms, and each acknowledged their agreement, with trifling exceptions, with all I argued for.

'That was satisfactory, but it was more satisfactory still to get a definite promise, or what amounted to one, for the following methods of operation by The Army in the prisons :

'1. To be allowed to hold a Mission at least once per annum in every Convict Prison in the country.

'2. Liberty to hold a quarterly religious musical Meeting in each prison.

'3. To hold a private Meeting for the prisoners who enrolled themselves under Salvationist direction once a week.

'This was all rather vague, but Mr. Churchill proposed to write me. In the first place, he suggested I should write him as to the results of our conference, but as I thought he had better (write) me, I agreed, and there the matter was left.

'We parted in the most genial manner—Mr. Churchill saying with a smile, "Am I converted?" We had talked much about conversion from our standpoint. "No," I said, "I am afraid you are not converted, but I think you are convicted."

'He added something about my seeing what was in him. To which I replied, "What I am most concerned about is not what is in you at the present, but (what) I can see of the possibilities of the future."

'It was one of the most interesting interviews of my life, it may turn out to be one of the most important.'

The day after he writes in his journal :

'A wretched, toss-about night.'

Of his grandson's birthday, Bernard, son of Bramwell, he says :

'I gave him a watch which cost me £5. I hope he may live long to use it, and to regulate some useful work for God and man by its dial-plate.'

Then he goes to Scotland, still taken up with his idea of a mission to prisoners :

'Barlinnie Prison. . . . The Governor and other Officials, with whom was Lord Polwarth, the Chairman of the Scotch

Prison Commissioners, met us at the door and gave us a hearty welcome. I was at once ushered into the Prison Chapel, face to face with six or seven hundred Criminals. They were dressed in light khaki and looked like so many ghosts to my poor, imperfect vision. . . . I reckoned I had prepared myself a little for the occasion, but, strange to say, I lost myself almost directly I began to speak.* It was with difficulty I talked for half an hour. . . . I strove anyway to make what I had to say of benefit, and I believe it was so. Went to tea with the Governor. . . . Occupied chiefly with a discussion on prison affairs with Lord Polwarth, who has just returned from the Prison Convention in the United States. He agrees with nearly everything I say, and is prepared to support us in every effort we make in Scotland.

‘But still the mortification in all these discussions I am having with Prison Officials and others is, that while assenting to the necessity for some great alteration and willing for almost every move we propose, no one seems to grasp the necessity for Religion, anyway for a Religion of Regeneration. They think that with greater kindness some improvement will be effected. I think that (by) greater kindness, without some definite effort at conversion, more evil will be done than good.

‘At parting Lord Polwarth said, “Anyway I am opposed to putting these fellows into prison for three, four, five, and seven days.” I replied, “Well, I am not so much opposed to putting them in for such short periods; I am for not letting them out again until there is some satisfactory evidence given that the prisoners are not going to repeat the offence for which they were in the first instance incarcerated.”’

But on December 31st:

‘The last day of the Old Year. It has been a twelve months of uninterrupted mercy. I fear that my gratitude lags behind the overflowing goodness of my Heavenly Father. Could I very well ask for an experience more desirable than that to which I am exhorted by Paul when he urges me, “In everything to give thanks”—*there is a motto for the year.*’

* It is worth noticing that on every occasion when he visited a prison William Booth was overtaken by this feeling of nervousness.

CHAPTER XXIX

THE DARKNESS DEEPENS

1911

THROUGHOUT the journal for 1911 we find such entries as those which follow :

‘ From one thing or the other I certainly woke this morning, or came to the conclusion soon after waking, that the end might be drawing near.

‘ The words Worn Out came to my lips. Was I not like unto a worn-out garment, I asked myself. My feelings seemed to favour an affirmative.

‘ Sitting in my study I had one of those strange sensations in my head which I have come to associate with the lapses of consciousness which I have suffered off and on now for some time.

‘ I took little notice of this feeling, but an hour or so afterwards, perhaps half an hour, I am informed that I lost all consciousness as to where I was and as to the work ahead of me.

‘ ——— tried to bring me to, but failed. However, I lay down on the couch and went to sleep for a couple of hours.

‘ Waking up I became conscious that I was unconscious, rang the bell and inquired where I was. ——— said, “ At home.” I asked, What is next to be done ? “ Eating,” he replied. What then ? “ You will sleep again.” What then ? “ Lowestoft.” With “ Lowestoft ” my brain seemed to wake up, and I was myself—perfectly myself again.

‘ Went back from the tea-table to finish the conference, when one of those unpleasant lapses of consciousness, which I have suffered occasionally for a couple of years, took place.

This coming on me when I was standing, I slipped to the ground. . . .

'I felt it best to see Dr. Guthrie, a Specialist in Nerve affections, whom I had seen before. . . . The Doctor had nothing to say fresh, but simply assured me there was nothing that could be considered brain disease or the stroke nature, but it was nothing more or less than brain exhaustion.'

He wrote to his daughter Eva, the Commander in the United States :

'Your letter has been read to me. My sight is much worse, or it appears to be, as you will see from this scribble. However, I cannot help feeling that I must write you with my own hand as long as I can.

'The world is in a poor way and we must help it. Let us have faith in God—more faith than ever. I am beginning to look across the Atlantic and anticipate the joy of seeing you once more. Surely we shall have time to talk our hearts out a little, if it is only a little.'

The darkness was creeping over his vision, and there were times when he could do nothing but turn his face to the wall and wonder what it all meant.

But there are still flashes of the old spirit in this brief and rather broken record.

Then comes an entry which is authentic Booth :

'At the close of my address, my Chairman, Captain Wade Thompson, whispered to me that a lady wanted me to give a Gospel message to the audience. She had actually requested him to stop me in the middle of my speech and ask for this. I was puzzled, because I thought I had been preaching the Gospel, both directly and indirectly, all the way through! However, it induced me, in moving the vote of thanks to the Chairman, to half promise to come back and preach to them. On leaving the platform, I shook hands with the lady, and she really went for me, you might say, on the question of this Gospel message, and was so fierce I could not get anything in. I was too weary to do any more shouting, so I bade her good-bye.'

He had an interview this year with Lord Radstock (the Lord Apostol, as he was called in Petersburg), but leaves no comment upon it. On the other hand, of a popular lady novelist we have this impression :

‘ Tea with Marie Corelli. She was far more free, friendly, and gossipy than I expected to find her ; more interested in The Army she could not have seemed to be, and promised to write something when there is an opportunity. She and the friend who resides with her were at the evening Meeting, and laughed and appeared to enjoy themselves right truly.’

And of an interview with General Botha, who called at Headquarters, he writes :

‘ Much pleased with him. He was most hearty. I think our talk will bring forth some important results in the future.’

He was always meeting interesting people, as the reader will remember, on his various railway journeys. In October of this year, when in Scotland, we read :

‘ Left for Helensburgh at 10.0. Just before the train moved off the door was opened, and I was informed that the Princess Louise was in the next compartment with the Duke of Argyll, and would like to shake hands with me. I said, “ By all means.” She came to me, got into my compartment, and rode with me half the journey. With the jolliest, happiest, and most sympathetic spirit we talked over matters of usefulness. She is very interested in the Housing of the Poor, and wants us to do something. That is rather strange, seeing that I wanted to find somebody made for the subject. She indicated that she had a nephew who was the individual I wanted. I must see him !

‘ The Duke and Princess got out at a Station before we reached our destination. I bade them good-bye, and they pressed me very much to go over and spend a little time with them at their Castle, one of their summer residences. I was very much impressed with the Princess.’

Later in the year he received a letter saying : ‘ The Duke of Argyll hopes to be under your orders at the Spa Road on December 7th.’

It almost takes the breath away to read how this man, eighty-one years of age and in very uncertain health, travelled about the world conducting passionate Meetings for the Salvation of mankind. He visited in this year Holland, Switzerland, Scandinavia, Germany, and Italy.

We get from this tour of 1911 another glimpse of the General among prisoners and captives :

‘ By invitation of the Governor I addressed the prisoners in a prison outside Copenhagen. The Chapel in which the Meeting was held was full. It was a peculiar experience. Each man sat in a kind of box similar to those occupied by Night Watchmen, and wore a mask until he was out of sight of his comrades. The whole thing had a very peculiar aspect. A song was sung, a prayer was offered—I think I prayed myself. I talked to them with all the simplicity and thoughtfulness I could command. God helped me. . . . Commissioner Lucy [his daughter, Mrs. Booth-Hellberg] was admitted on condition that she sat behind a screen.

‘ The Governor invited us to a cup of tea, but I was so weary and heart-sick from the sight I had been looking upon for the last hour, that I did not feel like partaking of any refreshment, and then I had the notion somehow or other, from the manner of the Governor and the Chaplain, that they were not very sympathetic with me, so I made away as soon as possible.’

On the following day he adds :

‘ I hear that a deep impression was made yesterday at the Prison, especially on the Chaplain. The Head Gardener it seems is an ex-Salvation Officer. How he made an exchange of position I don’t know.

‘ There was a lad there who said to the Pastor, “ I am so glad I set that house on fire in Jylland.” The Pastor said, “ Carl, Carl, what do you mean ? ” “ Oh,” said he, “ if I had not done that I should never have heard the General.”

‘ I prize that incident, because it shows how accessible the hearts of these people are to the Truth, and confirms my conviction that, if they could only be kept long enough to allow the means ordinarily employed for the conviction of

sinner to be brought to bear upon their hearts, there is hope for every one of them.'

The reports of all his Meetings during this tour, in his eighty-second year, tell the same tale of extraordinary crowds, and irrepressible enthusiasm. Unfortunately, they lack that Booth touch which relieves a paean of monotonous success with something dry, caustic, and a little out of tune. The following extract is a fair example of the fanfare sounded by his journalistic accompanist, and will give the reader an idea of the interest and sympathy which almost everywhere manifested itself at the appearance of the patriarch :

' Arrived in Rome about 9 o'clock this morning. After breakfast the General felt a little better, and after a short rest went off to be received by the Lord Mayor of Rome and other notabilities. In the afternoon he saw two Press representatives and some bishops, and the British Ambassador. The General's Lecture was a most enthusiastic affair. Much applause, and at the conclusion a well-known Roman Judge sprang up and poured forth his thanks and appreciation in a torrent of eloquence. Many pressed round to shake hands with the General.'

Not only did the General take a leading part at The Army's International Social Council in London, which was attended by Salvationists from all over the world,* but he made another tumultuous motor tour through the country. One of his Meetings this year, it is interesting to note, was presided over by Mr. Herbert Samuel, the Postmaster-General.

He wrote to Eva Booth on December 8th :

' As I think I said to you before, the preference for writing you in my own hand is a reason you very often do not get a letter from me at all.

* His addresses at this Council were afterwards published in book form, and widely circulated under the title of ' International Social Council Addresses.'

‘ But, however, there is no alternative now, you will have to take the feelings and assurances of my heart affection towards you and about you through a medium or you will not get them at all, anyway you will not get them very frequently.

‘ Oh, I do wish I could help you. Oh, I do wish I could help America. I do want to live to bless you ! God knows my heart, and perhaps it may be His will that I may revive and help you in realizing the highest ambition of usefulness after which your soul has panted. The helping of the wretched, and the saving them out of the earthly, hellish conditions in which such multitudes live, and the saving of the souls of the people in larger numbers, and the organizing them when they are saved for still further victories, is the dream of almost every hour of my life.

‘ I have been longing for the unspeakable felicity of a little real communion, though it be by letter, ever since this dark cloud fell upon me ; nay, indeed, ever since the operation itself, but the waves of suffering in one form or another that have ceaselessly swept over me . . . have prevented it, and now I can only do it through the fingers of my trusted secretary, Ensign Smith, whom you will know sufficiently to feel that my words lose nothing in their meaning or fervour by passing through his fingers.

‘ I am very poorly. I am just sitting up for a few minutes in my dressing-gown and for a few minutes only. The mystery of the calamity constitutes its chief anguish. But anyway I go forward, as I have said in my letter to the “ Cry,” and you will go forward with me. I am sure you will go forward with me in your heart of hearts—that this will, among other things, draw us closer together and unite us more thoroughly in seeking the honour of our Master, the glory of the dear Saviour, and the Salvation of the people for whom He died.

‘ With love and sympathy for ever and ever and ever, and as many for evers as you like to add on to it.—Your affectionate,

FATHER.

‘ *PS.*—Lucy is very kind. You will know this without my saying so.’

The old clock, still obstinately ticking, was beginning to run down.

CHAPTER XXX

HE DESIRES TO GO HOME

1912

IN January of 1912, William Booth was engaged upon administrative work, keeping for the most part to his desk at International Headquarters and at Hadley Wood. On the 26th of that month we read in the Secretary's diary: 'After the General had rested in the afternoon, on descending the first flight of stairs from his room, he missed the last step and fell full length, striking his head; but he was not hurt, and gathering himself up, exclaimed, "I always told you my head was the hardest part of me."' There are records of bad nights, of the doctor's attendance, and of 'a treatment.'

On February 23rd, he left London for Rotterdam and conducted a series of Meetings in Holland until March 8th, when he returned to Hadley Wood. He writes in his journal on March 13th: 'Last night did better with my sleep, although only a poor do. . . . Still keeping better and able to do some work.' On the 16th he set off for Christiania. He notes of a breakfast conversation with a Salvationist: 'He gave me one or two remarkable cases of conversion.' He worked hard in Christiania* and returned to Hadley Wood on the 26th. This was his last excursion from England.

* Conducting a Staff Congress, to which there came about one hundred leading Officers from Northern Europe, in addition to a number of public Meetings, and lecturing before the University, with the Prime Minister of Norway in the Chair.

He was depressed and sorrowful at this time. He told the present writer during these last months that the outlook for the world was not promising, that indeed it was melancholy. 'When I think of it all,' he said, 'I am distressed.' He said that the world was indifferent to religion, but did not altogether blame the world. 'I have an impression,' he said, 'that the mass of the people are discovering that there is a great gulf fixed between the profession of love—love which is the core of religion—and the practice in daily life of those activities and self-sacrifices which will ever spring out of love where it exists. Religion has only too widely become a matter of form instead of a living, breathing, active principle—a withered husk, a dead shell—and the man in the street has thrown it away.' And he added: 'I am more confident than ever that Salvation is the only hope for the world. Were it not for Salvation and the Salvation of The Salvation Army, I should think that the probability was that the world was on its way to universal suicide.'

On April 10th he wrote in his journal:

'Eighty-third birthday! It seems almost incredible, but there is the remarkable fact, and poorly as I am, on and off, everybody considers it next door to a miracle that I should be so young and energetic and capable of so much work, and ever so many other things. All I can do is to praise God for His mercy, and try to put my days to the wisest, holiest, and best purpose for the benefit of my fellows that I possibly can.

'The Meeting at night* was considered to be a very remarkable one. I have seldom heard Bramwell express as much gratification, but I cannot say I was particularly pleased.

'We had five or six small speeches, very flattering to the General, with an endorsement that was overwhelming by the audience.

* In the Congress Hall at Clapton, at which nearly 1,000 Officers stationed in London were present to greet him.

'I tried hard to get some profit out of the occasion, but felt I had failed to accomplish my end.

'I suppose I am not alone in feeling that such occasions are anything but exhilarating.'

During the afternoon of this day something occurred that pleased him 'immensely':

'A motor-car brought down a collection of flowers and fruit sent by Lord Rothschild and his two brothers.

'The construction of the collection was of the most beautiful kind. I had never seen better nor had the people about me.

'The fruit was of the most luxurious character, enormous strawberries, plums, pears, grapes, apples, and pine-apple.

'A note accompanied the gift, which pleased me more than anything else, because it seemed to show that his Lordship and brothers felt a real kindly interest in me, and in the work that I am doing, an interest which seemed to promise further practical co-operation in the future.'

A visit from his daughters Eva and Lucy gave him the greatest pleasure. They were present at his last appearance in the Albert Hall on May 9th, when he addressed an audience of ten thousand people, saying to them: 'I am going into dry-dock for repairs.'

The following extracts from the Address he delivered on this occasion reveal something of his feelings in reviewing his life's work:

'I might have chosen as my life's work the housing of the poor. That, in early life, presented itself to me as a most important question, most closely identified with the morals, happiness, and religion of the poor people. I honour those who are devoting themselves to the solution of the problem.

But has not The Salvation Army done something in this direction? If you look abroad, you will find hundreds and thousands up and down the world who to-night have comfortable homes through the influence of The Army; indeed, there are thousands of men, women, and children who but for its assistance would have had no homes at all. For instance,

there are over 200,000 homeless men sleeping under our roofs every week.

‘I might have given myself up to the material benefit of the working classes. I might have drawn attention to the small rate of wages and striven to help them in that direction.

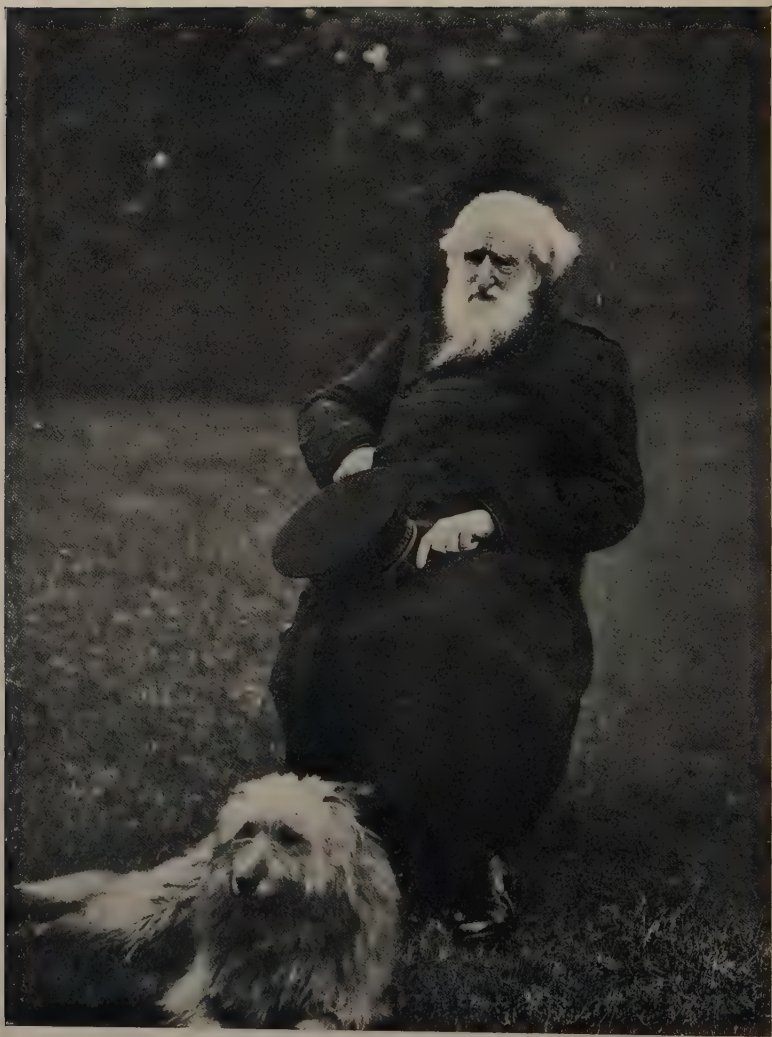
‘But have we not done something for them? Are there not tens of thousands who, but for The Army, might have been almost starved? If we have not done much in the way of increasing income, have we not done a great deal in inculcating principles of economy and self-denial which have taught the poor a better use of their wages? Their total abstinence from drink, tobacco, gambling, and wasteful finery has made hundreds of thousands of people better off than they were before they came under our influence. . . .

‘I might have chosen to devote my life to the interests of the criminal world. The hundreds of thousands of poor wretches who are pining in the prison cells while we are sitting here at ease, ought to have our sympathy and help. I heard of a man the other day who had spent fifty years of his life in prison, and the whole of his thefts did not amount to £20. He pleaded that he had never had a chance in life, but when he comes out of prison—if he does come out—The Army will give him a chance.

‘Some 178 women prisoners have been admitted to our Homes in this country during the year, and of these 130 have proved satisfactory. We have done something for the criminal, but it is only the commencement of a mighty work The Army is destined to do for the unhappy class.

‘I might have carried out my consecration for the improvement of the community by devoting myself to politics. I might have turned Conservative, or I might have been a Radical, or a Home Ruler, or a Socialist, or have joined the Labour Party, or, what is more probable, if the catastrophe had occurred, I might have formed another Party. I saw something better than belonging to either Party, and that by being the friend of every Party, I was far more likely to secure the blessing of the multitude, and the end I had in view.

‘And the object I chose all those years ago embraced every effort, contained in its heart the remedy for every form of misery and sin and wrong to be found upon the earth, and every method of reclamation needed by human nature.’



IN HIS GARDEN WITH 'GYP' (1912)

It had been decided at this time that an operation should be performed on his remaining eye. He writes on May 14th that arrangements had been made for 'Commissioner Lucy to stay with me during the first fortnight after the operation.'

The operation was performed at Hadley Wood on the 23rd of May. His daughter Lucy, who was with him, gives an account of that day :

'On the morning of the 23rd the General was in very brave spirits and met the day with all its coming adventure with a wonderful calm. Leaving his bedchamber at quite an early hour he descended to his study, several notes were written, many documents signed, and a photograph taken of the General with Colonel Kitching standing at the back of his chair and "Gyp," the General's faithful sheep-dog, settling himself at his feet.'

She goes on to say :

'Punctually at three o'clock the surgeons, Mr. Higgins and Mr. Eason of Guy's Hospital, arrived, the General's own medical attendant, Dr. Milne, having met them at the station. The General gave some bantering greeting to Mr. Higgins, the surgeon, who got to work straightway. . . .

'The night that followed was a wakeful one, without more suffering than the smarting of the wound and the unaccustomed inconvenience which lying upon the back necessitated.

'Towards the end of Friday the General appeared somewhat more restless, though for such a patient as the General to lie perfectly still would be almost more than one could expect. But Friday night did not satisfy us in the matter of rest. Saturday morning Mr. Higgins did not come, having gone out of town for the week-end, but the General's own doctor put in an appearance, bathed the eye, and reported everything as satisfactory. Towards the afternoon, however, the General became much more restless, and I felt it wise to tell the Chief on his return from Hastings. This was thought to be neuralgia. Upon bathing the eye externally on Saturday Dr. Milne found some slight discharge and seemed disturbed, and on Sunday, as there was a further discharge, my brother

informed me that he was extremely anxious, and that the bandage with a note from Dr. Milne had been sent off by motor to Mr. Higgins, who was staying seventy miles out of London.

'At last Mr. Higgins came, and not another seven minutes had elapsed before the General was again lying upon the improvised operating table and was breathing an anaesthetic. The Chief stood on one side holding the pulse, I on the other holding a pillow, while Mr. Higgins for quite half an hour thoroughly irrigated the eye. Another weary night and day ensued, and the General began to suspect that things were not going as smoothly as they had promised at the start.

'I shall never forget those hours when the dear Chief, Colonel Kitching (who in season and out of season for the past three years had sought to chase the shadows gathering over our beloved Leader and lift the deep depression that so often settled upon his dear heart) and myself sat and looked into each other's faces and feared the worst. Mr. Higgins had given slight hope of his ever being able to see again. "But I cannot somehow bring my lips to frame the word 'blind,'" said the Chief, and he stretched out his arms into the air.

'Tuesday dawned, and somehow a sort of dull, aching hopelessness with it. I had been up in the night, and some of the questions the General asked touching upon what the doctor said were exceedingly difficult to answer in a manner that should hide from him—as, at the moment, was most essential—the true position. . . .

'My brother and I had conversed as to the advisability of calling in a further opinion. We felt we owed it to ourselves and to the world at large; so Mr. Higgins, when asked about it, suggested with the utmost willingness Mr. Churton Collins, one of the most modern authorities upon the eye. Three o'clock Tuesday was fixed for the consultation. The eye was soon examined, and with a very grave look Mr. Collins remarked, "Well, General, we will go downstairs and have a little talk, and then we will come up again."'

Bramwell Booth tells me that the conference which followed was a very brief one. It was only too evident that the sight was irrevocably gone. The question at

once arose among the surgeons who should first communicate this to the patient, and Mr. Higgins insisted that it was the duty of the son to make known the truth to his father. Accordingly, Bramwell Booth returned to the darkened chamber, and, as carefully as he found it possible, broke the melancholy intelligence to the old man. The words employed were not perhaps at first as definite as the unhappy truth justified, and the General exclaimed in his own direct fashion, 'You mean that I am blind?'

'Well, General, I fear that we must contemplate that.'

After a pause the old man said, 'I shall never see your face again?'

'No, probably not in this world.'

During the next few moments the veteran's hand crept along the counterpane to take hold of his son's, and holding it he said very calmly, 'God must know best!' and after another pause, 'Bramwell, I have done what I could for God and for the people with my eyes. Now I shall do what I can for God and for the people without my eyes.'

On the whole, considering his great age, his fiery temperament, and his active disposition, he bore this dreadful affliction with courage and dignity, and with pious resignation.

He was thoughtful for those about him. 'He had a little servant,' Mrs. Booth-Hellberg told me, 'who every morning came into the room to sweep the carpet, and the General always spoke to her, very sweetly and tenderly. He insisted, too, that this servant, and his secretary, should always have a day off every week. He would ask me continually, "Have they had their day off?" If for any reason we had not been able to manage so that they could have this holiday, he was upset, and complained

to me about it, saying that nothing ought to prevent that arrangement.'

He did not make, towards the end, a good invalid. Booth blood does not easily submit. There were days when he complained, when he fretted, when he wanted to know why this thing had befallen him.

Mrs. Booth-Hellberg says :

'Often during the last weeks I spent with the General, though none of us had any suspicion that he was going to leave us or that he would not be spared to fight as bravely as ever, he used to say : " I begin almost to look forward to meeting your dear Mother and your sister Emma ; and if it were not for the sorrow of having to leave this great burden to the dear Chief, I think I should almost like to go." All of a sudden, once, I heard him whisper : "Oh, I wish I were in Heaven !"

'Once, while apparently only half conscious, he said pleadingly, " Oh, I wish you would let me go—I want to go home." I told him he was there, in his own home at Hadley Wood, lying on his own bed. He listened to all I said and then exclaimed, " But that is not home."

'In another of his half-conscious moments near the end I heard him whisper, " Oh, to save these people ! " and again, " What is the good of a Meeting if it is not hot ? Do you hear what I say ? " " Yes, General," I replied. " Not a bit of good if it isn't hot," he repeated.'

One afternoon quite towards the end Bramwell Booth found his father sitting up in his arm-chair, evidently waiting to speak to him. What followed is the more touching for the fact that it proved to be William Booth's last consecutive conversation. The old warrior, greeting his son very quietly, said to him, ' Chief, can you spare me a few moments ? There are two matters much upon my mind. I want you to make me a promise concerning them.' Then, as Bramwell Booth sat down near to his father's chair, the General said, ' Now,

are you attending to me?' and the conversation proceeded as follows:

'I want you to promise me that when my voice is silent and I am gone from you, you will use such influence as you may possess with The Army to do more for the Homeless of the World. The homeless men. Mind! I am not thinking of this country only, but of all the lands.'

'Yes, General, I understand.'

'The homeless women'—and, with deepening tones, 'Ah, my boy, we don't know what it means to be without a home.'

'Yes, General, I follow.'

'The homeless children. Oh, the children! Bramwell, *look after the homeless*. Promise me.'

When the promise had been given, something of the old whimsical humour appeared as he exclaimed, 'Mind! If you don't, I shall come back and haunt you!' >

The son then inquired about the other matter referred to, and the General replied, 'I have been thinking very much during the last few nights about China. I greatly regret that the Lord has not permitted me to raise our Flag amongst that wonderful people. I want you to promise me that as soon as possible you will get together a party of suitable Officers, and unfurl our Flag in that wonderful land. I have been thinking again about the world as a whole. I have been thinking of all the nations and peoples as one family. Now promise me that you will begin the work in China. You will need money. I know that; but you will get the money if you get the right people.'

And, when the desired promise was given, the General stretched out his hand, saying, 'You promise? It's a

bargain, is it? Then give me your hand on it.' And, clasping hands, father and son prayed together, and the elder man solemnly placed his hands upon the younger man's head and blessed him.

Bramwell Booth tells me that he can never forget that moment. The soft light of the autumn afternoon falling on his father's beautiful head, the earnestness of the request manifest both in voice and manner, the strength and yet simplicity of that last prayer, the moving accents of that benediction, all must remain with him as a sacred and inspiring memory.

Three or four days before the final scene, the General was able one morning to raise himself in bed and with little assistance to seat himself for what proved to be the last time in his arm-chair. In addition to his nurse, Bramwell Booth and Mrs. Booth-Hellberg were with him. His speech had begun to fail, and it was only with effort that he could articulate, some words appearing to present greater difficulties than others.

As he settled in his chair, after referring to some passing matter, he suddenly exclaimed, 'Bramwell—the promises——,' but here he halted and seemed in great difficulty to proceed. He repeated, 'The promises——' and for a third time, 'The promises——' One of those present, realizing the difficulty, suggested the words 'of God,' and then he went on, halting and hesitating a good deal, but with the most solemn earnestness, and emphasizing with his hand almost every word, 'The promises—of God—are sure—are sure—if you will only believe.'

These appear to have been the last words with any consecutive meaning. From that time there was little more than ejaculation, occasional expressions of thankfulness or of suffering.

Near the end he said to Bramwell, with a smile that was like a flicker of the old spirit, 'I'm leaving you a bonnie handful!'—almost chuckling over the difficulties which now confronted his Melanchthon.

He lay very still and quiet as the last days of earthly life passed over him. He recognized no voices. He made no sign of a desire to speak. < During the afternoon of August 20th, ¹⁹¹² a violent thunderstorm broke over the house, such a storm as that which marked the end of Catherine Booth. > He made no sign. The storm passed, and quiet succeeded. In the evening there was a marked quickening of the breath and a weakening of the pulse. Bramwell turned to the doctor and asked if this were death. 'Yes,' replied the doctor, 'this is death.' There was a movement among the watchers.* Bramwell bent over his father and kissed him. 'Kiss him again,' whispered Mrs. Booth-Hellberg, 'kiss him for Eva.' And Bramwell kissed his father again, and placed in his hand the cable which had come from Eva in America, saying: 'Kiss him for me.' That was the end of the vigil. At thirteen minutes past ten the great and tender heart which had loved mankind so courageously and so passionately ceased to beat; the hands which had been outstretched for so many years to save the neglected and despised were still for ever; and the eyes which from their youth up had wept over the sufferings of the sorrowful, closed upon their own blindness and upon the greater darkness of death.

'While women weep, as they do now,' he had said, 'I'll fight; while little children go hungry, as they do now, I'll fight; while men go to prison, in and out, in

* These included Mr. and Mrs. Bramwell and two of their children (Adjutant Catherine and Sergeant Bernard), Commissioner Mrs. Booth-Hellberg, and Colonel Kitching.

D Aug 20th 10. 13 P.M. 9/2.

and out, as they do now, I'll fight.' And, 'Go straight for souls, and go for the worst.' And, 'All who are not on the Rock are in the sea; every Soldier must go to their rescue.' The world recognized that with the death of this man one of its great fighters had passed away; and not to England alone, not to the British Empire alone, but to the whole world of humanity—the men, women, and children of every nation under Heaven—did this recognition come. <No man ever finished his earth's battle with so universal a triumph.> Grief, and grief of a most close and personal character, burst from the heart of the human race. It was not merely that every newspaper of any consequence throughout the whole civilized world paid its tribute of admiration and respect to the dead warrior; it was not that messages of sympathy from the great people of the earth rained in from every quarter of the globe; these things spoke for much; these things witnessed to the respect of respectability for one who had been in his middle-life the most assailed, ridiculed, and persecuted of men; but what attested more than anything else to the triumph of his life was the individual sorrow of the poorest and the lowliest in every country throughout the world.

On the night that he died thousands of friendless men were sleeping in the Shelters of The Army he had founded. In his Homes thousands of women rescued by his pure hands from the uttermost ruin of body and soul were praying for him. In every continent a great host of people were sorrowfully telling each other that their father—the father who had sought them out and saved them from immemorial tragedy—was passing from the world. And in countries so ancient as China and so new as America thousands and hundreds of thousands were speaking of him as the man who had brought to their



FUNERAL CORTÈGE PASSING THE MANSION HOUSE, LONDON (1912)

hearts comfort and strength, speaking of him in every slum and kennel of the great cities of the world as

the happy-tempered bringer of the best
Out of the worst.

And this man, denied burial in Westminster Abbey, where the bodies of so many have been laid, neither Christians nor heroes, passed to his burying in Abney Park Cemetery through the densest multitude ever seen in the streets of London, the whole traffic of the greatest city of the world arrested for hours, the Lord Mayor saluting the coffin as it passed, and ten thousand men and women, specially selected to represent their comrades, walking reverently behind the dead master who had taught them to consecrate their lives to ministering to the poorest, the lowliest, and the lost.

< It may be said that humanity wept for William Booth as a man weeps for his friend. >

CHAPTER XXXI

CONCLUSION

WHEN the body of Charles Darwin was borne into Westminster Abbey it must have seemed to the sceptic that the dead naturalist entered that great Christian church as a conqueror; nor would he have seen anything to modify this ironical view in the fact that the Bible still remained on the lectern; he would have said that 'The Origin of Species' had already made its way to the pulpit.

He would have found confirmation for this view thirty years later when he saw the doors of Westminster Abbey closed against the body of William Booth. If he witnessed the spectacle of multitudes in the streets gathered to watch the progress of this dead body to a cemetery in the suburbs, he would have dismissed it easily enough as the expiring flicker of emotionalism.

Two years later, looking back on the nineteenth century from the ruins of a war which was engulfing the whole world, the sceptic would have seen these two men, Charles Darwin and William Booth, in a strange and arresting juxtaposition.

He would have seen the one calmly and thoroughly laying the foundations of a philosophy which, manfully applied to human life, could have no other conclusion than war. And the other, almost in a frenzy of earnestness, neglecting no means, however extravagant, to attract attention, posting from one side of the world to the other

with the only unanswerable antithesis of that philosophy. He would have seen the wise and prudent of the world following after the man of science, and the humble and poor following after the man of God. And he would have seen that while the one taught men a philosophy which could do nothing but ensure them destruction, and the other preached a religion which alone could save them from destruction, yet the tide of human thought set steadily away from salvation, flowing, imperceptibly at first, but afterwards in a flood, to the overwhelming of the human race.

A profounder view of these two men brings out a difference which is of significant importance. Charles Darwin was the most exact and scrupulous of thinkers, never publishing a word on any subject to which he had not given long and continuous thought, excluding from every sentence he wrote the smallest influence of his emotional nature. On the other hand, William Booth, trusting himself so largely to his emotional nature, and regarding the intellect almost with suspicion, spoke only with the single care that the words he uttered came from his heart. The one man addressed the heads of his contemporaries, the other their hearts; and while the one felt that the most precise and guarded phraseology was necessary for his utterances, the other took little thought what he would say or what he should write, trusting himself to a Power which science refuses to regard even as a remote hypothesis.

But in spite of his almost religious care for exactitude, and in spite of his most scrupulous regard for truth, the precise and careful thinker, addressing himself to the reasoning faculty in man, could not prevent that faculty from rushing away with his thesis to the abyss of destruction; so little faith can man repose in his reason. And,

if the world had held its reason in leash, and given to the preacher but a tithe of the confidence it gave to the thinker, destruction would have been averted and a firm step taken towards millennium. These facts in their history men are in the habit of seeing only when it is too late.

No thinker of the last century exercised an influence over the mind of the world comparable with Darwin's ; and no moralist of the last century exercised an influence over the heart of the world comparable with William Booth's. Unhappily for the children of their contemporaries, it was the influence of Darwin and not the influence of William Booth which determined the direction of human thought. The world of power gave itself up to the man of intellect. It turned its back on the man of emotion.

Darwin's thesis, developed to its inevitable conclusion by the rationalists of Germany, led the nations step by step to war ; and not to a war such as semi-Christians waged in meeker times, but to a perfectly logical war of uttermost ferocity and extremest cruelty, a war in which chivalry and courtesy and mercy—qualities which do not belong to animals—were very properly swept aside, and men sought every means that their reasons could suggest for inflicting the maximum of agony and achieving the maximum of death.

✿ It is a folly to say that Nietzsche misunderstood Darwin. It is truer to say that he was the most discerning and honest prophet of Darwinism. ✨ If the theory of Darwin could be taken out of zoology and applied to man, or rather, if man had no category of his own, but belonged to zoology and must be himself applied to Darwin's theory, then Nietzsche, far more than Karl Pearson or Herbert Spencer, saw to the end of this truth.

Man, if an animal, must seek power ; and in the struggle for power there can be no right but might, and no law but necessity. Struggle for existence does not end at the confines of the jungle in a world of logical Darwinism. To acquire, to possess, to dominate, this becomes the only rational drive of human intelligence when the incongruous moral nature has been thrown to the winds as a superstition.

Our fathers could not see this evident truth so vitally as some of their sons see it now. The last half of the nineteenth century witnessed an attempt on the part of religion, philosophy, and politics to effect a compromise with Darwinism. No man of any weight had the courage to denounce Darwinism as morally wrong, intellectually false, spiritually absurd. The most our fathers could bring themselves to do was to point out that the Mosaic cosmogony harmonized in some respects with the processes of evolution, and to patch the rotting garment of a combative civilization with the shrinkable cloth of philanthropy.

We see now that the theory of Darwin is a partial explanation of a few, and those not the most perplexing structural phenomena of Natural History. We see that there is no light to be gained from that theory on the supreme problem of Beauty, that the tail feather of the peacock is still as great a mystery as when the contemplation of its delicate shading made Darwin sick with bafflement, and we see still more clearly that no light from that theory can help us to begin to understand the movement in man's mind towards beauty, renunciation, and moral perfection. These things we have seen at the innumerable graves of our children.

Prussia, in seeking World Power, has planted her iron heel on the doctrine of struggle for existence. Men are

no longer deluded by phrases. They are very earnestly now using their hearts as well as their reasons, their moral natures as well as their microscopes; they see that Darwinism does not work. It does not work, and therefore it cannot be true. In the study it seemed true to *think* about 'the struggle for existence'; but directly that philosophy escaped from the abstract air of theory, and was presented to men as a fundamental law of *action*, it collapsed, and in its fall dragged down the partial civilization of a sceptical, compromising, and dishonest Christendom.

◀ There is something in nature that is not a struggle for the trough, something in man that is not a struggle for gain and gear. There is something in nature struggling for liberty, and something in man struggling for love. ▶ Moreover, in man, the individual person, there is a struggle between one self and another, a higher self and a lower self, a struggle which, from the days of David to the days of William Booth, has inspired the utterances of every man whose words have haunted the human race, a struggle for moral perfection, a struggle for the highest and uttermost good, a struggle to be fought to a finish at all cost to body's peace.

◀ It was William Booth, more than any other of Darwin's contemporaries, who demonstrated that the spiritual nature of man is a fact of human experience. ▶ Others were more eloquent and more intellectually brilliant in arguing that the spiritual nature of man was at least a tenable hypothesis, but no man so decisively proved this spiritual nature to be a fact. In nearly every climate and among nearly every people, the most civilized and the most savage, he appealed to the moral nature of man, and by the power of his plea transformed the worst of men, even the lowest and the most abased, into good

citizens capable of extremest self-sacrifice. He demonstrated that there is a force in human evolution of infinitely greater power than self-interest; that sympathy can heal the sick; that love can raise the dead; and that co-operation inspired by self-abnegation, and compassion inspired by self-sacrifice, can save the souls even of those whom an English follower of Darwin has described as 'Social Vermin.'

This great work, which history will remember was attacked by no individual so violently as by Darwin's fighting-lieutenant, Professor Huxley, failed to avert the calamity of war. It failed to save the human race from that calamity; but in the light of war we see this work of William Booth perhaps with a new understanding and with a higher appreciation.

◀ Civilization cannot stand on the sands of Darwinism. ▶
The rain has descended, the floods have come, and the winds have blown and beaten upon that civilization, and it has fallen, and great was the fall of it. Civilization can only stand if it is built upon a rock, and the only rock which can withstand the storms of the ages is the rock of the Moral Law. { Man can no more leave God out of his philosophies than he can live without his heart or see without his eyes. >

William Booth was one of the last century's greatest prophets of this truth, and certainly its boldest, most courageous, and most effective protagonist. His supreme interest for the historian lies in the force with which his intuition carried him straight to the very centre of human knowledge in an age when men were allowing their intellects to lead them towards the abyss of annihilation. He saw the insufficiency of reason when it was at its highest in the estimation of men; and he saw the supremacy of emotion in a time when it was most

suspected by men. He knew, with but little help from his reason, that the Infinite is not to be examined by the brain of any finite creature ; and he knew, with only his moral nature to help him, that the Infinite may be clasped and held by the upstretching hands of love and faith. It was to him a matter for amazement that men could be content with only their reasons when they held in their possession those great forces of emotion which can lift the poet into regions where no astronomer can follow him, and the saint into transcendencies which neither philosopher nor theologian is able to penetrate.

We need not fear to minimize the greatness of the man by confessing that he fell short of the intellectualist standards of the age. But he is not to be judged by those standards. He does not stand in the company of intellectual giants—wrong-headed or right-headed. No religious genius has ever stood, or can ever stand, in that company. William Booth stands among the moralists, and his full stature is only seen when, considering the circumstances of his age, he is brought into comparison with the great emotionalists of history—those children of the world who have sought the Salvation of men, not as men of science seek rational truth, but as lovers seek the beloved.

If he has no place among the intellectuals, he has equally, in the region of emotion, no place among the mystics. We approach the truth of his measure when we see that on the mountain top he was but a tourist, and that his abiding-place on earth was with men, in the pit of darkness and pain. He has left behind him no haunting tenderness for the sons of men, no words which they will remember in dark hours, no music which will steal into their souls when their eyes are blinded with tears. But he has left to the world the memory of a life which

deliberately sought the pit, and in the pit worked miracles upon the souls of men by the force of a childlike confidence in God, and by the power of a love which, even if it be judged inferior to the love of the mystic, was nevertheless an infinitely more real and honest love than any carefully measured affection which had hitherto satisfied philanthropy.

The character of this love is the centre of his interest for mankind. It was determined in no small degree by the circumstances of his life. His childhood was clouded by suffering ; his youth was fretted by deprivation and inhibition ; and his early manhood was not only a hard struggle for physical existence, but an infinitely harder struggle for spiritual liberty. He came to his work out of this darkness and out of this suffering ; he came to it with but little traditional refinement in his mind, and with still less of an imposed education which is worth speaking about ; he came to it simply with a will perfectly surrendered to God, and with a heart that had no greater hunger than to sacrifice itself for his fellow-men.

He was in the religious world of his time something of a Charles Dickens. He was moved by pathos and humour ; he loathed cant and abominated shams ; he had a genuine compassion for the sinner ; and he loved the poor with a love that was the very breath of his life. He sorrowed over the sins of the multitude not only because those sins expatriated them from the presence of God, but because those sins afflicted their bodies, darkened their minds, ruined their homes, and finally broke their hearts. He wanted mankind to be happier. His ideal was very like the ideal of Charles Dickens—domestic comfort on earth and compensation in Heaven. He wanted men to live in decent houses, with domestic love, with neighbourly kindness, and with faith in a future

world. He wanted them to see how terrible it was that children should be hungry and naked, that women should be drunken and dissolute, and that the very best of men should sink beneath the level of the beast. He was not a revolutionist. He had little faith in the power of Parliaments to create Utopias. His idea of Utopia was not perhaps very inviting. But he loved men so honestly and so earnestly that in seeking to achieve his humble Utopia he performed the greatest of all human miracles.

It was William Booth who taught the world that the first thing to do in seeking to turn a bad man into a good man is to make him feel that you really care for him, really care whether he sinks or swims. If it be said that all notable evangelists, and even all orthodox preachers of religion, have uttered much the same precept in every age of the Church, we would venture to answer that no word in the language of men is more misused, more misunderstood, and more unrealized than the word Love. By which we mean, that it is the most difficult thing in the world for one person to love another ; that the ocean which separates affection from love is all but infinite ; and that to stop short at affection either in the domestic or the religious life is to live completely outside the revelation of God. ‘ Were a single drop of what is in my heart,’ said St. Catherine, of Genoa, ‘ to fall into hell, hell itself would be changed into paradise.’

Love is so greatly the rarest thing in the world that few are even startled by the blasphemy which makes it a synonym for animal desire. It is so wonderfully the rarest thing in the world that we are amazed when we read of a person dying of a broken heart. And it is so entirely the rarest thing in the world that we are either greatly amused or greatly impressed when we encounter husband and wife, father and son, brother and sister,

friend and friend, who perfectly and beautifully love one another. Happy families are common enough, but families in which the one relation between all the members is the relation of love—the love imperishably defined by St. Paul—are to be found perhaps but once in a life's long journey. Men, indeed, the makers of a civilization founded on combat, have not yet thought what it is to love ; and for this reason more than all other reasons religion has failed to transform human existence. No word so common as love, no term so debased, no ideal so wofully unrealized. The love which is sublimely unconscious of self, which is for ever at rest, which is unshaken by events and unchanged by time, which seeks only the welfare of another, which lives its life in the life of another, which gives and gives again, never asking, never thinking to ask, for return, which is patient, which is tolerant, which is satisfied—this ministering and adoring love, at once human and divine, at once domestic and religious, this love which ' bears it out even to the edge of doom,' which seeketh not its own, which is the very centre and principle of the Divine Will, this love, we may say, has hardly yet become even an ideal of the human race.

Such love is one of the legends which have come down to us like inarticulate skeletons from an age bemused with romance ; and in the welter of our modern life, in the clash of our social conflict, where the master passion is self-assertion, self-aggrandizement, and self-realization, this foolish memory of the past fades as the stars of heaven fade before the glare of our electric light. Perfect love, we say, is not to be expected ; and yet Christianity is either perfect love or it ceases to be Christian. ' The Christian ideal,' it is said, ' has not been tried and found wanting ; it has been found difficult, and

left untried.' Really to love another person is difficult even for the best of the human race ; but how difficult, how almost impossible, when that other person is infamous, degraded, and repulsive. Nevertheless, to read the Gospel in church, to pray for love, and to preach about love, making not one single effort of love in our dealings with the abandoned or the lost, is not this manifestly to live our lives entirely outside the Kingdom of Heaven ? Christianity is, surely, this intense, unselfish, and ministering love or it is no whit different from the ancient religions of terror and superstition. ' Many shall say to Me in that day ! ' And the judgment is, ' I never knew you ! ' Nor is this judgment pronounced against the abandoned and the lost, but against those who professed the name of the Judge, and implicitly believed that they were doers of His will. ' I never knew you '—that is to say, You did kind things without kindness ; you wore indeed the garments of love, but there was no love in your hearts ; that is to say, *You never once saw the meaning of My life.*

It is when we reflect upon this absence of love from the world, carefully considering in our minds the difference which exists between social kindness and self-sacrificing love, that we are able to see at least something of the greatness of the life of William Booth. His supreme contribution to the religious experience of mankind lies in his proof that by the power of love the worst of men can be changed into the best of men ; but his highest and most enduring greatness is the genuine passion of love which urged him into the hells of human existence to work those miracles of conversion. (He groaned over the degradation of men, he agonized over the debasement of women, he wept over the sufferings of children.) Never has any man whose whole nature so recoiled from the

sight of pain, and whose sensitive spirit so shrank from even a recital of grief, waded so far into the sea of agony. He suffered in helping the suffering. He was tortured in rescuing the tortured. And for every one he helped and rescued at the cost of suffering and torture which only God can compute, he knew that ten thousand others were perishing without comfort and without hope. The travail of his soul was not the travail of a hermit seeking in the solitude of a wilderness to comprehend the glory and the greatness of God, but the travail of a man living in the midst of human want and human sorrow, and with all the love in his heart being able to succour only one here—another there. And he suffered because of men's indifference and men's incredulity. He had proofs to show in every country of the world that love can transform the evil life and restore the shattered life; an enormous host followed him wherever he moved, shouting the hallelujah of triumph; but the world, for the most part, shrugged its shoulders, and left the suffering to suffer and the perishing to die. And in spite of the malignity which assailed him, the envy which traduced him, and the hatred which never ceased to compass his destruction, this love for the poorest, the lowliest, and lost persisted to the end of his life. His greatness is this, that among the many who speak of love he lived a life of love.

Fortunately for the enlightenment of the future and for the encouragement of all ages the documents left behind him by William Booth present to our gaze an indubitable likeness of the living and imperfect man. None of the mists which still creep towards us from the Middle Ages and obscure the portraits of the saints dim his rich humanity; nor is it likely that in days to come any forlorn worshipper of heroes will arise to invest this

simple preacher in the ghostly robes of myth and legend. *Aberglaube* will not invade. He will confront for ever the gaze of mankind, a rough, fallible, and tempestuous figure, a man of little learning, a man of vigorous impulsiveness, a man masterful and vehement, a man inordinately zealous and inordinately ambitious, but a man inspired, and in everything one who with the whole force and passion of his extraordinary nature loved his fellow-men. 

This love for his fellow-men will be seen as no perfect and beautiful aspiration in the vague region of impossibility ; it will be seen, indeed, shot with the faults of his character and tinged with the hues of his human nature—never becoming the romantic love which sent Damien to the lepers, still less the exquisite love which made the very elements brethren of St. Francis ; but when men contemplate the love of William Booth, steadily and dispassionately, remembering that this love manifested itself in the wretchedest and most hateful places of life, and at a time when rationalism was pouring its scorn upon emotion—‘ that great and precious part of our natures,’ as John Morley calls it, ‘ that lies out of the immediate domain of the logical understanding ’—and that it ever groped its way into the black shadows where misery hides its tears, and into the outer darkness where sin deserts its victims, they will become conscious, in the greatness and strength of that dogged, unyielding, most stubborn and intensely practical love, of a beauty which at least consumes the faults of a day, and of a glory which at least does away with the shortcomings of a temperament. If he failed to avert Armageddon, more than any man in the latter part of the nineteenth century he helped to create the Social Conscience, without which there could be no hope of a League of Nations ; and he

helped to create that Social Conscience, not by a political formula or by any merely philanthropic invention, but by the force and energy of his boundless love.

Do we not come as close as is possible to the truth of this man when we say that had he been one of the Twelve, Simon Peter would not have been alone when he stepped out upon the Sea of Galilee ?

THE END

INDEX

- Abney Park Cemetery, ii. 319
Aitken, Rev. Robert, i. 256
Albert Hall Meeting, last appearance at, ii. 309
Alexandra, Queen, message from, ii. 270; interview with, ii. 279
Alnwick Circuit, i. 250, 251
America: General Booth's feeling for, ii. 38-40, 182
visits to (1886), ii. 38-42, 68 (1894), ii. 69
(1902-03), ii. 164; welcome, ii. 166-7; campaign, ii. 169, 173-6; meets Roosevelt, ii. 177; opens Senate with prayer, ii. 178-9
(1907), ii. 241-2, 293-4
Salvation Army in, i. 374, ii. 38-40, 166-7, 174-6, 177-80, 318
Amsterdam, ii. 138, 161
Anglican Church: the question of the Sacraments and the, i. 365-70; suggested alliance with Salvation Army, ii. 6, 11-12, 16-19
Arbroath riots, ii. 2
Argyll, Duke of, ii. 303
Armstrong case, ii. 24-9
Armstrong, Eliza, ii. 24
Asquith, Mr. (Prime Minister), ii. 258, 261; Mrs., ii. 258
Atlay, Dr., Bishop of Hereford, ii. 6, 7
Australia: General Booth visits, ii. 75, 121-4, 171; (1905) ii. 213, 217-19; Salvation Army in, i. 374, ii. 6, 119, 219; schemes for emigration to, ii. 218, 219
Bailey, Mr., i. 197
Bailey, Sir Abe, ii. 266
Balfour, Mr. A. J., ii. 259, 260, 261, 262, 263
Bancroft, Sir Squire, ii. 71
Baptism, Booth on, i. 340-1, 362-3, 370
Barlinnie Prison visited, ii. 299-300
Barrett, Wilson, ii. 194
Basingstoke riots, i. 383
Bath riots, ii. 2
Baxter, Michael, ii. 147
Bayertz, Mr., ii. 241
Bedford, Bishop of, i. 366
Bee-keeping, ii. 187-8
Begbie, Harold: visits General's birth-place, i. 5-7; interviews Miss Jane Short, i. 279-301; interviews first London Convert, i. 304-9; visits Rookstone, ii. 183, 187, 307-9
Belfast visited, ii. 135
Bell-Taylor, Dr., ii. 268
Benckendorff, Count, ii. 283; Countess, ii. 283
Benson, Dr.: as Bishop of Truro, on question of the Sacraments, i. 336; as Archbishop of Canterbury, negotiations with Booth, ii. 6, 7, 11-12, 13-14
Berlin visited, ii. 78, 144, 162-3
Bernadotte, Prince, ii. 277-8
Berne visited, ii. 195
Besant, Mrs. Annie, ii. 79
'Besom Jack,' i. 5
Bethlehem visited, ii. 216
Billups, Miss, i. 282
Billups, Mr. and Mrs., i. 259
Binfield Hall, i. 97
Bloemfontein visited, ii. 256
Boer War, ii. 141, 144, 145, 161, 208
Booth, Ann (sister), i. 11, 15, 55, 72, 77
Booth, Ballington (son): birth, i. 245; baptism, i. 245; childhood, i. 261, 265, 286, 291; describes a popular evangelist, ii. 33, 41; in Canada, ii. 41; in United States, ii. 82
Booth, Mrs. Ballington, ii. 41
Booth, Bernard (grandson), ii. 299
Booth, Catherine (daughter): birth, i. 248; childhood, i. 267; in France and Switzerland, i. 248, ii. 22, 33, 81
Booth, Catherine (grand-daughter), ii. 168
Booth, Emma (daughter): birth, i. 249; childhood, i. 286, 287, 300; sought as a Recruit, i. 346; an evangelist, ii. 33; Booth's love for, ii. 47. [Continued under Booth-Tucker, Mrs.]

- Booth, Emma (sister), i. 3, 55, 192
- Booth, Eva (daughter): birth, i. 279; childhood, ii. 33-5; Booth's love for, ii. 47, 270, 302, 453; illness of, ii. 79; letters from Toronto by, ii. 189; reply to, ii. 190; at lunch with Roosevelt, ii. 248; in Chicago, ii. 293; Commander in America, ii. 302, 305-6; visits England, ii. 309; her last message, ii. 317
- Booth, Henry (brother), i. 3
- Booth, Herbert (son): birth, i. 258; musical powers, ii. 33, 37
- Booth, Lawrence, Archbishop of York, i. 2
- Booth, Lucy (daughter): birth, i. 290; ii. 79, 80; childhood, ii. 33. [*Continued under Booth-Hellberg, Mrs.*]
- Booth, Marian (daughter): birth, i. 269
- Booth, Mary (mother), i. 3; Booth on, i. 9, 10, 11; Sarah Butler on, i. 10; her shop, i. 25, 26, 41; converted, i. 55; on Booth's engagement, i. 128; Catherine Booth on, i. 228
- Booth, Mary (sister), i. 9, 10, 11, 195. *See* Newell, Mary
- Booth, Miriam (grand-daughter), ii. 141
- Booth, Samuel (father): born at Belper, i. 3; first marriage, i. 3; second marriage, i. 3; appearance of, i. 7; character of, i. 8-9, 17, 19, 324; ruined, i. 19; sends William into business, i. 19-20; death of, i. 20, 21
- Booth, William, Archbishop of York, i. 2
- Booth, William, first son of Samuel, i. 2
- Booth, William, General of The Salvation Army:
- Ancestry, parentage, relations, i. 1-3 1-14
 - 1829: birth (April 10th), i. 7; birthplace, i. 12; baptism, i. 7
 - 1829-42: his own notes on his childhood, i. 15-17, 24, 40-1; early impressions, i. 34-5; his father's character, i. 7-9, 17-19, 324-5; his mother's character, i. 9-10; no religious influences at home, i. 9, 15-16; in Sneinton Road, i. 12-13; Grandfather Page, i. 12; at school in Southwell, i. 2, 15; at Biddulph's School, i. 15; religious impressions, i. 16-18, 24, 25; introduction to Methodism, i. 18-19, 65-7; games and leadership as a boy, i. 13-14, 19-20, 354; appearance, i. 13; apprenticed to a pawnbroker, i. 19; his father dies, i. 20-1; religious stirrings, i. 24-5; Isaac Marsden's influence, i. 22-3
 - 1842-44: his mother's shop in Goose Gate, i. 25, 26, 27; at Chartist Meetings, i. 26-7; companions, i. 26-7; appearance, i. 27-8; sees children crying for bread, i. 30; determines on surrender to God, i. 28-31; conversion, i. 31-5, ii. 104-5
 - 1845-48: friendship with William Sansom, i. 37-9, 41-2; first social experiment, i. 38-9; 'calf-love,' i. 39; attack of fever, i. 36, 40, 41; influence of James Caughey, i. 40-1, 66; joins Sansom in open-air mission, i. 41-9; persuaded by David Greenbury to preach, i. 42; first sermons and early missions, i. 43-5, 51-4, ii. 112-13; appearance, i. 46-7, ii. 158; supposed affection for Miss Butler, i. 47, 48; takes slum lads to Wesley Chapel, i. 51, 64; poverty and home troubles, i. 54-6; his theology, i. 50, 57-62; insistent on doctrine of conversion, i. 57-60, 66, ii. 109-14; as an orthodox Methodist, i. 65-8; his ambitions, i. 68-9, 72, 73; Will Sansom dies, i. 69; opposition by church leaders, i. 69; position in business, i. 71; urged to take up ministry, i. 71, 83, 94; his sister marries, i. 72; apprenticeship ends, i. 73; twelve months out of work, i. 73; goes to London, i. 73
 - 1849: loneliness in London, i. 77-9; his sister's fall, i. 77; with Walworth pawnbroker, i. 80-1; preaching in London, i. 81-5, 91; resolutions, i. 82; the call from Heaven and humanity, i. 84-5
 - 1850-51: outside Methodist disputes, i. 89-90; doubts of fitness for ministry, i. 91-2; projects, i. 92; meeting with E. H. Rabbits, i. 92-3; persuaded to work with Reformers, i. 94; meeting with Catherine Mumford, i. 98, 99, 107

- 1852 : leaves business for ministry, i. 94-5 ; falls in love, i. 108-9 ; doubts and difficulties, i. 109-15, 125-31 ; betrothed, i. 134 ;
 • disagreement with Reformers, i. 116, 132 ; approaches Congregationalists, i. 117-18, 121, 132 ; unable to accept Calvinism, i. 118-21, 133, ii. 103-5
 1852-53 : goes to Spalding, i. 123. 133 ; success in ministry, i. 133-5, 166 ; determines on revivalism, i. 135-7, 150 ; attracted by New Connexion, i. 156, 166, 171-2 ; spiritual struggles, i. 163-4, 165, 167, 179 ; ill health, i. 164, 173, 189 ; sermons, i. 168 ; impressed by Poole, i. 171-2, 179
 1854-55 : decides to return to London, i. 174, 175, 176, 177 ; returns as a student, i. 177, 180 ; preaching, i. 179, 180 ; becomes assistant superintendent, i. 181, 182 ; revivalist methods, i. 183-4 ; Bristol and Guernsey, i. 185 ; self-questioning, i. 186-7, 195-6 ; Midland campaign, i. 185, 188-199 ; visits his mother, i. 192 ; plans for marriage, i. 200, 204, 205 ; Bradford, Newcastle, Gateshead, Manchester, i. 199-205 ; Conference appoints him evangelist, i. 204, 205, 223
 June 16, 1855 : marriage, i. 210
 Guernsey revival, i. 210 ; theology and methods of revivalism, i. 210-21 ; in Hull, Caistor, and Sheffield, i. 223, 224, 228 ; helps his wife's parents, i. 224, 226 ; Dewsbury, i. 229, 230 ; Leeds, i. 230-2
 1856 : Bramwell Booth born, i. 235 ; growing hostility in the Church, i. 243
 1857-61 : Conference stops his evangelistic work, i. 243-4 ; sent to Brighouse, i. 245, 246 ; Ballington Booth born, i. 245 ; ordination at Hull, i. 247, 248 ; Gateshead ministry, i. 248-0 ; Catherine Booth born, i. 248 ; Emma Booth born, i. 249 ; illness and treatment at Matlock, i. 249
 1861-63 : breaks with Methodism, i. 249-50 ; goes to London, i. 255 ; Cornish Revival, i. 255-9, 272, 354 ; Herbert Booth born, i. 258 ; in Cardiff and Walsall, i. 258-9 ; breakdown, i. 259-60
 1864 : in Sheffield away from family, i. 260-6 ; visits Nottingham, i. 263 ; difficulties, i. 264-6 ; Marian Booth born, i. 269
 1865-67 : in Louth, Lincs, i. 274 ; financial position, i. 274-6 ; moves to Hammersmith, i. 276 ; moves to Hackney, i. 279 ; home life described, i. 279-301 ; relations with his children, i. 285-8, 299-300 ; Eva Booth born, i. 278 ; Mrs. Mumford dies, i. 288, 291-3 ; enteric fever, i. 293 ; Mr. Henry Reed's offer, i. 297-8
 1865-77 : Christian Mission in East London, i. 294-5, 297-8, 302-3, 312-15 ; its story, by a Convert, i. 304-9 ; support from Samuel Morley, i. 312, 313, 345-6 ; hostility of people, indifference of Churches, i. 312-16 ; the idea of a Mission composed of Converts, i. 316, 341-2 ; relations with his children, i. 318-20 ; 'Food for the Million,' i. 321 ; personal financial standing, i. 321-4 ; assistance from admirers, i. 321-2, 344, ii. 109 ; offered full control of Mission, i. 326 ; his new powers, i. 326-7 ; aims and articles of faith, i. 329-30 ; methods and organization, i. 335-6, 343 ; opposition from the Churches, i. 338-9 ; supreme control of Christian Mission, i. 340 ; Holiness Meetings, i. 342-3 ; public hostility, i. 345-6 ; enthusiasm of followers, i. 376-7
 1877-81 : 'War Congress' held and Salvation Army organized, i. 348-55 ; the title of General, i. 348-50, 373-4 ; developing its discipline, i. 457-8 ; hostility of public, i. 374-5
 1881-82 : police protection needed, i. 380-3 ; the rejection of the Sacraments, i. 362-70 ; relations with Anglican ecclesiastics, i. 366-8, ii. 5, 16-19 ; later statement on subject, i. 369-70 ; riots and attempts to break up Army, ii. 2 ; the case of The Eagle, ii. 3-5

- 1883-85 : answers charges brought by Bishops against Army, ii. 7-9; continued public hostility, ii. 6, 12-14; negotiations with Church of England, ii. 10-15; maintains his autocracy, ii. 12-13, 14-15; attitude to Purity Campaign, ii. 20-1, 22, 25, 26-7; on W. T. Stead, ii. 22-8; on Armstrong trial, ii. 25-6, 27-8; anxiety for Army's interests, ii. 25-6; his wife's sufferings, ii. 29-31; home life destroyed by Army work, ii. 30, 48-9
- 1886-87 : visits Canada and United States, ii. 38-43
- 1888-89 : social campaign begins, ii. 44-5, 49; moves to Hadley Wood, ii. 45-6; visits Holland, ii. 46; hears medical verdict on his wife, ii. 46-7; writing 'In Darkest England,' ii. 49-50; its message, ii. 53-6
- 1890 : his wife's sufferings and death, ii. 47-9, 56, 57-63; reception of the Darkest England Scheme, ii. 65-6; Huxley's attacks, ii. 65-6, 67-8, 83, 87, 189
- 1891-93 : autocracy and its difficulties, ii. 67-73; visits Germany, ii. 75, 77, 82; Denmark, ii. 77, 82; South Africa, ii. 79; Australia, ii. 171; India, ii. 78, 82; New Zealand, ii. 75; Switzerland, ii. 75, 82; frequent depression, ii. 77, 78, 80, 81; family differences, ii. 84-6; the disposal of Darkest England funds, ii. 87-9; zealous for social reform, ii. 90-2; but drawn to spiritual work, ii. 93-8, 113-4
- 1894-96 : statement of his views and aims, ii. 99-114; International Congress, ii. 115; further travels, ii. 115-16, 119-24; interview with Gladstone, ii. 124-30
- 1897 : age defeated by energy, ii. 131-4; in Scotland, ii. 134-5; in Ireland, ii. 135; in Germany and Denmark, ii. 136; sits for portrait, ii. 137
- 1898 : with Cecil Rhodes to Hadleigh, ii. 137
- 1899 : travels East, ii. 138-9
- 1900 : in Nottingham, ii. 140-1; on Boer War, ii. 141, 144, 145; the end of the century, ii. 141
- 1901 : world-wide popularity and authority, ii. 142-4, 155; appearance, ii. 142-3, 155; campaigns at home, ii. 143; campaigns abroad, ii. 145-6, 149-50, 153; work and illness, ii. 151-3
- 1902-03 : some of his children leave the Flag, ii. 156; home campaigns, ii. 157; on death of Rhodes, ii. 158; at sister's death-bed, ii. 158-9; on Stead, ii. 160; in Holland, ii. 161; in Germany, ii. 162; on illness and Coronation of Edward VII, ii. 163-4; tour in U.S.A. and Canada arranged, ii. 164; speech before sailing, ii. 164-6; in America, ii. 166-8; Washington receptions, ii. 173-7, 178; opens Senate with prayer, ii. 178; in Canada, ii. 167-8; dreams of world conversion and Second Advent, ii. 173; the University Scheme, ii. 179-80; life at Rookstone, ii. 183-6; love of children and grand-children, ii. 189-91
- 1903-04 : plans to visit India and Japan, ii. 192; further Continental campaign, ii. 192; the day's work at Headquarters, ii. 196; Emma Booth-Tucker killed, ii. 196-7; the General's grief, ii. 197; interview with King Edward VII, i. 90, ii. 204-9
- 1905 : motor campaigns, ii. 212-13; on Russian Revolution, ii. 213; visits the Holy Land, ii. 213-17; in Australia, ii. 217-18; motor tour of United Kingdom, ii. 220; receives Freedom of the City of London, ii. 221-6; honoured by Nottingham, ii. 227
- 1906 : the Rhodesian Colony Scheme, ii. 229-33; work in prisons, ii. 235; tributes to his work, ii. 233, 235
- 1907 : interviews sovereigns of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, ii. 236-7; visits Canada, ii. 237-42; visits Japan, ii. 242-8; audience with the Emperor, ii. 246-8; receives D.C.L. at Oxford, ii. 248; visits America, ii. 248-50; lunch with Roosevelt, ii. 248-50

- 1908: interviews Ministers on Rhodesian Scheme, ii. 251, 252-63, 264-7; relations with Stead, ii. 264-5; Earl Carrington and Sir John Gorst on, ii. 252; visits South Africa, ii. 265-8; eye trouble and operation, ii. 268, 269-70
- 1909: Rhodesian Scheme: interview with Earl Grey, ii. 283-4; interviews Prince and Princess of Wales, ii. 272; in Germany, Denmark, and Norway, ii. 272-3, in Stockholm, ii. 274-8; attempts to establish Salvation Army in Russia, ii. 264, 275-6, 278, 279; interview with Queen Alexandra and Dowager-Empress of Russia, ii. 279-81; his eightieth birthday, ii. 282; with Bishop of Hereford, ii. 284; eye trouble and further operation, ii. 285-8; at Horsfield Prison, ii. 289-90
- 1910: illness, ii. 292-6; thoughts on his own death, ii. 95-6; another Continental campaign, ii. 297; plans for prison missions discussed with Ministers, ii. 298-300
- 1911: lapses of consciousness, ii. 301-2; failing sight, ii. 302; continued campaigns, ii. 202-6
- 1912: in Holland and Norway, ii. 307; visit from Eva Booth, ii. 309; last appearance at Albert Hall, ii. 309-10; last operation, ii. 311; blindness, ii. 312-13; last conversation with Bramwell Booth, ii. 314-16
 August 20th: death, ii. 317; world-wide grief, ii. 318-19; funeral, ii. 319
 his influence and its source, ii. 320-33
- Characteristics:
 ambition, i. 25, 27, 28, 68, 72, 114, 157, 221, 353
 animals, love of, i. 288, 319, ii. 34, 35
 autocracy, i. 323, ii. 6, 12, 14-15, 33, 67-73
 business skill, i. 25, 70-1
 cant, hatred of, i. 284, 360-1, ii. 327
 caution, i. 374, ii. 45
 cleanliness, i. 283, ii. 185
 commercial sense, i. 319-22
 compromise, love of, ii. 12-13
 conservatism, i. 26-7, 89, 303
 conversion, insistence on, i. 57-61, 61-2, 66-7, 220, 303-4, 340-1
 courage, ii. 2, 71, 156
 debt, horror of, i. 289-90
 depression, attacks of, i. 164-5, 179, 241, 257, 267-8, ii. 77-8, 80, 97, 132-3, 153, 162, 186, 222
 diplomacy, ii. 10-11, 16
 disciplinarian, i. 89, 320, 360, ii. 85, 229
 dyspepsia, sufferings from, i. 173, 236, 243, 280-1, 299-300, ii. 181
 emotion, not intellect, ii. 376-7
 energy, i. 54, 55, 69, 230-1, 237-8, 241, 280, 301, ii. 31, 131-3, 188-9, 210, 304, 308
 faith, eclipses of, i. 91, 164-5, ii. 153
 fallen, kindness to, i. 296, ii. 54-6
 father and children, i. 235, 268-9, 285-9, 319-20, ii. 33-5, 40-8, 85-6, 116-17, 189-91, 293-4
 finery, mistrust of, i. 288-9, 344-5, ii. 309-10
 force, a, i. 280
 games, contempt for, i. 288
 Hebraism, i. 39-40, 76, 220, 240-1, 288, 303-4
 hobbies, i. 288, ii. 187-8
 Holiness, search after, i. 330-1, 334, 340
 honesty, i. 340, ii. 182
 humanitarian, i. 30, ii. 53-4, 91, 142, 155, 305-6, 317-18
 humility, ii. 167, 203-4
 humour, ii. 43, 294, 313-17, 327
 husband, a loving, i. 227, 232, 280-1, ii. 31-2, 42, 43, 47-8, 49, 79, 120, 186-7
 impulsiveness, i. 13-14, 17-18, 28, 55-6, ii. 95-6, 102
 intellect, mistrust of, ii. 321-2, 326-7
 irritability, i. 230, 237-8
 leadership, i. 13-14, 15, 19, 42, ii. 71, 100-1
 limitations, i. 39-40, 76, 205-6, 213-15, 220, 299-300, 303, 316, 470-1
 literary tastes, i. 17-18, 33, 318-19
 love, belief in power of, ii. 199, 308, 325-33
 masterfulness, i. 55-6, 323-4
 money, fear of, i. 324
 mother, love for, i. 291
 musical tastes, i. 169, 301, ii. 36-7
 mysticism, ii. 127, 326-7
 opportunism, ii. 11, 16-17

- order, love of, i. 283, ii. 185-6
 practicality, i. 308, ii. 135-6
 self-criticism, i. 91
 showman element, ii. 143, 208
 social and spiritual aims, conflict
 of, ii. 75, 90, 91, 99, 100, 112,
 113, 221, 234, 251
 society, dislike of, i. 231, ii. 81, 82,
 187, 247, 248
 souls, passion for, i. 54, ii. 109, 111,
 112, 135, 171, 194
 spiritual struggles, i. 163, 164-6,
 189, ii. 52-6, 327
 stubbornness, i. 230-1, ii. 91, 92
 suffering, horror of, i. 292, 311-12,
 323, 364-5, ii. 293, 305, 307,
 330-1
 sympathy and rigour, i. 87, 293-5,
 303, 309, 323, 364-5
 teetotal, i. 107, ii. 310
 theology, i. 49-50, 57-62, 216-20,
 249, 329-31, 364-5, ii. 103-11,
 293
 world evangelization, dream of, ii.
 32, 93, 171, 293, 294, 314-15
- Letters from, to :
 Queen Alexandra (telegram), ii.
 270
 Archbishop Benson, ii. 6, 7-8, 18-9
 Mrs. Booth (wife), (1852) i. 120-2,
 131, 136-9, (1853) i. 166-80,
 (1854) i. 174-9, (1855) i. 177,
 (1857) i. 185-90, 187-224, (1858)
 i. 232-9, 242-3, 248, (1864) i.
 260-77, (1865) i. 274, 276, 327,
 (1885) ii. 26-33, (1886) ii. 40-7,
 43
 Bramwell Booth, (1876) i. 331-4,
 (1877-78) i. 245-8, 375-8, (1883-
 84) ii. 36, (1886) ii. 38, 41-3,
 (1891) ii. 77-8, (1892) ii. 132-4,
 (1893) ii. 94-7, (1897) ii. 132-4,
 (1898) ii. 138, 166-8, 169, (1902)
 ii. 160-5, (1903) ii. 180-2, 186,
 196, (1904) ii. 201, 202-4, (1905)
 211, 212, 216-17, 228, (1906) ii.
 245-6, (1907) 233-4, 235, (1908)
 251-2, 268, (1909) 288
 Catherine Booth (daughter), ii.
 168-9
 Emma Booth, i. 346-7
 Eva Booth, ii. 190, 302, 305-6
 Family Letters, ii. 118-24, 246
 W. E. Gladstone, i. 381
 Sir William Harcourt, Home
 Secretary, i. 381
 Sir E. Henderson, i. 380-1
 New Connexion, i. 253-4
 Samuel Morley, i. 326-7
 Mr. and Mrs. Mumford, i. 234-5,
 244-5
 an Officer's daughter, ii. 296
 Commissioner Raiton, i. 377
 John Savage, i. 90-1
 W. T. Stead, ii. 264-5
 Booth, Mrs. William (wife) :
 as Catherine Mumford :
 childhood, i. 99-102, 103 ; an
 early suitor, i. 103
 1852-55 : meets William
 Booth, i. 97-8, 103-4, 105-6 ;
 falls in love, i. 108-12 ; betrothed,
 i. 112, 113, 115-23 ; on revival-
 ist methods, i. 150-2 ; studying
 music, i. 169, 176 ; favours New
 Connexion, i. 167-8, 177-8 ; on
 Women's Question, i. 104-5,
 206-9
 June 16, 1855 : marriage, i. 210 ;
 revivalism, i. 210-21 ; ill-
 ness, i. 222-3, 226-7, 229-30 ;
 at Chatsworth, i. 228-9
 1856 : Bramwell Booth born, i.
 235
 1857-61 : Ballington Booth born,
 i. 245 ; beginning of help in
 work of Church, i. 245 ; spinal
 trouble, i. 246 ; meets James
 Caughey, i. 247 ; Catherine
 Booth born, i. 248 ; visits to
 drunkards' homes, i. 248-9 ;
 Emma Booth born, i. 248 ; as
 a preacher, i. 249
 1861-63 : helps Booth to leave
 New Connexion, i. 250-2 ; in
 Cornish Revival, i. 255-8 ;
 Herbert Booth born, i. 258 ; in
 Cardiff and Walsall, i. 258-9
 1864 : in Leeds, i. 261-2 ; Marian
 Booth born, i. 269
 1865-67 : Rotherhithe mission, i.
 270-2, ii. 20 ; addresses to
 fallen women, i. 271-2 ; home
 in Hammersmith, i. 272, 276 ;
 home life described, i. 279-301 ;
 Eva Booth born, i. 279 ;
 Mrs. Mumford dies, i. 288, 291-3
 1865-81 : in East London Mission,
 i. 302-3, 310 ; on the cultiva-
 tion of Holiness, i. 330-1, 342-3,
 344 ; preaching in provinces and
 West End, i. 338-9, 342-3 ;
 troubled by public hostility, i.
 374-5 ; speech in answer to the
 Bishop of Carlisle, i. 379-80
 1881-85 : on the rejection of the
 Sacraments, i. 368 ; Dr. Randall
 Davidson on, ii. 14-17 ; on

- negotiations with Church of England, ii. 16-17; the Purity Campaign, ii. 21; her struggle with disease, ii. 29-30; home life and Army work, ii. 30-1, 33-5
- 1886-87: American appreciation of her work and writings, ii. 42; her husband's love, ii. 43
- 1889-90: her death sentence, ii. 45-6; an operation, ii. 47, 58; moved to Clacton, ii. 47; her death-bed a world-wide platform, ii. 57-63
- October 4, 1890: death, ii. 47, 63
- funeral, ii. 64
- tributes, to ii. 153, 194
- William Booth on, ii. 73
- Characteristics:
- anti-Calvinist, i. 119-20; courage in suffering, ii. 29-30; devotion to dumb animals, i. 100-2; as housekeeper, i. 277-8, 280, 285, ii. 30-1, 235, 288-9; a puritan born, i. 99-100; spirituality, i. 136, 145-7, 150-1, 331, 342-3, 344, ii. 194; studious and brilliant, i. 103-4, 115; teetotal, i. 107-8, 142-3; timid, i. 309; on Women's Question, i. 104-5, 206-9
- Letters from:
- to William Booth (1852-53) i. 112-5, 129-30, 139-61, (1854) i. 178-80, 182, 184, (1855) i. 205-9, 222-3
 - to a minister, in her youth, i. 104-5
 - to her parents, i. 223, 224, 245-6, 250-2, 270-1, 277
 - various quotations, i. 238, 249
- Booth, William Bramwell, second General:
- birth, i. 215; 'Sunshine,' i. 242; childhood, i. 245-6, 261, 268, 285-6, 292, 300; his future discussed, i. 331-2; enthusiastic Mission worker, i. 321; on Holiness Meetings, i. 343; his share in creating The Army, i. 350, 373, 376; on question of Sacraments, i. 368, ii. 16-17
 - marriage, ii. 22, 33
 - investigates White Slave Traffic, ii. 20-2; prosecuted in Armstrong case, ii. 21-2
 - Chief of Staff to his father, i. 377-8, ii. 35-6, 39, 68, 71, 79-80, 116-17, 138; in charge of Social Work, ii. 87, 117, 181-2; on emigration scheme, ii. 83-4; his dispatches, ii. 116-17, 219; at the Coronation, ii. 164; visits to Rookstone, ii. 188, 293; love and loyalty to his father, ii. 80, 83-4, 197, 201, 223; present at operation, ii. 287; breaks the news of his father's blindness, ii. 312-13; last conversation with his father, ii. 314-17; at the death-bed, ii. 317-18
 - Booth's love for, i. 376, ii. 47-8, 78-9, 80, 97, 116, 181, 186-7, 197-8, 216-17
 - Letters to his father:
 - (1891) ii. 79-80, (1895) ii. 116, (1903) ii. 198-9, (1905) ii. 219-20
 - Booth, Mrs. Bramwell, ii. 21; her work for fallen women, ii. 21-2, 96; visits to Rookstone, ii. 190; Princess Louise and, ii. 271
 - Booth-Hellberg, Mrs. (Lucy Booth): at Copenhagen prison mission, ii. 304; account of General's last operation by, ii. 311-13; during General's last illness, ii. 314, 316, 317
 - Booth-Tucker, Commissioner: welcomes General to America, ii. 173; quotations from his 'Life of Catherine Booth,' i. 98, 100-2, 247-8, 312
 - Booth-Tucker, Mrs. (Emma Booth), Consul in America: returns from India ill, ii. 77; her devotion to Booth, ii. 157; welcomes him to America, ii. 173; killed in railway accident, ii. 196-7; mourned by the family and The Army, ii. 198-9
 - Booth-Tucker, Motee (grand-daughter), ii. 198
 - Boston visited, ii. 39
 - Botha, General, ii. 303
 - Boulder City visited, ii. 218
 - Bradlaugh, Charles, ii. 90
 - Brewer, Justice, ii. 176
 - Brewers and Salvation Army, i. 383, ii. 4-5
 - Brighthouse ministry, i. 245, 246
 - Bright, John, ii. 1
 - Brook, Canon Alfred, ii. 194
 - Buckingham Palace, invitations to, i. 90, ii. 204-9, 279-82
 - Buckle, Dr., editor of 'The Times,' ii. 231
 - Buddhists and The Salvation Army, ii. 242-3, 244
 - Bunting, Dr. Jabez, i. 86
 - Burns, John, M.P., ii. 230, 255
 - Burslem Mission, i. 191-2

- Bursley Mission, i. 194
 Butler, Mrs. Josephine, ii. 2, 23
 Butler, Sarah (Mrs. Osborne), reminiscences of: on Booth family, i. 10-11, 25-6; her sister and Booth, i. 42, 48; Booth and Sansom, i. 37-8, 39, 41-2; at open-air services, i. 42, 48-9
 Buxton, Mr. Sydney, M.P., ii. 88
 Cab-Horse's Charter, ii. 53-4
 Cadman, Commissioner, i. 349
 Cairns, Lady, i. 372, ii. 1; Lord, ii. 1
 Calvinism, i. 119-21, ii. 105-6
 Campbell, Dr., i. 118, 119, 120, 121
 Campbell, Dr. Harry, ii. 287
 Campbell, Mr. Colin, ii. 241
 Campbell-Bannerman, Sir Henry, ii. 232
 Canada: General Booth visits, ii. 39, 41, 155, 167, 237-40, 282; Salvation Army in, ii. 6, 39, 155, 282
 Canterbury, Archbishop of: Benson: correspondence with, ii. 7-9; impression made on, ii. 11-12; letters received by, ii. 12-13
 Randall Davidson: his impression of General and Mrs. Booth, ii. 14-15
 'Car-Barn' speech, ii. 218
 Cardiff Mission, i. 258, 259
 Carey, Henry, i. 22
 Carlisle, Bishop of, i. 379-80
 Carrington, Lord (Marquis of Lincolnshire), ii. 207, 252
 Catherine of Genoa, St. ii. 328
 Catholicism and Salvation Army, ii. 126-7
 Caughey, James, i. 40-1, 66-7, 151, 244-5
 Central Prison, Toronto, ii. 238
 Chamberlain, Mr. Joseph, ii. 54
 Chaplin, Lord, ii. 118
 Chartered Company and Rhodesian Scheme, ii. 230, 232, 251
 Chartists in Nottingham, i. 26-7
 Chicago visited, ii. 40, 248, 293-4
 'Children's Catechism,' ii. 144
 China: America and, ii. 249-50; suggested campaign in, ii. 245, 314-15, 318-19
China, wreck of the, ii. 139
 Chinese Ambassadors in Japan, ii. 244-5
 Cholera epidemic, i. 171
 Christian Mission, i. 294-6, 297-8, 302-16; support given to, i. 321-2, ii. 345; Booth assumes full control over, i. 326-30; its aims and beliefs, i. 329; its character and methods, i. 334-7, 341-4; its influence extends, i. 338-40; Salvation Army springs from, i. 348-50
 Christiania visited, ii. 236-7, 273-4, 309; Staff Congress at, ii. 308 (*note*)
 Christmas Day, The Salvation Army's, i. 294-5
 Church of England. *See* Anglican Church
 Churchill, Lord, ii. 206
 Churchill, Mr. Winston, ii. 230, 256, 298, 299
 City Colonies, ii. 55
City of Paris wrecked, ii. 139, 140
 Clacton, Booth home at, ii. 47
 Clapton Training Home, ii. 3-4
 Clark University, Professor of, ii. 179
 Clarke, Sir Edward, ii. 179
 Cobden, Richard, i. 26
 Coleridge, Lord, ii. 1
 Collins, Mr. Churton, ii. 312
 Cologne, ii. 208, 228, 280
 Colony Scheme, ii. 55-6, 83-4
 Colston Bassett, i. 3, 11
 Combe, Madame, ii. 24-5
 Committee of Bishops, ii. 5-6; of Inquiry into use of Darkest England funds, ii. 88-90
 Conference of New Connexion: Sheffield, i. 204; Nottingham, i. 243-4; Hull, i. 247-8; Liverpool, i. 250-1, 252; (1862) accepts Booth's resignation, i. 258
 Congregational Church, i. 86-7; Booth's relations with, i. 117-21, 132
 Conversion: the necessity of, i. 57-61, 62, 66-7, 220, 303, 340-2, 365, 369, ii. 102-9; Booth's own, i. 28-9; its jubilee, ii. 115
 Convocation, Committee of, ii. 7-8
 Cooke, Rev. Dr. William, i. 175, 181, 204
 Copenhagen visited, ii. 77, 136, 192, 236, 273
 Corelli, Miss Marie, ii. 303
 Cornish Revival, i. 255-9, 273, 354
 Coronation of Edward VII, ii. 163-4
 Cortelyou, Mrs., ii. 249
 Cory, John, i. 259, 383, 345
 Cory, Richard, i. 259, 345
 'Corybantic Christianity,' ii. 65
 'Creeping for Jesus,' ii. 6
 Crewe, Lord, ii. 258, 259, 264
 Criminal Law Amendment Act, ii. 26 (*note*)

- Criminals, the reclamation of, ii. 151-2, 235, 238, 241-2, 289-90, 298-300, 304-5, 310
- Crofts, Dr., i. 204, 244
- Crossley, Frank, i. 321-2
- Curzon, Lord, ii. 248, 249
- Daglish, Mr. ii. 219
- Damien, Father, ii. 332
- Darkest England Scheme, ii. 53-6, 93, 113-14; reception of, ii. 65-6, 181-2; money subscribed for, ii. 71, 87; Committee of Inquiry into use of funds of, ii. 88-90; materialization of, ii. 87-92
- Darwinism and the work of Booth, ii. 320-5
- Davidson, Rev. Randall T., ii. 5-6; his impression of General Booth, ii. 11-12; of Mrs. Booth, ii. 14-15; recognizes achievements of Army, ii. 14
- Deakin, Mr., ii. 218
- Denmark, King and Queen of, ii. 236, 282
- Denmark visited, ii. 75, 77, 82, 136, 192, 273, 304-5; prison work in, ii. 304-5; Salvation Army in, ii. 207
- Denny, T. A., ii. 1
- Dewsbury revival, i. 229-30
- Dickson, Mr., ii. 215
- Dickson-Poynder, Sir John, M.P. (Lord Islington), ii. 233
- Dixon, Mr., i. 196-7
- Doshissa College, ii. 243
- Dostoevsky quoted, ii. 131
- Dress, Booth on, i. 288-90, 344-5
- Drink Question and Salvation Army, i. 383, ii. 3-5, 280
- Dumfries visited, ii. 211
- Dundee visited, ii. 135
- Dunn, Rev. Samuel, i. 65, 67-8; urges Booth to enter ministry, i. 71-2, 94; expelled from ministry, i. 87
- Dyck, Dr. van, ii. 162
- Eagle Tavern case, ii. 3-5
- East London Mission. *See* Christian Mission
- Edinburgh business men's Meeting, ii. 69-70
- Edward VII, King, Coronation of, ii. 163-4; his interview with General Booth, i. 90, ii. 204-10; death of, ii. 297
- Effingham Theatre, i. 315
- Elgin, Lord, ii. 232
- Emigration Scheme: Booth's first ideas for, ii. 39, 43; Oversea Colonies, ii. 55-6, 79, 83, 251; Australia and, ii. 217-18, 220; Rhodesian Colony, ii. 251, 252-63, 264-6; for unemployed, ii. 253-4, 259-61
- Entire Sanctification, doctrine of, i. 341-2
- Evans, Sir Samuel, ii. 259
- Everett, James, i. 87
- Fairbanks, Vice-President, ii. 176
- Fallen women, work for, i. 271-2, ii. 20-2, 96, 317-19
- Family letters, ii. 118-24, 246-8
- Farm Colony, ii. 55-6; at Hadleigh, ii. 87, 88, 117-18, 133, 137-8
- Fiddler Joe, ii. 149
- Finland visited, ii. 275-6
- Fletcher, Mr. and Mrs., i. 127
- Fly Sheets*, i. 86
- 'Food for the Million,' i. 320-1
- Forfar riots, ii. 2
- Fox, Mr. Wilson, ii. 230
- France, Salvation Army in, i. 248, ii. 6, 22, 81-2
- Francis of Assisi, Saint, ii. 127, 332
- Free Methodists, i. 258-9
- Freedom of City of London conferred, ii. 221-6
- Gateshead Mission, ministry, i. 248-9
- 'General,' history of the title, i. 348-50, 373-4
- Generalship, succession to the, ii. 128
- George, Mr. Lloyd, ii. 254, 255, 257, 258, 264
- Germany, campaigns in, ii. 75, 77, 82, 144-5, 162, 192, 193, 208, 227, 304
- Gilmore, Dr. ii., 238
- Gilton, Rev. P.T., i. 183
- Gladstone, Herbert, ii. 124, 230
- Gladstone, Right Hon. W. E., i. 381, ii. 124-5
- Glasgow visited, ii. 153, 212
- Glyn, Hon. and Rt. Rev. E. C., Bishop of Peterborough, ii. 260 (*note*)
- Goodwin, Dr., Bishop of Carlisle, i. 379
- Gould-Adams, Sir Hamilton, ii. 266
- Gorst, Sir John, ii. 252-3
- Govett, Mr., ii. 230
- Greenbury, David, i. 42
- Gregory, Cousin, i. 17, 20
- Gregory, Robert, i. 2
- Grey, Earl, Governor-General of Canada: on emigration, ii. 283; receives Booth in Canada, ii. 239; telegram on 80th birthday from, ii. 282
- Griffith, William, i. 87

- Guernsey campaigns, i. 185, 210
 Guildford riots, ii. 2
 Guthrie, Dr., ii. 302
 'Gyp,' ii. 311
- Hackney, home of the Booths in, i. 279, 281-2
 Hadleigh Farm Colony, ii. 87-9, 117-18, 133, 137
 Hadley Wood, the General's house at, ii. 45-6, 183-4, 293
 Halifax, Bramwell Booth born in, i. 233, 235
 Hallelujah Army, i. 349; Band, i. 261
 Hamburg visited, ii. 76
 Hamilton, Count, ii. 275
 Hanley Chapel, i. 185, 188, 189
 Hanna, Senator Mark: reception given to Booth by, ii. 173-6; in Senate, ii. 177-9; death of, ii. 202
 Harcourt, Sir William, Home Secretary, and anti-Salvationist riots, i. 381
 Harrada, Dr., ii. 243
 Hawarden Castle, visit to, ii. 124-9
 Hay, John, United States Secretary for Foreign Affairs, ii. 177
 Hayashi, Baron, ii. 246
 Hayle Mission, i. 255-6
 Helsingfors, ii. 275
 Hely-Hutchinson, Sir Walter, ii. 265
 Henderson, Colonel Sir E., i. 381
 Henderson, Speaker David B., ii. 176
 Henry, Sir Edward, ii. 279
 Hereford visited, ii. 284, 285
 Hereford, Bishop of (Dr. Atlay), ii. 6, 7
 Hereford, Bishop of (Dr. Percival), ii. 284
 Herkomer, Professor (Sir Hubert von), ii. 137, 282
 Herrick, Governor, ii. 174
 Herring, George, ii. 210, 213, 233-4
 Higgs, Mr., ii. 269-70, 287, 288, 311, 312, 313
 Higgins, Commissioner, ii. 275
 Hoar, Senator, ii. 176
 Hobhouse, Mr. C., M.P., ii. 88
 Holbeach Mission, i. 175
 Holiness Meetings described, i. 341-3, 357-60
 Holland, campaigns in, ii. 45-6, 155, 161, 292-3, 304, 307; religion in, ii. 126
 Holland, Mr. Sydney (Lord Knutsford), ii. 213
 Holy Communion. *See* Sacraments
 Holy Land visited, ii. 213-18
 Homeless, work for the, ii. 44-5, 315-16
 Horfield Prison visited, ii. 289
- Housing of the Poor, ii. 303, 309
 Hovey, Samuel, i. 42
 Howard, Commissioner, ii. 147
 Howell, Chief Judge, ii. 241
 Hull, ordination at, i. 247-8
 Huxley, Professor, attacks Salvation Army, ii. 65-6, 89, 325
- 'In Darkest England': written, ii. 45, 49-50; its message, ii. 53-6; profits on, ii. 68-9; reception of the scheme, ii. 65-6, 89-90, 181-2; influence in Japan, ii. 245-6
- India, campaigns in, ii. 75, 82, 192; Salvation Army in, ii. 6, 298
 International Congress, ii. 115; (1904), ii. 205 (*note*), 210; Social Council (1911), 305
 Inverness, Salvation Army in, ii. 194; the prison visited, ii. 235
 Ipswich, ii. 157
 Ireland, campaign in, ii. 135
 Italy visited, ii. 151-2, 304, 305
- Jaffa visited, ii. 214-15
 James of Hereford, Lord, ii. 88
 James, Walter, i. 68
 Jameson, Dr., ii. 230, 232, 266
 Japan: visit suggested, ii. 192; campaign in, ii. 242-5, 249-50
 Japan, Emperor of, interview with, ii. 245-8
 Jarrett, Rebecca, ii. 24, 26-7
 Java, Salvation Army in, ii. 115
 Jerusalem Manifesto, ii. 214
 Jews: and Salvation Army, ii. 267-8; wailing-place of, ii. 216-17
 Johannesburg visited, ii. 266
- Kay, Mr. Justice, ii. 5 (*note*)
 Kirton, Mary, i. 255
 Kitching, Commissioner: appointed Major, ii. 70; Brigadier, his story of Wigan girl Captain, ii. 148; and Abe Bailey, ii. 266; devotion of, ii. 312; Colonel, ii. 205
 Kobe visited, ii. 243
 Kyoto visited, ii. 242
- Labour Bureaux, ii. 87
 Ladysmith, ii. 145
 Laurier, Sir Wilfrid, ii. 207, 240, 284
 Letchworth, ii. 253
 Leyden visited, ii. 161-2
 Licensing Bill, ii. 252 (*note*)
 Liddon, Canon, i. 365-6
 Lightfoot, Dr., Bishop of Durham, i. 365, ii. 2
 Linköpping incident, ii. 147-8

- Lino, Colonel, ii. 242
 Liquor interests and Army, i. 383, ii. 3-5
 Little, Mr., ii. 118
 Lloyd George, Mr., Chancellor of the Exchequer, ii. 254, 255, 257, 259, 261, 263
 Loch, C. S., ii. 66
 Loch, Lord, ii. 137
 Lockitt, Sarah, i. 3
 Loder, Mr., M.P., ii. 212-13
 Lombroso, Professor, ii. 152
 London: in 1849, i. 78-9, 83-4; Freedom of City conferred on Booth, ii. 221-6
 London, Bishop of, ii. 252
 Long, Lord Walter, ii. 88
 Longhatton, Mr. Jonathan, i. 138
 Longton Mission, i. 189-90
 Louise, H.R.H. Princess, ii. 271, 303
 Louth Mission, i. 274
 Love Feasts, Methodist, i. 66
 Low, Mr. Seth, ii. 212-13
 Lowther, Sir Henry, ii. 246
 Lyttelton, Mr. Alfred, ii. 262, 264
 McFarland, Commissioner, ii. 249; Mrs., ii. 249
 Mackarness, Dr., Bishop of Oxford, ii. 6, 9
 McKinley, President, ii. 197 (*note*)
 Maeterlinck quoted, i. 37
 Mafeking, relief of, ii. 141
 Maguire, Mr., ii. 230
 'Maiden Tribute of Modern Babylon,' The, ii. 23
 Manchester Mission, i. 202-4
 Manifesto of Jerusalem, ii. 214
 Manning, Cardinal, and Army, ii. 252
 Marlborough House visited, ii. 272
 Marsden, Isaac, i. 22, 151
 Masterman, Mr., ii. 298
 Maternity Hospital Scheme, ii. 213
 Matlock, i. 249, 260
 Mattei treatment of cancer, ii. 47
 Melbourne visited, ii. 219
 Merriman, Mr., ii. 265
 Methodism: Anglican Church and, ii. 16-18
 Booth's introduction to, i. 18-19, 22; his work for, i. 64-71, 88, 90-6, 132-9, 166-76, 181-252; he breaks with, i. 253-4, 257-8
 dissension in, i. 86-8
 doctrines of, i. 65-7
 Methodists, Primitive, anti-revivalists, i. 257-8
 Midnight Movement, i. 270-2, ii. 21-2
 Milan visited, ii. 151-2
 Mile End Waste Meetings, i. 302-3, ii. 233
 Milne, Dr., ii. 311-2
 'Mining World,' The, on Rhodesian Scheme, ii. 233
 Molesworth, Mr., i. 137-8
 Moltke, Count, ii. 273; Countess, ii. 273
 Morley, John (Viscount Morley): editor of 'Pall Mall Gazette,' i. 380, ii. 2, 160; quoted, ii. 332
 Morley, Lady, ii. 239
 Morley, Samuel, i. 311-12, 326, 345-6 ii. 1
 Mountstephen, Lord, ii. 284
 Mumford, Catherine. *See* Booth, Mrs. William
 Mumford, Mr., i. 99, 141 (*note*), 210, 223-4; Mrs., i. 98-9, 107, 277; her death, i. 288-9, 291-3
 Nathan, Sir Matthew, ii. 267 (*note*)
 'Nelson,' the retriever, ii. 34
 Newbold, Mr., i. 21-2
 Newcastle (Staffs) Mission, i. 195-7
 Newcastle-upon-Tyne: (1855) mission in, i. 200-1
 New Connexion: Booth attracted to, i. 166, 170, 175; studies under, i. 177-81; work for, i. 181-254; opposition in, i. 243-4, 250-1, 253-4; he breaks with, i. 252-4
 Newell, Emily (niece), ii. 192; Mary (sister), i. 192
 Newport Meeting, ii. 286
 Newton, Captain, ii. 239
 Newton, Mission of Miss, ii. 215-16
 New York visited, ii. 166-7
 New Zealand campaigns, ii. 75
 Ney, Captain, ii. 249
 Nietzsche, ii. 322
 Northampton riots in, ii. 70
 Norway, campaigns in, ii. 76-7, 155, 236; doctrinal questions in, ii. 144
 Nottingham: political excitement in, i. 26-7; New Connexion Conference in, i. 243-4
 visited (1855), i. 194-5; (1861), i. 255; (1864), i. 263; (1900), ii. 140; (1901), ii. 149
 Freedom of City conferred, ii. 227;
 Nottintone Place, i. 4, 5, 12, 26
 O'Connor, Feargus, i. 26, 30
 Officers, Salvation Army: difficulties with, ii. 62-3, 134, 144: loyalty of ii. 91, 101, 167; Staff Officers, ii. 268-9
 Okayama visited, ii. 245

- Okuma, Count, ii. 246
 Old Age Pensions, ii. 241
 Oldbury Mission, i. 199
 Oldham Mission, i. 197-8
 Onslow, Lord, ii. 88
 Osborne, Mrs. *See* Butler, Sarah
 Ottawa visited, ii. 239-40
 Ouchtomsky, Prince and Princess, ii. 149
 Oversea Colonies, ii. 55-6, 83-4;
 Rhodesian Scheme, ii. 229-33, 251,
 252-63, 246-6
 Owen, Sir Hugh, ii. 117-18
 Oxford, Bishop of, ii. 6, 7-9
 Oxford University confers D.C.L. on
 General Booth, ii. 248, 249-50
 Oyama, Marshal, ii. 246

 Page, Grandfather, i. 12
 Page, Rev. Isaac, i. 23
 Paget, Sir James, ii. 45
 'Pall Mall Gazette, The,' i. 380 (*note*),
 ii. 1
 Paris visited, ii. 145-6, 149, 192, 222;
 disturbances in, ii. 22
 Paton, Dr., i. 263, 326-7
 Paxton, Sir Joseph, i. 228-9
 Pearson, C. Arthur, ii. 210
 Pearson, Karl, ii. 322
 Peerage for General Booth suggested,
 ii. 290-1
 Peet, Mr., i. 138
 Pepper, Colonel, ii. 146
 Percival, Dr., Bishop of Hereford, ii.
 284-5
 Peterborough, Bishop of, ii. 260
 Philadelphia visited, ii. 250
 Pietermaritzburg visited, ii. 267
 Plumptre, Dr., ii. 66
 Plymouth Brotherhood, i. 360-1
 Polwarth, Lord, ii. 299-300
 Pond, Major, ii. 239
 Pontypool visited, ii. 285
 Poole, Rev. Richard, i. 171-2, 179 (*note*)
 Press Club, Chicago, ii. 248
 Primitive Methodists, i. 258
 Prison-Gate Brigade, ii. 87, 219
 Prisons, mission work in, ii. 151-2, 235,
 238, 241-2, 289-90, 299-300,
 304-5, 310
 Prussia and Darwinism, ii. 323-4
 Purity Campaign, ii. 21-2, 23-4

 Queensland, Premier of, ii. 257

 Rabbits, E. H., i. 93-7, 107, 175, 322
 Radstock, Lord, ii. 303
 Railton, George Scott, Commissioner:
 in Christian Mission, i. 329, 342-3;
 his help in the creation of The
 Army, i. 350, 373; General's
 letters describing early difficulties
 to, i. 377; urges rejection of
 Sacraments, i. 362-3, 368, ii. 16-17;
 interviews Bishop of Oxford, ii. 9;
 at Horfield Prison, ii. 289
 Ranger, Sir Washington, ii. 27 (*note*),
 251
 Rappe, General, ii. 274
 Redruth revival, i. 258
 Reed, Mr. Henry, i. 297-8, 321-2, 345
 Reformers, Wesleyan, i. 87-8; Booth
 joins, i. 94-6; his dissatisfaction
 with, i. 109, 116-17, 118; work for,
 i. 133-9, 166-76; he leaves, i.
 175-6
 Rescue Homes, ii. 22, 24, 87
 Revivalism: Booth defends methods
 of, i. 135-7, 183-5, 210-21, 239-40,
 ii. 212; his doubts, i. 186-7, 194;
 Mrs. Booth on, i. 150-1, 238;
 methods of, i. 136, 186-7, 188-9,
 194, 335; 'Saturday Review' on,
 i. 354-6; theology of, i. 210-21,
 240-1
 Rhodes, Cecil, ii. 79-80; visits Farm
 Colony, ii. 117, 137; death of, ii.
 158
 Rhodesian Colony Scheme, ii. 229, 251,
 252-63, 264-7
 Ridgeway, Mr., i. 188
 Rogers, Canon, ii. 212
 Rome visited, ii. 305
 Rookstone, Hadley Wood house, life
 at, ii. 183
 Rookwood, Clapton house, life at, ii.
 30-7
 Roosevelt, President, ii. 177, 248-50;
 Mrs., ii. 249
 Rosebery, Lord, and the Rhodesian
 Scheme, ii. 230, 253, 255; letter
 from, ii. 263-4
 Rotherhithe Mission, i. 270
 Rothschild, Lord, ii. 309
 Ruskin, John, ii. 1
 Russell, Lord, ii. 27
 Russia: attempts to establish Salva-
 tion Army in, ii. 274-5, 278-9, 283;
 visited, ii. 275-6, 278
 Russia, Dowager-Empress of, inter-
 view with, ii. 279, 283
 Russian Ambassador in Japan, ii. 244-5
 Russian Church: Salvation Army and,
 ii. 280, 283
 Russo-Japanese War, ii. 202-3
 Ryde, Booth's honeymoon at, i. 205,
 210
 Ryecroft, Mr., i. 138, 168

- Sacraments, the question of the, i.
 362-70, ii. 16, 17, 18
 St. Petersburg, visit to, ii. 275-6,
 278-80
 Salisbury, Marquis of, ii. 263
 Salvation Army :
 addresses on aims, beliefs, duties,
 and hopes, i. 351-3, 371-2, ii.
 99-114, 223-4, 309-10
 administration, ii. 125, 126-7, 249,
 298 ; charges against, ii. 67-73,
 83, 88-92 ; difficulties of, ii. 62-3
 in America, ii. 38-40, 166-70, 174-6
 Anglican Church and, i. 365-8,
 369-70, ii. 16-19 ; possible alliance
 with, ii. 5-6, 11-12, 16, 17-19
 Armstrong trial and, ii. 25-6, 52
 in Australia, i. 374, ii. 6, 119
 autocracy of General in, ii. 67-73,
 101-13
 Mrs. Booth's work for, i. 270-1, ii. 223
 in Canada, ii. 6, 39, 41, 155, 237, 240,
 282
 Catholics and, ii. 127
 charges brought against, ii. 6-9
 in China, plans for, ii. 314-19
 Christian Mission becomes, i. 328-9,
 348-50
 Christmas Day, i. 294-5
 Colony Scheme, ii. 55-6, 83-4
 Criminals, work among, ii. 235,
 241-2, 298-300, 304-5, 310
 Davidson, Dr. Randall, on, ii. 15-17
 in Denmark, ii. 155
 Drink Question and, i. 383, ii. 3-5,
 225, 310
 Eagle Tavern case, ii. 3-5
 Edward VII and, ii. 206-8
 Farm Colony, ii. 55, 87, 88-9, 117-18
 finances, ii. 68-9, 72, 87-8
 first mention of, i. 348, 350
 in France, ii. 6, 22, 155
 friends of, ii. 1-2
 in Germany, ii. 78, 163, 208, 228
 Gladstone's interest in, ii. 125-30
 Hallelujah Band suggests, i. 261
 in Holland, ii. 155, 161-2
 hostility to, i. 371-2, 374-83, ii. 2-3,
 6-9, 12-14
 Housing of the Poor, ii. 309-10
 Huxley's attack on, ii. 65-6, 83,
 87-9
 in India, ii. 6
 International Congress, ii. 115, 205
 (note), 210
 in Inverness, ii. 194
 in Ireland, ii. 135
 In Java, ii. 115
 Jews and, ii. 267-8
 Labour Bureaux, ii. 87
 liquor interests and, i. 362-70, ii. 3,
 4-6
 methods, i. 356-61
 in New Zealand, ii. 75
 in Norway, ii. 76-7, 155, 273-4, 307
 Officers : difficulties with, ii. 62-3,
 133-4 ; loyalty of, ii. 100-1
 petition on age of consent, ii. 24
 public hostility to, i. 371-2, 374-83,
 ii. 2-3, 6-7, 9, 12-13
 prison work, ii. 235, 241-2, 298-9,
 304-5, 310
 Purity Campaign, ii. 20-1, 22-4
 Rescue Homes, ii. 22, 24, 87, 310,
 318-19
 riots against, i. 277-8, 380-3, ii. 2-3
 Russia and, ii. 264, 275-6, 278, 279,
 283
 Sacraments and, i. 362-70, ii. 12, 16-
 17, 18
 in Scotland, ii. 134-5, 153, 211-12
 Shelter and Food Depots, ii. 49, 87,
 309-10, 318-9
 Shelters for Women, ii. 87
 Social Wing, ii. 87, 100
 Social Work and spiritual aims, ii.
 87-92, 113-14, 181-2, 224, 274-5,
 309-10
 in South Africa, ii. 119
 spirit of, i. 355-8, ii. 157, 161, 166-7
 spread of (1882), ii. 6
 Stead and, ii. 160, 230, 264-5, 273
 in Sweden, ii. 6, 147-8, 273-4, 277-8
 in Switzerland, ii. 6, 33
 theology, i. 351-3, ii. 103-11, 225
 troubles in, ii. 62-3, 133
 uniform, i. 351
 unity, ii. 102, 115-6, 119
 Salvation Army Directory, The, ii. 144
 Sansom, William, 37, 39, 41-2, 43 :
 death of, i. 69
 Sargent, J. S., ii. 177
 Saturday Review on Salvation Army,
 i. 354-5
 Savage, John, i. 90
 Science and religion, i. 75-6
 Scotland, campaigns in, ii. 134-6, 153,
 211, 235, 299-300, 303
 Seattle, Spalding man in, ii. 242
 Second Advent, hopes of a, ii. 173
 Senate, American, opened with prayer,
 ii. 178
 Shadford, Mr. and Mrs., i. 161, 168,
 172-3, 275, ii. 242
 Shaftesbury, Lord, i. 344-5
 Sheffield : Conference at, i. 204, 205 ;
 missions in, i. 224, 227-8, 247 ;
 riots at, ii. 2.

- Shelter and Food Depots, ii. 49, 87, 210, 318-19
 Shelters for Women, ii. 87
 Shepherdess Walk, ii. 3
 Shibusawa, Baron, ii. 244
 Short, Miss Jane, describes family life of Booths, i. 279-301
 Skeleton Armies, i. 383
 Slum Sisterhood, ii. 87
 Smith, Dr. George, i. 120
 Smith, Ensign, ii. 306
 Smith, Professor Goldwin, ii. 235
 Smith, Sydney, i. 213
 Smith, Tilden, ii. 230
 Smythe, Captain, ii. 245
 Sneinton: in Booth's boyhood, i. 4, 12; vicar of, i. 15-16
 Social Conscience, Booth's part in creating, ii. 332-3
 Social reform and spiritual aims, the relations of, ii. 54-6, 87-92, 181-2, 235, 251, 253-5
 Socialism, ii. 255, 273
 Soper, Miss Florence (Mrs. Bramwell Booth), ii. 22
 South Africa, campaign in, ii. 75-6, 119-20, 264
 Southwell, schooldays at, i. 15-18
 Spalding: Booth's ministry at, i. 122-3, 133-5, 136-9, 166-76
 Spencer, Herbert, i. 1
 Spring Rice, Sir Cecil, ii. 275
 Staff College, idea of, ii. 268-9
 Staff Congress, Christiania, ii. 307 (*note*)
 Staff Officers, supply and training of, ii. 268-9, 307
 Stalker, Dr., ii. 153
 Stamford, disturbances, i. 381-2
 Statham, Sammy, i. 67-8
 Stead, W. T.: on Booth's boyhood, i. 26-7; on the Christian Mission, i. 315-16; defends Salvation Army, ii. 1-2, 160, 230; attacks White Slave Traffic, ii. 22-4; Armstrong case and prosecution of, ii. 24-5; helps with *In Darkest England*, ii. 49-50; Booth's opinion of, ii. 160-1; and John Burns, ii. 230; visits Russia on behalf of Army, ii. 264-5
 Stockholm visited, ii. 237, 274, 276-7
 Stolypin, Mr., ii. 264, 283
 Stone, Sir Benjamin, ii. 257
 Strathcona, Lord, ii. 271, 284
 Stuttgart visited, ii. 194
Sunday Strand, The, ii. 144
 Sweden: campaigns in, ii. 76-7, 147-8, 155, 237, 273-4; Salvation Army in, ii. 6, 147-8; its difficulties in, ii. 275
 Sweden, King of, ii. 274-7; Queen of, ii. 237
 Swineshead Bridge revival, i. 134-5
 Switzerland visited, ii. 75, 82, 155, 192, 195, 227, 304; Salvation Army in, ii. 6, 36
 Tait, Archbishop, ii. 1
 Teetotalism, Mrs. Booth on, i. 107-8, 142-4
 Tennyson, second Lord, ii. 262
 Thomas, Rev. Dr., i. 204, 210
 Thompson, Captain Wade, ii. 302
Times, The, and The Salvation Army, ii. 83, 231
 Tokyo visited, ii. 244, 245-6
 Tolstoy, Lombroso on, ii. 152-3
 Toronto visited, ii. 42, 167, 237-8
 Treen, Adjutant, ii. 288
 Troupe, Sir E., ii. 298
 Truro, Bishop of (Dr. Benson), i. 366-8
 Truscott, Sir George Wyatt, ii. 282
 Tunbridge Wells, i. 297-8
 Turin visited, ii. 152-3
 Tyndall, Professor, ii. 66
 Tyrrell, Father, i. 163
 Unemployed, emigration schemes for the, ii. 228, 253-4, 260-2, 271
 United States. *See* America
 University Scheme, Booth's, ii. 179-80, 202
 Upsala, Archbishop of, ii. 278
 Victoria, Princess, ii. 279, 280-1
 Victoria, Queen: the Eagle Tavern case and, ii. 3
 Victorians, the Early, i. 74-9
 Wales, campaigns in, ii. 158
 Wales, Prince and Princess of (afterwards George V and Queen Mary), ii. 272, 282
 Wanamaker, John, ii. 250
 Wantage, Lady, ii. 283
 Wapping, services, in, i. 181
 War and Darwinism, ii. 322-3
War Cry, The: first issue of, i. 378; Booth refuses to retain copyright of, i. 323, ii. 68-9; description of American campaign in, ii. 166-7
 Washington: first visit to, ii. 41; (1903) Senator Hanna's reception in, ii. 173-6; lunch at White House in, ii. 177; opening of Senate in, ii. 177-8; visit (1907), ii. 248-50
 Waterhouse, Mr. Edwin, ii. 88
 Watson, Dr. John, ii. 154

- Wells, Dean of (Dr. Plumptre), ii. 66
 Wesley, John : his methods, i. 333-4 ;
 General Booth and, ii. 80, 97, 211,
 233
 Wesley Chapel : Booth attends, i. 22 ;
 slum-dwellers brought to, i. 51-2,
 64-5 ; description of, i. 63-4
 Wesleyan Conference, i. 86-7
 Westcott, Dr., Bishop of Durham, i.
 366, ii. 5
 White, Sir Luke, ii. 438
 White Slave Traffic, ii. 20-6
 Whitechapel, Christian Mission in, i.
 294-5, 302-16, 339-40
 Whitney, Mr., Premier of Ontario, ii.
 238 ; his brother, ii. 239
 Wigan, Salvation Army in, ii. 148
 Wilkinson, Canon, ii. 5
 Winnipeg visited, ii. 241
 Wise, Captain, ii. 231
 Women, help to fallen, i. 271-2, ii. 20-2,
 318-9
 Women preachers, i. 271-2
 Women's Question : Catherine Mum-
 ford (Mrs. Booth) on, i. 104-5,
 207-8 ; Booth and, i. 200
 World conversion, ii. 32-3, 93, 171, 293
 Wright, Rev. P. J., i. 244
 Wyatt, Parson, i. 16
 Yokohama visited, ii. 244-5
 Zurich visited, ii. 297

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